

PRACTICAL RELIGION EXEMPLIFIED

BY

LETTERS

AND

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE

OF THE LATE

REV. ROBERT ANDERSON,

PERPETUAL CURATE OF TRINITY CHAPEL,

BRIGHTON.

BY THE

HON. MRS. ANDERSON.

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TO

MRS. CHARLES MITFORD,

OF PITSHILL, PETWORTH.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHEN I remember the affection with which your heart welcomed, and the hospitality with which your house received, not only him "who being dead yet speaketh," but all belonging to him, I feel sure that these pages will be joyfully accepted as a memorial of days of peace and happiness.

How often have the green pastures of Pitshill refreshed the weary spirit of the departed! How has he been cheered by the society provided for him there! How has he enjoyed the youthful spirit of the little ones by whom he was surrounded! The hours passed in that peaceful retreat, where "love

abounded," were among his choicest blessings. In grateful and tender recollection of them, she who shared in all the joy, but is alone in her sorrow, dedicates these lines to you, whose heart and house are still open, even though the voice that so often gladdened them is silent. I remain, with the warmest feelings of gratitude and love,

Yours in sickness or in sorrow,

CAROLINE D. ANDERSON.

PREFACE.

THE following pages were written simply with the intention of giving to my Children their beloved Father's Practical Views on Religion, and of showing its influence on society. The earnest wish of friends has induced me to give it a more extensive circulation. Although I have not been able at all times to use the third person, the whole may be considered as a "Voice from the dead." There is nothing of my own in it, but the earnest wish to show what made "all men speak well" of him, whose words they are. It will, I feel sure, speak home to the hearts of many. "Where, the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." It has been written under protracted sickness and deep affliction, which must excuse its want of style and other defects. That all who read it may so imbibe the "spirit it is of," as to lay it down in love and charity, is the sincere prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

I CANNOT send forth a second Edition of this little Volume, without expressing the sincere satisfaction which its reception has given me. Two of the additional letters introduced, were accidentally omitted in the first Edition. The others with the answers to two questions from members of the Congregation were received too late for insertion. In answer to the remark which has been made, that the dates of the letters are not always in regular succession, I would observe, that the letters are placed with reference to the subjects under consideration, and not as a series of connected events.

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PRACTICAL REMARKS,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

THE incidents of a good man's life seldom present sufficient materials of interest for general readers, but the record of his thoughts and words can scarcely fail to arrest their attention, and, by God's help, may prove a blessing to them. Under this conviction, an attempt is here made to collect a few remarks upon Practical Religion, which were made by one whose own life displayed the power of it so truly. His sympathies with those around him commenced from their first entrance into life : and the following passages will show the simplicity and earnestness with which he expressed them. His heart yearned towards the little ones of his flock, and nothing grieved him more than to see them regarded in any other light than as "immortal spirits, to be trained up in God's service, and to His glory." In

writing of one of these little ones, at whose baptism he was sponsor, he says:—

“Yesterday, little———was received into the congregation of Christ’s flock, and I pray that he may prove a faithful soldier and servant until his life’s end.” And on another occasion, when it had pleased God to leave the infant a motherless babe, he writes: “I have just been presenting in my arms at the baptismal font, the dear unconscious cause of our affliction; and never, as you may suppose, did I officiate on such an occasion with more awful solemnity of spirit: I felt that every petition I uttered was sealed by an ‘Amen,’ which came from the bottom of every heart. Surely under such, if under any circumstances, we have abundant reason to hope that the Saviour will indeed ‘embrace the little infant with the arms of mercy,’ and that He will make him partaker of the everlasting glory.”

In another letter to a member of his congregation, on the subject of baptism, he writes: “At baptism we are admitted into that gracious covenant which God has ratified with His people; and unless we ‘put’ that covenant ‘away from us,’ we are henceforth regarded as ‘His children by adoption and grace;’ and if so, we must be also ‘members of Christ, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven.’ These are our lofty privileges (as the twenty-seventh Article expresses it), ‘the promises of our adoption to be the sons of God by the Holy Ghost, are there visibly signed and sealed.’ The second answer in

the Catechism therefore declares to us what is the Divine Will respecting us (willing our salvation, not our destruction), and it must be our prayer for our children and ourselves, that our will may become one with His."

In another letter to the same friend, he adds : "I cannot but think that a change of heart is sometimes confounded with a change of state. For my own views of regeneration, I would refer you at once to our Prayer-book, explained as it is by Bishop Bethel. It is the best work on the subject I know ; and if you will read it with attention, you will, I am quite persuaded, be most thankful for such an elucidation of truth on such a subject."

In addressing a letter, in answer to some questions from one of the sponsors for his third daughter, he says :—

"Brighton, April 25th, 1840.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Just after we parted on Friday, I remembered that I had amongst my papers a favourite Bristol tract on the subject of sponsors, and my first impulse was to forward it to you, with a single line just to say, that I had long regarded it as embodying my own sentiments ; but on second thoughts I kept it back, that I might add a few sentences of my own, bearing more immediately on your particular request. As long then, my beloved friend, as we are all pilgrims here, I only ask (but how much does that only imply !) for your daily intercessions at the

throne of grace on our little Edith's behalf. In selecting sponsors for our children, we have always had regard to this most important circumstance ; and we have the comfort to feel, that all our dear children are remembered by their sponsors in their supplications to ' Our Father,' which is in heaven. One sponsor is on the western coast of India ; but though half the globe is between our bodies, we are quite sure that our spirits meet daily in the blessed exercise of prayer. Should it please God to remove either or both of the parents before the loved sponsor, you must then regard yourself, my dear friend, as being, in a greater or less degree, in loco parentis ; and when reminding your little god-child of the things transacted on her spiritual birthday, you will particularly desire to ascertain her heartfelt reception of the truths contained in the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments. For general observations you might refer her to the first and third discourses in her father's little book on the Communion Office ; and for more particular observations on the second, you might refer her also to the same parent's little book on the Lord's Prayer. In this manner, her father, being dead, might yet speak to her through you : and oh ! that the things so imperfectly felt and understood here, may be fully realized by our adoring spirits hereafter in the kingdom of the blessed !"

To secure this heartfelt prayer, he considered, as is seen from these letters, the early training of the

mind of the first importance. To use the language of one of his favourite hymns in the Christian Year :

He only can the cause reveal,
Why, at the same fond bosom fed,
Taught in the self-same lap to kneel,
Till the same prayers were duly said ;
Brothers in blood and nurture too,
Aliens in heart so oft should prove.
One lose, the other keep Heav'n's clue ;
One dwell in wrath, and one in love.

He constantly meditated upon the causes of so much infirmity in the intercourse of society, and felt that it originated in the absence of a practical view in our religious system ; that instruction was more regarded than education, so that, while head knowledge increased, the heart was untouched.

In the following remarks, although they may sometimes appear as my own, better thoughts than mine are given. The quotations, both in prose and poetry, with three exceptions, are all marked by his pencil, and are introduced as expressive of his sentiments. I have thankfully availed myself of them, for the purpose of showing, by the weight of their concurrent authority, the importance of storing the mind with right impressions from earliest childhood. . . . Many a child's temper is injured for life by injudicious treatment. Some children, from nervous temperament, appear dull and irritable : they are thought stupid or obstinate, are constantly urged on, reproached with

both faults, regarded as dunces, and often made such by the very means used to prevent it. Were their minds kindly cultured, and the faculties carefully drawn out, they would gradually expand ;

The tear that is wiped with a little address
May be follow'd perhaps by a smile ;

but, if rudely or hastily dealt with, they may be blighted for ever. A child of strong feeling is passionate. He loves or hates, and wishes to show it ; but he does not know that it may not be the proper time for the one, or that the other is a sin. In either case, he gives way to the impetuosity of his feelings, and becomes a living principle of mischief. Such a child, by injudicious management, is often ruined for life. His affections are, perhaps, unjustly repelled, and his anger made a subject of mockery ; deceit is engendered, and the whole current of passions which, under good regulation, would make a firm and amiable character, is thrown into an unwholesome channel. If the reason of things were patiently and affectionately explained, his affections justified as to its existence, and his anger allowed to have had an exciting cause, but corrected as to its expression ; if Scripture history were brought before him, illustrative of childish submission, he would soon find that it is better "to have a rule over the spirit," than to be constantly launching out into a sea of endless wishes that cannot be gratified. It was the constant habit of him whose views I wish

to delineate, to retire with his offending child, and on bended knees to offer up a simple prayer to his Father in heaven, beseeching Him to teach him what was due to earthly relations. The effect of these simple and affectionate petitions was always visible : the storm became a calm, and father and child seemed equally strengthened for future conflict. As an exemplification of the application of Scripture history, the following letters, addressed to his children, are introduced.

August 17, 1840.

MY DEAR HENRY,

You have often read the history of Samuel in your Bible, but have you thought of the instruction which you may derive from this history ? First of all, the name of "Samuel" signifies "asked of God," because his mother Hannah had prayed for him, and the Lord had given her the petition which she asked of Him ; and, in like manner, dear Henry, every good thing which you should possess,—all your faith, all your obedience, all your diligence, all your meekness, and all your love, whether toward God or man, should be in answer to prayer. In the next place, Samuel's mother devoted him to God, saying, "As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord." And even so, all the strength and all the faculties which you possess, must be devoted to God : that is to say, in all your thoughts, words, and actions, you must set God always before you ; and you must

pray that in all things you may seek His pleasure and do His will. Consider, in the last place, how great was the difference in conduct between Samuel and the sons of Eli. They thought only of following the devices of their own hearts, and of gratifying their own sinful desires; while the good little Samuel proved, by his obedience to God, that he felt what he uttered, when he said, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." Now remember, my dear Henry, that God speaks to you, not only in His Holy Word, and in the ordinances of His Church, but also by your parents, and by your teachers, whom He, in His good Providence, has placed over you. And you may rest assured, that the more you listen to their words, and follow their guidance, the more you will be strengthened to resist all the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil; and the more you will be enabled, with God's help, to speak the truth from the heart, and always to do that which is right, "not as pleasing men, but God, which trieth our hearts." Learn to repeat 1 Chron. xxviii. 9, and pray that you may have grace to follow that advice of David to Solomon all your life long. And now, my dear child, commending you to the care and guidance of God,

I remain,
Your affectionate Papa,
ROBERT ANDERSON.

In another letter, alluding to the name given to

one of his children, "Mary," he says: "It is a name endeared to every Christian, from the relation which it bears to our Redeemer's history. The name has long been consecrated, as having been the first which was pronounced by Jesus after the resurrection." To another friend, in allusion to the same name, he writes: "You will, I am sure, join with us in praying for our little Mary, that she may be embraced in the arms of the Saviour's love, and blessed with the gracious influences of His Holy Spirit. I can only pray that our dear child may, through Divine grace, be for ever associated with that band of Marys, who, during the days of the Saviour's ministry upon earth, had such a blessed foretaste of eternal communion with Him in heaven."

It was in this way that his teaching gave spirituality to every name, place, and thing, suiting his instructions to their young minds, and at the same time bringing great truths home to their hearts. And such a process, it is evident, was eminently calculated to awaken and preserve within them holy and reverential feelings. While it is desirable that there should be no servile fear, and that the most perfect confidence should exist between parent and child, it should be remembered, "that every soul should be subject unto the higher power;" "that the heir, as long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all, but is under tutors and governors, until the time appointed;" and that the Apostle adds, in another

Epistle, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right;" the power to do so being, as is said in the following letter, "given to those who seek in all things the will of God."

Hilfield, August 14th, 1840.

MY DEAR CHILD,

By the time you receive this note, mamma will have in her possession my Sermon on Mrs. Wagner's death. I should like you to read it; and when you have finished it, pray that you may be enabled to follow her, as she followed Christ. You will see all that I have said about the graces of the Christian character, and how I have dwelt upon her love, her humility, and her prayers. It was because she attended to all her mother said to her when she was young, that she was afterwards able to assist her father with her sound judgment and good counsel: and when you read what I have said about the spirit of power and a sound mind (which expressions you will find in 2 Timothy i. 7), you may also understand that clear perception of what is right, which is always given to those who seek in all things the will of God, and only desire to walk in the path of duty. I will add some passages from Holy Scripture¹, which I would wish you to read with your mamma, and may the Holy Spirit write them in your heart! God bless

¹ Rom. xii. 9—12. 1 Pet. iii. 8—15; v. 8. James i. 16—27, and the whole of chap. iii. 2 Tim. iii. 14, 15. Ephes. vi. 1—3. Col. iii. 20.

you, my dear child. This is the daily prayer of your affectionate Papa,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

Continuing the letters upon this important subject, he writes :—

“Consider, my dear child, how it is said in one part of the book of Proverbs, which you are now reading, that it is only ‘fools make a mock at sin :’ how it is said in another part, that ‘a wise son maketh a glad father, but that a foolish man despiseth his mother ;’ and how it is said still more solemnly in another part, ‘the eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and eagles eat the same.’ Consider all these sayings, and you will feel, that in disobeying or disregarding your parents, you are sinning against God, and endangering your own soul. Read Luke ii. 51, 52, and be assured, my dear child, that if you will endeavour, in all things, to follow the example of your Saviour Christ, you will enjoy the confidence and the love of

“Your affectionate Papa,

“ROBERT ANDERSON.”

Tunbridge Wells, Sept. 19th, 1842.

“Now what has papa to say to me ?” Yes, my beloved child, I can fancy your saying this, when

this little note is put into your hand, and I will not lose any time in giving you an answer : for, as I have warned one against weakness of character, so must I warn you, my dearly loved child, again and again, against a too eager and impetuous spirit. I wish you to know, while you are yet young, that the whole world is a school of discipline, in which our gracious Father is gradually preparing us for the obedience of heaven. And I wish you to believe, before the truth is forced upon you by sad and bitter experience, that your true happiness will be consulted, not by too eagerly pursuing the desires of your own heart, or by grasping the shadows of your imagination, but by receiving thankfully that measure of enjoyment which your heavenly Father shall provide for you, from day to day, according to the dictates of His own wisdom and love. I have often made the remark to my children, and all the people committed to my charge, that if we should greedily devour the garden fruit before it is ripe, our bodies would not be nourished, but injured by our folly. And even so, my own dear boy, you may rest quite assured, that if your soul is to grow and prosper, as I fervently pray that it may, you will never cease to beseech your heavenly Father, in the name and for the sake of His well-beloved Son Christ Jesus, that you may have grace to walk with patience day by day, in all the paths of holy obedience, cheerfully submitting to His will, and gladly listening to the words of counsel and admonition which may be

imparted to you, not only by your parents, but by all others whom God in His providence has placed in authority over you.

Farewell, my dear child.

Be sure “that a son’s best friend is a father, whose authority, in show when most severe, and mustering all its force, is but the graver countenance of love,” and believe in the unalterable love of

Your affectionate Papa.

Tunbridge Wells, Sept. 13th, 1842.

MY DEAR BOY,

As I mean to be very idle while I am at Tunbridge Wells, I must not attempt to write you a long letter, but this little bit of note paper will be quite sufficient for a few words of fatherly admonition ; and I pray that it may please God to bless them to your soul’s health. If you look back to the advice which the aged Moses gave to the youthful Joshua, you will find that he told him, again and again, “not to fear,” by which he meant, not to fear man, but to be “of good courage.” And so, my dear boy, I wish to say to you. Pray, then, for God’s grace, that you may always be a good example, both to your dear brothers and your school-fellows : pray that you may never, never please a multitude to do evil, and that you may always have “courage” to say No, whenever you are tempted, even in the

slightest degree, to turn aside from the right path. Remember this, my beloved child, and your school-fellows will all look up to you; and that the Holy Spirit may strengthen you more and more to fight thus manfully under your Saviour's banner, shall be the earnest prayer of

Your affectionate Papa.

Tunbridge Wells, Sept. 20th, 1842.

MY DEAR DOUGLAS,

I have written a few words of advice to Henry and Rowland, and now what am I to say to you? Why I will say a few words to you about *obedience* and about *a time for all things*. You know, my dear child, that you are quite able to remember what you like; for who remembers better than you do, the hissing of the engine and the performance of the engineer? You may be sure, therefore, that when you cannot say your *Delectus*, or *Syntax*, or *Propria quæ maribus*, it is not because you cannot, but because you have not tried to learn and remember them. And you must pray, therefore, that you may be always on your guard against your wicked adversary the devil, who tempts us, when we are young, with idleness, that he may afterwards lead us captive at his will. Only be willing and obedient, and he will never get the advantage over you. The other part of my advice need not occupy me long; for the Bible tells us, that there is "a time for all things."

And therefore, while I willingly admit that there is a "time to play," you must willingly admit that there is a "time to work." Now, if you will only endeavour, while you are at work, to keep your attention as much fixed upon what you are doing, as you so easily contrive to do while you are at play, I will answer for it, that you would have nothing but *Quam optimes*, or *Pæne quam optimes*, every day. And so, my beloved boy, committing you to God's gracious care, I remain,

Your affectionate Papa.

The same faithful spirit is manifested in the following letter, which he wrote to the son of a friend going into the navy.

83, Montpellier Road, Oct. 20th, 1840.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

Understanding both from your mother and your aunt, that you are now at Portsmouth preparing for your examination, I cannot help writing a few lines, were it only to tell you how heartily I wish you success in this and every following stage of your profession. Nothing, you may be quite sure, can ever weaken the interest which I feel for every member of your family; and when I think of the manner in which your dear mother has been supported under the many and severe trials to which she has been exposed since your father's death, I do feel that her sweet and cheerful spirit has borne a testi-

mony, better far than volumes of sermons, to the blessed truth, that the Gospel is 'not "a cunningly devised fable," but that it is indeed "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth!"

I trust, my dear John, that you may be spared to be a comfort and a help to your mother, and a comfort and a help you will be, if you shall prove a zealous and efficient, and, above all, a Christian officer. The cross which waves upon your Union Jack should serve to remind you, perpetually, of the banner under which you enlisted at your baptism; and I trust that you will never be ashamed to fight under that banner against the enemies of your salvation. Whether at sea or on shore, always remember the vows which are upon you; and whenever you may have an opportunity, deem it your privilege to renew them at the Table of the Lord. I have expressed my hope, dear John, that you will never be ashamed of the banner of the Cross; and, of what, I may ask you, ought we to be ashamed, except that we do so little for Him, who has done every thing for us? For has not Christ redeemed us with His own most precious blood? And does He not send us His Holy Spirit, to be our guide unto death? Oh, pray then that you may be enabled to live, not to yourself, but to Him who died and rose again for you! Pray, my dear friend, that, wherever you may be, you may have grace to walk worthy of your Christian calling; so that "no man may despise your youth;" but that you may be an example to others,

“in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.” •

Believe me, my dear John, he is the most courageous officer who dares to serve his God; and when I think of all the dangers to which you may be exposed, I know not what better wish I can cherish in your behalf, than that, like the needle in the compass, which is always true to the Pole, you may be enabled always to turn, by fixed believing, towards that “Star of Jacob,” which, and which only, can guide you towards the haven of everlasting rest!

Commending you, from the bottom of my heart, to this Divine guidance and care,

I remain, my dear John,

Your sincerely attached friend,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

In further expressing his sentiments upon the subject of obedience, he writes in a letter to a member of his congregation: “May we all know more of Him whose service is perfect freedom,”—even here as far as we can attain unto it; and may we be continually looking for that day, when the children of God shall know what it is to ‘stand fast in that liberty wherewith Christ hath made them free,’ by a perfection of obedience such as is now exercised by those ministers of His who ‘do His pleasure, hearkening to the voice of His Word!’” It was his invariable rule, that obedience should be enforced, and

that a child should not be allowed to question. "Do what is right, and trust,"¹ was his constant maxim. The parent ought to be the best judge of what is right, and it is not always desirable or necessary that children should know the reason of things. By thus early learning to put their trust in an earthly parent, they are led to that child-like faith, that asks not sight in the Great Parent of all. It inculcates a reverential frame of mind, which, as they grow in years, leads to a reverence of holy things and holy places, which induces a spirit of holiness. Thus the habit of self-control and of obedience is established. Afterwards, it may be well to give the reasons, that the child-like confidence may be strengthened; but it was always considered essential that obedience should precede the explanation. This feeling of reverence affects the whole constitution of the mind. It leads to self-respect, improperly called pride, and to that general respect for others, which is so important to the well-being of every community. Above all, it leads to a holy reverence for God, which by Divine grace prevents that thoughtless levity, so injurious to religion. The motives of action should be carefully defined—principle must be the guide, and not feeling. Who, that knows their own hearts, will not acknowledge that feeling is a faithless pilot, subject to every breath that blows; weak and unstable, the victim of bodily distemper, of mental anxiety, even of the weather? "For," says Jeremy Taylor, "the body is an unruly servant of the soul, marked

with characters of want and dependence, and begging help from the elements ; and upon a little distress, growing troublesome to itself by its own infirmities."

The conviction that it is ourselves, and not the principle, in fault, at once gives us the victory. We no longer rest in ourselves but in God.—Though we can neither see nor hear the voice, we know that it has been heard, and that it is the same yesterday—to-day—and for ever.

"Now men see not the bright light which is in the cloud, but the wind passeth, and cleanseth them¹."

¹ Job xxxvii. 21.

CHAPTER II.

MOTIVES OF ACTION.

IN placing before children the motives of action, it is of the first importance that our own ideas should be clearly defined. The first principle enforced on his children by the voice of him who, "being dead, yet speaketh," was the constant sense of God's presence. "Thou, God, seest me," was the first text taught. It should be, as it were, graven upon their hearts—that they are working for God, and not for the praise of man. If a child is told that such and such things are right, because they are a part of his duty towards God and man, he will feel in himself a living principle of action that will never fail. It is the foundation upon which the structure should be raised, and is the surest that can be found: it will sustain every thing. The mind that has received this truth will never neglect a duty, however small or apparently of little consequence. "Life is made up of little things;" and "It does not signify," is an expression which leads to much error. If children considered that while they are tempted to say, "It does not signify,"

the neglect is a fault in the sight of God, albeit unworthy of censure in their own, they would feel that there is nothing that does not signify. The motive ennobles the action ; it is not the action that debases the motive. The smallest action done under a sense of duty is a triumph achieved. The very effort of self-control is one step towards that conquering of self, which is one of the highest points of attainment. Neither friends nor an approving audience are needed. Content to work in darkness or in dreariness, we know that not a hair of our head is unnumbered, and that, though all our labour may seem in vain, "it is not in vain in the Lord."

In the same series of letters to which we have already referred, this important subject is frequently noticed. The following is addressed to a child of seven years old :—

Hilfield, 18th August, 1840.

MY DEAR ROWLAND,

As I know that you are fond of poetry, I am going to copy for you a short passage out of Milton's "Paradise Lost." The poet had been relating a speech of the good angel, Abdiel, in which he tells Satan, who was just going to make war in heaven (see Rev. xii. 7), that nothing should ever induce him (the good Abdiel) to rebel against God. And at the end of the speech Milton says,

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he

Among innumerable false ; unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, untterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal :
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single.

Now, learn to repeat these few lines, dear Rowland, and pray that no evil example and no foolish companions may ever induce you to do that which is wrong, and that you may never “follow a multitude to do evil.” Pray that you may have courage always to walk in the path of duty, and never to change your constant mind, though single. I know that there are many boys who cannot say No, when tempted to do evil : and such boys are sometimes called weak. But remember what I have so often told you, that all wickedness is weakness. For there is not, and cannot be, any strength, but in God ; and if you would be strengthened, my dear boy, to fight, as Christ’s soldier, under the banner of the Cross, against the world, the flesh, and the devil, you must go to your heavenly Father, in the name of His well-beloved Son, who has said to us, “Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened to you.” The other point, on which I have so often spoken to you, is attention to what you are doing ; and you will find in the Bible, that what God complains of, again and again, is our want of attention to His Word. Now, if you will endeavour, with God’s assistance, to practise this

attention in small things, take my word for it, that you will find the benefit of it to your soul's health *all your life long.*

I remain, my dear Rowland,

Your ever affectionate Papa,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

In another letter, to a daughter, the same pen writes : "I should like to send you some nice lines of Mrs. H. More's, on the 'importance of trifles.' We always remember you, my beloved child, in our family prayers; and there is a clause in the Collect for this week, which I wish you often to think of, viz. 'to love that which God commands.' Learn to do or suffer any thing or every thing for the love of Christ; and you will find more and more that His commandments are not grievous, yea, that in keeping of them there is great reward."

Having established this principle, the next in importance is, that the Eye upon us is the eye of a Father. One whose joy is over sinners that repent—One ever ready to bind up the broken heart, or heal the wounded spirit: "God is love." The blessed Saviour knows our sorrows, and is One with the Father. The Holy Spirit helpeth our infirmities, and thus the glorious Trinity is watching for our salvation.

Under this conviction, we should encourage filial affection towards God. Our children should be taught that all their happiness, their daily enjoyments,

their comforts, their food, their health, their friends, are all part of that heavenly stream of love. Ask them how they can offend their Father? how they can wound Him who calls them brethren? how they can grieve the Holy Spirit? When they have had any particular enjoyment, it should be impressed upon them that God was the Author of it: that He put it into the hearts of their friends or relations to give them the pleasure. They should be more especially directed to thank God each night for their happy day. Thus a holy and heavenly relation is established. They feel that they are God's children, and as such, they look to Him as a Father. At the same time the justice of God must not be forgotten. They should be made to feel that He is a God of justice, as well as a God of love. His promises are sure, but there are two parts of the covenant. Those who realize the promises must also realize the holiness—which is the pledge of their fulfilment. If our children wish to have God for their Father and Friend for ever, they must be the "sons of God." They must serve Him, as the angels do, diligently, cheerfully, and without asking any questions. They must walk as children of light. It should be impressed upon them, that if they love an earthly friend, their desire is to please him; they would not willingly hurt his feelings, or please themselves at his expense. Were this truth carefully inculcated at a very early age, a child would learn to acknowledge the force of it. After having given this lesson one

morning, a little child of four years old with perfect simplicity told her elder sister, that "her mamma having left the room, she had been tempted to touch a forbidden thing, but," she added, "I remembered that God saw me, though mamma did not, and I did not touch it." The next instruction should be to pray. Prayer is the breath of God in man, returning to Him. A little child may soon be made to understand, that the same God, who is every where present, is also Almighty, and that it is therefore in His power to keep him from harm, and to give him what he needs. At first a simple prayer may be offered, asking God's blessing during the day, His watchfulness at night: thanking Him for the mercies of the past night or day, asking His blessing on parents, brothers, sisters, relations, and kind friends; and especially dwelling on the all-powerful intercession of the Saviour. The following were written by the guiding hand which is beckoning us on in our Christian walk, as the first infant prayers, and have been lisped by his little ones almost before they could speak.

MORNING PRAYER.

Almighty Father! hear my morning prayer. Keep me this day by thy mighty power: make me a good child, and teach me to love Jesus Christ, who, when on earth, suffered little children to come to Him. Bless papa and mamma, brothers and sisters, and all in this house. Bless all my relations and kind friends,

and have mercy upon all men, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

EVENING PRAYER.

Almighty Father ! I praise Thee for all the mercies of this day. I am now going to lie down upon my bed and take my rest. Watch over us all this night, and when we awake in the morning, teach us in all things to please Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The following was to be used on entering the Church :—

Almighty Father ! grant me the aid of Thy Holy Spirit, that I may join in the services of Thy house with a pure heart, and willing mind, and a humble voice. Give me grace, that I may be not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of Thy word, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

While we cannot be too particular in our private devotions, there is a want of reverence for holy places in intruding our particular affairs into the public services of the Church. Public intercessions and thanksgivings should evidently be reserved for extraordinary dangers or deliverances. There, the overflowing heart of the true child of God would feel that God's glory is manifested. He would desire to bring the especial loving-kindness of the Lord as a subject for the praise of the multitude. He would desire their prayers where especial danger threatens, but in

the common events of daily life, he would be content to "lift up his own heart to the Lord," and to feel that his prayers were echoed by all that loved him. We should, indeed, have such prayerful communion daily. It is an inestimable comfort to feel that we meet each other at the throne of grace.

Our bodies may far off remove,
 We still are one in heart.
 Present we still in spirit are,
 And intimately nigh ;
 While on the wings of faith and prayer
 We each to other fly.
 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
 The same in mind and heart :
 Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
 Nor life, nor death can part.

Were we always to regard ourselves as members of the same body, we should be less disposed to intrude the notice of our private circumstances into the public services. The prayer "for the peace of Jerusalem," would be felt to include the same for every individual citizen. The following letter may be considered as illustrating this point :—

Southover, Oct. 7th, 1840.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

I have already written to you, one by one, and now I am writing to you altogether, because I wish you to understand, from your earliest days, that you are all one in Christ Jesus. You know that the

names which you bear, to distinguish you one from another, are called "Christian' names." And why are they so called? Because they were given to you when, at holy baptism, you were all admitted into the congregation of Christ's flock. And, therefore, whenever you call each other "Florence," "Henry," "Rowland," and so forth, you should all consider that these Christian names are suited to remind you, that you are bound together, not only by what is called the tie of blood, or natural affinity, as the members of one and the same family on earth, but also by a much more sacred and lasting tie, as members of one and the same family of heaven. And this is what you yourselves acknowledge, as often as you repeat to your mamma the declaration in the Church Catechism, that, at your baptism, you were made "members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven."

1. "Members of Christ." Now consider, dear children, what these words first denote; viz. that you all belong to one body. And therefore, first, as in the natural body, the eyes, and the hands, and the feet, are all intended to help each other, so, as members of the spiritual and mystical body, the Church, you are called upon to help each other, and to bear each other's burthens, that so you may fulfil the law of Christ¹. But consider, also, Who is the Head of this body; even Christ:—and therefore it is that

¹ See 1 Cor. xii. 11—27, and Gal. vi. 2.

you are called in the Catechism, "members of Christ." Now, who is Christ? Is He not your Redeemer? And has He not redeemed, or bought you, with His own most precious blood? And is it not certain, therefore, that you are not your own, but His; and that you are bound, therefore, to live, not to yourselves, but to Him who died and rose again for you? Yes, my beloved children, this is the great leading truth which the Bible declares to you; and the Bible tells you, also, that the same mind should be in you which was also in Christ Jesus¹. Now, if we read of Christ, that, as man, (for remember, He is both God and man,) He "pleased not Himself²," it plainly follows that we ought, "every one of us," to "please his neighbour, for his good to edification." And if we read, also, that as our Mediator Christ came not to do His own will, but the will of Him that sent Him, it must follow, that we ought never to follow the devices or desires of our own hearts, but that we should daily and hourly endeavour, by God's help, to do His will on earth, even as it is done in heaven!

2. Now this is the prayer which you daily offer up to your heavenly Father. And how is it that you are allowed thus to pray to God, as a father? Even because, at holy baptism, you were made "children of God." But if you are God's children, it is certain that you ought to live according to His law;

¹ See Phil. ii. 5.

² See Rom. xv. 3.

and His law requires that you should love Him with all your heart, and soul, and mind, and strength ; and that you should love your neighbour as yourself. And if you ask, Who is your neighbour ?—the Church Catechism tells you, in reply, that the word “neighbour” includes all the members of Christ’s body, beginning with your father and mother, who are to you the representatives of God Himself. You must all pray, therefore, that you may do all the good you can to all around you ; and consider, my dear children, how certain it is that you must be angels or devils to all within your reach : devils you will be, if you shall lead others to sin ; and angels you will be, if (which God of His mercy grant !) you shall be permitted to lead others to the knowledge and love of God.

3. Consider, also, what it is to be “inheritors of the kingdom of heaven.” It is, in few words, to remember that heaven, and not earth, is our home. You must live here, therefore, my dear children, as strangers and foreigners : and just as travellers, in eastern countries, gird up their loins, and gather their garments close about them, even so you must not suffer your affections to be entangled amongst the things of this world, but you must pray that you may always be enabled to keep your affections firmly fixed there, where only true joys are to be found.

And think, dear children, of what I now say to you : your earthly father will not be able to leave you any inheritance, beyond his blessing and his

prayers ; but your heavenly Father has an abundant inheritance for all His children : for all, who are God's children, are heirs ; yes, " heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ¹."

4. The last observation which I wish to make is, that at holy baptism, you were all signed with the sign of the cross, in token that you should never be ashamed "to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under His banner, against sin, the world, and the devil, and to continue His faithful soldiers and servants until your life's end." Now, there cannot be an army without discipline ; and we may be quite sure, therefore, that they only belong to Christ's army, who are brought under the yoke of His discipline. Will you, like the children of the world, serve your own sinful wills and affections ? or, will you serve Him who has redeemed you with the blood of His dear Son, and who has appointed Him to be the Captain of your salvation ? Believe me, dear children, they who choose to serve their own sinful and rebellious wills, never can be happy, because they have for their masters a wild and disorderly rabble, who will be pulling them so many different ways, and will never give them a moment's peace ; but if you serve God, you will serve only one Master, and you will find Him to be a Master who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," and whose will is unchangeably fixed in the happi-

¹ See Rom. viii. 17.

ness of His people. It is upon this account, viz. because, by serving God, we are delivered from the cruel dominion of our own lusts, that our Church, in one of the daily Collects, declares His service to be "perfect freedom." And all God's people will tell you, from their own experience, that it is, indeed, "perfect freedom," and the very joy of their hearts. And they will tell you, too, that the more they obey God, the more they find how true it is, that, as David says, in the nineteenth Psalm, God's commandments are "more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold;" that they are "sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb;" and that "in keeping them there is great reward." I will conclude, therefore, with saying to you, in the words of the New Version of the thirty-fourth Psalm,—

O make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide,
How bless'd they are, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

And now, my beloved children, commending you
all to His care and guidance,

I remain,
Your ever affectionate Father,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

Although the first part only of this letter referred to the subject under consideration, it seemed undesirable that any part of it should be omitted. Were there more of the feeling recommended in it, we

should ever regard ourselves as One in Christ Jesus, and this would make our actions far more conformable with that "keeping of God's commandments," in which there is great reward. Thus, as members of the same body, we should feel the impossibility of all presenting individual petitions in the House of God. The very enumeration of names disfigures the uniformity of the service. The attention is immediately diverted, and in young minds especially is, perhaps, irrecoverably lost, in the mazes of conjecture, as to the cause of these petitions and thanksgivings. At Trinity Chapel, the case was carefully investigated before the requisition was attended to, and some have been rejected, as improper intrusions upon public worship. No subject was considered too insignificant for the family altar, and it was the invariable custom, at such times, to advert to any unusual event which might have occurred in the family, or in others in whom an interest was taken, either in temporal or spiritual matters; but the House of God was considered as the place for general intercession, except where the Hand of Him who reigneth over all, had been more immediately manifested, either in striking or preserving. Children, who are brought to close communion with God, by constantly referring all their pleasures and pains to Him, who are taught to regard Him as a prayer-hearing and answering God, will habitually learn to bring all their troubles or difficulties before Him; to know that whatsoever happens is His ordinance; that, although painful

to human nature, it is His will, and as such must be theirs. It will give a habit of self-control, a holy consistency, a freedom from the bondage of individual opinion, a moral courage, which will enable them to say, what has been pronounced the most difficult word in the English language, the little monosyllable—No: they will be able to “stand fast in the liberty that sets them free;” though they may walk through “our daily furnace, the tongues of men,” the fire will not harm them; “their shoes are iron and brass, and as is their day, so shall their strength be.”

The habit of self-control is the most important principle that should be inculcated, not only in deed but in thought. “Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.” It is, indeed, a difficult matter thus to control the wanderings of the imagination. It is as a bird soaring over sea and land: it makes itself wings and flees away; man cannot control it, but the grace of God can: it teaches us that, “denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, looking for the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.” A great help to the attainment of this control of our thoughts is the storing our minds with subjects of meditation. When dressing in a morning, if the mind is thus furnished, portions of Scripture and verses of hymns may be repeated: passages which have struck the reader may be remembered: and

thus, by "the expulsive power of new affections," the time may be so fully occupied as to prevent "that musing upon many things," which often disorders the mind and affections before the day is well begun. How often do we dwell upon imaginary offences, and work ourselves into a state of indignation! Even allowing the offence to be real, if it is not deserved, the offender should be pitied and prayed for. We are but where we were. If there has been ground for offence, we should be thankful that we have an occasion given to correct the fault. "Our enemies," says the good Jeremy Taylor, "often do us more good than our friends, for they place our faults before us in all their deformity; though the manner of doing it may injure themselves, it benefits us; whereas the love of friends glosses and refines till we scarcely distinguish our error." How often do we allow ourselves to dwell upon difficulties and trials in prospect! Like the Marys, as they drew near the Saviour's grave, wondering "who will roll the stone away:" would it not be better to remember, that when they arrived the stone had been removed? that "the clouds we so much dread," may be big with mercy? and that, if God wills it so, may "break in blessings on our head?" though "the bud may have a bitter taste, sweet will be the flower."

Were we to look up with faith and patience—to watch as well as pray—our minds would gain a habit of self-control which, by Divine grace, would lead

us safely over the waves and billows of this lower world :—

Live for to-day, to morrow's light
To-morrow's cares will bring to sight ;
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heav'n thy morn shall bless !

KEBLE.

Having thus, as it were, prepared the ground of the heart, by impressing the sense of God's presence, the need of earnest prayer, and the absolute importance of a watchful self-control, children should be led to feel the importance of early habits in all things. "We plainly perceive that the prejudices of education have a great influence over us in many of our reasonings, and that the sentiments of men discover the colour of original tinctures ; and as there are some inbred principles impregnable against custom, so there are some customs which nature finds very difficult to deal with¹." They remain with us from the cradle to the grave. A child who has from his infancy been accustomed to family prayer, the daily reading of the Scriptures, to seeing the Sunday regarded as a day of rest and holy occupation, will insensibly attach ideas to these habits, which may, under the blessing of God, keep him from much that is wrong in after-life. The shrinking from a desecration of the Sabbath would, from habit, be uppermost

¹ Collier.

in his mind. While he may not be kept from it by inward conviction, there is an unconscious feeling which excites a conviction of error in so doing.

In the early instruction of children, much that is difficult at first sight may be rendered comprehensible. Meanings should be given, and words affixed afterwards. Thus, if a child is told first that wherever he is, the eye of God is on him, and then you tell him that this is called Omnipresence, there is nothing difficult to his comprehension: the same plan may be pursued with Omniscience and Omnipotence. If you tell him that Jesus Christ is God manifest, or shown, in the flesh; that, to suit a human weakness that could not behold His glory, He veiled His Godhead in a body, and showed Himself in the flesh, the Divinity of our Saviour becomes the idea received. You ask him who are the three Persons in the Godhead? the child answers, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. The teacher then asks, What do you call this? the child answers, The Trinity. What is Trinity? "Three in one." All is taught that human reason can understand. The great mystery can only be revealed when we see God face to face. It is dangerous even to approach it. It should be received as the word of God, and never allowed to be questioned. What is written, is written not by man, but by the finger of God. The same pen whose lines we wish to follow, in writing to a young nephew, lately entered into holy orders, on

this subject, thus expresses itself. After recommending Waterland on the Trinity, he adds :—

“I quite agree with you in thinking that you ought to be in possession of all the arguments which bear upon the subject ; and most affectionately remind you that an ‘honest heart is the best casuist of all.’ This ‘*via intelligentiæ*’ (as it has been termed by divines) applies as much to the doctrine of the Trinity as to any other of the Scriptures ; for believe me, dear Henry, it is a doctrine which will grow upon you, not so much by argument upon argument, and proof upon proof, as by a deep and experimental acquaintance with the Scriptures of truth. In our Articles and our Creeds (admirable as they are, and the more I study them the more I admire them,) the doctrine is stated in a cold abstract form ; but in the Bible you will find it inseparably interwoven with every thing that tends to animate our hopes, to inflame our love, and to fill us with all joy and peace in believing. Approach the Scriptures daily, and approach them in the spirit of prayer, and I will undertake to say, that you will clearly understand yourself, and will have no difficulty in proving to others, how it is that through Jesus Christ we all have access by one Spirit unto the Father. Blessed are those who, having not seen, yet believe.”

In the same way our children may be led to understand the nature of the Christian year :—

Q. What is the first Sunday of the Christian year? *A.* Advent Sunday.

Q. What is Advent? *A.* Coming.

Q. Whose coming? *A.* The coming of Jesus Christ.

Q. How many Sundays in Advent? *A.* Four.

Q. What comes next? *A.* Christmas Day.

Q. What is -mas? *A.* A Saxon word for festival.

Q. For what purpose do we assemble on Christmas Day? *A.* Because Jesus Christ was born.

In this way, the lessons connected with the beautiful history of St. Stephen, the Holy Innocents, and all the other Sundays, Fasts, and Festivals, may be brought home to the understandings and affections of children, who are disposed oftentimes to imagine Christmas Day as only intended for a larger portion of roast beef, plum-pudding, and turkeys; the Circumcision, or New Year's Day, as a day for receiving presents; and Epiphany as a day of twelfth-cakes. All these may be and are innocent accompaniments, but they are not the life. They may be the body, but the spirit is at the root of the matter. The child who is deeply impressed with the true history of these days, "sees things greater—things Divine." His heart will not be set on mere amusements, though he may enjoy them. He has learnt to know God, to feel that sin brought his Saviour into the world; and that, though Christmas is a day of salvation, and consequently of joy to him, it made that blessed Saviour a "man of sorrows, and ac-

quainted with grief." In writing to a friend upon this subject, our guide observes, "I am anxious to rejoice with you on the approach of another Christmas. These holy seasons seem to constitute so many stations in our Christian pilgrimage, whence we may derive fresh strength and encouragement for all the conflicts and trials that may await us. And if we shall be as ready to avail ourselves of these privileges as our God is ready to provide them for us, we shall find our souls strengthened by faith, our spirits animated with hope, and our hearts glowing with a flame of love, which many waters shall not quench, neither shall the floods be able to drown."

On the subject of fasts, he thus writes to another friend :—

"I seem to count every minute almost lost, which is not passed among the flocks and herds, beneath the trees, and the happy birds which sing among the branches ; but I must endeavour to steal a few minutes from these hours of idleness to answer your question. It is a question, my dear friend, which does not admit of a categorical answer, because even in earlier times the rules of fasting were qualified by innumerable limitations, and in our days our Church has left it, and wisely left it, to the minds and consciences of her children ; and for my own part I have long felt that the collect for the first Sunday in Lent contains the sum and substance of all that can be said on the subject. By the 'flesh,' we are

there plainly to understand our corrupted nature, and whether the exercise of self-denial have respect to bodily food or social intercourse, or whatever else it may be, our prayer must be, that the old Adam within us may thereby be subdued to the spirit. I need not point out the seasons at which such abstinence is more especially needful, but sure I am that if each of us would endeavour to practise it (in a quiet unostentatious way, as before God, and not before man) not only during the season of Lent, but on every Friday throughout the year, as the weekly commemoration of the great day of atonement, the things of the 'flesh' would grow weaker and weaker, and the things of the Spirit stronger and stronger within us. God bless you all, my very dear friend, and I remain,

“Your affectionately attached,

“ROBERT ANDERSON.”

The making Sundays and holy-days days of weariness he expressly avoided. Young children, who cannot read all day, do not know what to do with themselves, if all their amusements are taken from them. The rule laid down by the same holy mind for his children was, that nothing noisy should be permitted on Sunday. He substituted quiet things for the usual playthings, pictures of the different events contained in the Bible, puzzles representing the various histories, and on his return from the holy services of the Church he would gather his

little ones around him, and having taught them simple hymns, would make them repeat them in one voice, thus praising God in unity. The sound of that heavenly chorus, and the vision of that holy man, whose heart beat in unison with that infant choir, leaves a sweet sadness, accompanied by a holy elevation, in the mind of all who witnessed it. One of those little voices, the "Mary," on whose name he commented as the first pronounced by our Saviour after His resurrection, has already joined him who taught her infant lips to lisp the praises of her God and Saviour :

They are together in the Lord.

When children are very young, it cannot be desirable that their going to church should be forced upon them. From curiosity a child will ask to go. The first time amazement keeps them quiet, the second they become listless and restless : then follows weariness, and thus they gain a distaste for it altogether. It is not to be supposed that a very young child can like the heat and confinement of a small space, where they hear nothing that they can understand ; they not only gain nothing, but they disturb others. After five there is generally an inclination to go, which is followed by weariness when curiosity is gratified. The being permitted to enter the House of God should be a matter of the greatest favour. As they grow older, their going once a day becomes an established rule. It is God's day ; the Church has ordered Services for that day, which all

His servants are expected to attend. Though the act itself cannot be meritorious, the habit of reverence to ordinances is engendered in the mind. There is something visible to be done for God. The Godhead becomes more comprehensible: it makes ideality real. Thus the child imbibes the feeling of discipline which the wise man says is the true beginning of wisdom. "For the very true beginning of her is the desire of discipline, and the care of discipline is love; and love is the keeping of her laws; and the giving heed unto her laws is the assurance of incorruption; and incorruption maketh us near to God." As children advance in years, the second Service naturally becomes a part of their Sunday duty; they put away childish things, and books explanatory, historical, and biographical, take the place of childish stories. After dinner, on a Sunday evening, the same kind father, to whose voice we are listening, would gather his children around him, and opening the Pictorial Bible and Prayer-book, would go through the various histories to which the pictures related, interspersing his descriptions with improving instructions. He had also a large map of Palestine, on which he would trace the various journeyings and wanderings of holy men, and thus attach reality to the instruction given. The learning portions of Scripture generally throughout the Bible, especially the Epistle and Gospel for the day, and the Collect, may be added through the week to their daily prayers. Keble's exquisite hymns, as well as those of various

selections, supply an excellent exercise. How many lonely hours and sleepless nights may hereafter be cheered by these early-learned modes of prayer, praise, and instruction ! We have, as it were, a library of divinity in ourselves ; the heart is imbued with holy matter ; it is a fountain of living water.

Had others witnessed, as I did, the holiness, the consistency, the elevation of him whose whole mind was thus furnished with heavenly things, they would indeed feel with me, that to have the mind thus stored is a foretaste of heaven. It was his invariable custom, when absent from home, in his letters, to draw the attention to the services of the day ; and to use his own words, in a letter addressed to his children, he says : “ You will find, my dear children, in turning to the Prayer-book, that service is appointed for every day in the year, and as you hope to walk together in holy fellowship, as becomes the children of the family of God, you must deem it at once your duty and privilege to avail yourselves of the help which the Church has provided for us. For many years I have endeavoured to do so myself, while at the same time I have urged it upon all those who have been committed to my charge ; and whenever your dear mamma and myself have been separated from each other, we derive much comfort from the observance of this practice, because we feel that we are thus enabled to meet together in spirit, and because we are not only cheered by the same promises, but are led to plead those promises one for another

at the throne of grace." If such were the feeling, the habit would never become a cold and lifeless form. When we detect this deadness, we should seriously look into our hearts, and see if the fault is not there. Is it the ordinance, or is it the heart that is cold and dead? Were we altogether spiritual, we should no longer need outward forms; but we are carnal, and too many of us at enmity with God. If there is no outward form of godliness, there will soon be little of the inward left. Again, to refer to the series of letters from which I have already drawn so largely: "Consider what is the 'Holy Catholic Church.' It is called 'Holy,' because it has Jesus Christ for its head, and because all its ordinances derive their virtue from Him; and therefore we should always speak of those two blessed Sacraments, which were ordained by Christ Himself, as Holy Baptism and the Holy Communion. By the 'Catholic,' or, as you find it expressed in the Prayer for the Church Militant, 'the Universal Church,' we are to understand that One true Church of Christ, which contains not some truths only, but all the truths of the Gospel, which have been held by all believers, throughout all ages, from the Apostles' time, and which will continue to be so held by them till the second coming of Christ. And consider, my dear children, that when you profess your belief in the 'Holy Catholic Church,' you do, in fact, profess that, as belonging to this body of believers, or, as it may be termed, this cloud of Christian witnesses,

you ought to walk continually in that holiness, ‘without which no man shall see the Lord.’ The Services in the Book of Common Prayer amply provide for our walking together ‘in holiness and righteousness all the days of our life.’” Who that joins heart and soul in the Liturgy of our Church, does not feel a holy elevation which no other prayers can give? What a depth and brevity! What comprehensiveness! How delightful is the feeling of holy communion! “The members of the Church, both above and below, are inhabited by the Spirit, and lived in by that life which the living stone communicates to every lively stone; there is, in fact, a perpetual circulation of life through the mighty whole,—the great Church Catholic here below¹.” Those who have by sickness been long denied the privilege of attending public worship, can best appreciate its loss; but there is a holy communion even in joining in the solitude of the sick room. This may be felt by going through the services at the same hour:—we become present in spirit with those who are absent in body. This was the constant practice of him whose views we are following, when illness prevented his joining in public worship. He thus writes respecting it:—“Much as I have always dwelt upon the Book of Common Prayer, I seem to feel, in this my present seclusion, as if I had never sufficiently estimated its value as a manual

¹ Kennaway.

of private devotion. Considering it not right to venture into a cold damp church, I have again been performing my devotions in my own little chamber, and when going through the touching and comforting petitions of the Litany, it was pleasant to me to feel that we were, perhaps, at the very same moment, offering up our supplications one for another to Him who is, of a truth, the 'aid of all them that need, and the helper of all them that flee to Him for succour.' I had again been offering up all the prayers which are framed for the Fast, earnestly beseeching the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, that it may please Him, for His dear Son's sake, to preserve our bodies from disease, and to cleanse our hearts from all sinful affections.

In another letter to his nephew, he thus writes :—

Montpellier Road, Brighton,
December 31st, 1836.

MY DEAR HENRY,

Ever since I saw the list of the Bishop of Lincoln's new deacons and priests, comprising the name of John Henry Timins, of Trinity College, Cambridge, I have been wishing to write to you ; but the setting in of this warm weather has so multiplied the various labours of my work, that I am almost compelled to write with my pen in one hand, and my hat in the other. Saturday, however, is a day on which I always endeavour to steal some little portion of the morning from other pursuits, in order that I may bestow a little serious thought on my own ordination

vows, and that I may remember my fellow-labourers in my prayers. I rejoice to think that henceforth I may remember you among them ; and earnestly would I call on the Lord of the harvest in your behalf, beseeching Him to give you His grace and heavenly benediction, that both by your life and doctrine you may set forth His glory, and set forward the salvation of souls.

You know Luther's maxim, "*Bonus textuarius est bonus theologus.*" But then remember, dear Henry, every text should be written in the heart as well as in the head ; for it is out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth speaketh, so as to come to the hearts of others. Let the study of the Bible, therefore, be always accompanied with prayer ; and depend upon it you will wax stronger and stronger in the work of the ministry. As to the subject of your sermons, I would strongly advise you to consult, through the Christian year, the Services of the Church. The fifth book of Hooker will be an admirable help to every part of the Liturgy ; and Pearson's Exposition of the Creed is an invaluable guide to the clear comprehension of those Articles of your Faith which give occasion to our chief fasts and festivals. It will be a good plan to write your Sermons with your Prayer-book, as well as Bible, before you, that so you may consult the Articles, &c., for those forms of sound words which have been kept whole and undefiled in the Church of Christ from the earliest ages, notwithstanding the corrup-

tions with which they have been occasionally overloaded. Have you seen Bagster's Treasury Bible, the small edition? I have it bound up with the English version of the Polyglott, and it is really a pocket treasure. The small Commentary on the Bible by the Tract Society (having Henry and Scott for the ground-work) is also an excellent companion, as it supplies the place of larger and more extensive works. This is but a shabby letter; and yet, if you could see how I have written it you would have marvelled. Aunt Caroline declares that I have had seventeen ladies since I began, besides poor people. Wishing you all many, many happy new years, and commending you to God's grace, care, and protection,

I remain,
Your ever attached uncle,
ROBERT ANDERSON.

To another friend he writes:—

Pitshill, June 19th, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have had much pleasure in writing a few words of counsel and encouragement to Mr. and Mrs. — by this day's post. I have recommended to them, as to so many others, the practice of cultivating the communion of saints in the daily services of the Church; and I might have pointed out to them how, by one of those remarkable coincidences which so often occur (which Bp. Wilson notices, I see, in his

Sacra Privata), St. Paul reminds them, in the evening lesson for this day, that “as many of us as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ,” as the justifier of our persons, and the sanctifier of our lives ! I quite enter into all your feelings on reading these gracious promises in the songs of Sion ; and to-day I have thought of your beloved father, with the atmosphere of perfect peace which reigns around him, and I have felt that you may all say with thankful hearts, in the words of Elihu, “When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble ?” You do not need to be assured, that your pastor remembers you all in his own daily intercessions at the throne of grace ; and you can easily understand how, in the stillness of these peaceful shades, I should often lift up my heart for all in prayer, that “peace may be extended to you as rivers,” and the promise of the Gospel “as a flowing stream.” Meeting daily as we do in spirit, we shall more especially to-morrow ; and with our united affectionate regards to you all, and kisses from the dear children, who are quite overflowing with health and happiness, I remain in the bonds of the Gospel,

Your sincerely attached friend and pastor,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

In another letter to an afflicted member of his congregation, he writes :—

“Yours has indeed been a path of tribulation, my dear friend, since we bade each other farewell ; but,

in the words of that divine hymn which forms part of our daily service at this particular portion of the month, 'All His judgments are right, and we know that of very faithfulness He causeth us to be in trouble.' You know how I love to mark these daily services as they occur; and I continue to derive increasing comfort from such observance. For while I have the whole field of Scripture over which I may expatiate at other times, for the purpose of private meditation, I always deem it a privilege to exercise daily what appears a social act of devotion, by holding communion with my absent friends in the Psalms and Lessons of the day. Only turn, after you have read these few lines, to the following passages, and you will see the prayers and the promises which may, perhaps, at one and the same moment, be administering strength and comfort to us both, though we are not permitted to speak to each other face to face. This practice appears to afford a practical enjoyment of the article of your Belief, touching the 'communion of saints,' which we shall do well to cultivate; and is it not pleasant to think that by so doing we may be often holding communion together, even though the Atlantic may be rolling between us?"

Were we thus to make the daily services of our Church a bond of holy communion; were our hearts as well as our lips engaged in prayer, we should be in no danger of making a cold form of what must be the joy and the delight of reality. Look at the weep-

ing Mary in the house of Simon. Behold how she wept, how she washed the feet of Jesus, and anointed them with ointment. These were sweet tokens of her love and admiration. But were these the causes for which she obtained forgiveness? Oh, no! Read what the Lord said: "Thy faith hath saved thee." Love may bring the ointment to Jesus, and He reproveth those who called it a waste. "Let her alone, she hath done it for my burial;" but she never supposed it to be more than a witness to her reverential spirit. It was Faith, and sorrow for sin, made her give the evidence. Though she neglected not the Ointment, she rested only in Faith. In all real and unselfish earthly affection we never think we can do enough for the beloved object; we do not suppose the ornaments bestowed as proofs of love to be any real part of the individual; we do not regard the ring, the heart, or a cross, as the real bodily presence, but we like to have something that reminds us of an absent friend. We do not love the witness for its own sake; for our hearts are with the original; but we value it as giving reality to the existence of the original. The Church is not the life, but the visible body that contains it. The Cross is not the Saviour, but it reminds us that the Saviour bled upon it. The ordinances are not the root, but the branches. If the branches wither, it is a witness to the decaying of the sap that gives them life. The habits of reverence and order, induced by a Church of England education, may be seen at every

turn, controlling the character which is really familiar with them. It gives a composure, a rest, and a quietness of spirit. The consequence of submission is a well-disciplined mind in all things, a chastened spirit, and a love and charity to all men. To listen to the same voice to which I desire constantly to refer :

“I bless God more and more every day of my life, for the manner in which He graciously vouchsafed to watch over this country at the time of the Reformation; for while in all other countries the torch of truth is blown hither and thither by every blast of doctrine, it burns here with a clear steady flame, because we possess, in the Church of England, a lantern to guard the light.”

May I not pray therefore the more earnestly that the record of its accents may be remembered? And may not the benefits to be derived from the humble and reverential frame of mind which it is herein sought to attain, be extended even to the youngest members of Christ's mystical body? At a very early age children may be made to understand all the service as well as their elders; and those who have thus taught their children, will often find it very needful to teach themselves. “The teacher who ceases to learn is no longer fit to teach¹.” Some are of opinion, that separate services for children would be desirable. But this I think is a mistaken

¹ Arnold's Life.

idea. The time for instruction and infant teaching is at home ; there the teacher cannot simplify too much. At the Sunday-school, or week-day instruction, lectures may be made as easy as possible ; every word may be explained, every question answered ; and if the teacher does his or her duty there, it will be quite unnecessary to alter the appointed Ordinances for Public Worship, to suit all the varieties of the infant mind. Here, as in every thing else, the heart must be the field in which the seed is sown. If that is properly cultivated, and the right interpretation given to outward and visible signs, the inward grace will flourish. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness ; and with the tongue confession is made unto salvation."

The appeal to the senses by outward and visible signs ought not to be withheld, from the apprehension that superstitious and carnal views of religion may be thereby created. To children who are rightly trained, there will be no more danger of their worshipping the picture of their Saviour, than that of their father, which may be on the walls of their house. Both are hung up in remembrance. The cross will never become more of an object of worship than any other token of love, but it will serve to remind of the sins of which that cross is a witness. No importance will be attached to the ornaments in the Church, beyond the sense of homage due to Omnipotence. There was no man who had a greater love and admiration of the beauty of holy places

than he whose sentiments I am now endeavouring to trace. His

Due feet would never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.

He used to say, that in approaching or receiving an earthly sovereign, we should all strive to put ourselves and our houses in order ; and though the God-head is far beyond regard for such lesser matters, they are the suitable witnesses of reverence from us in our human nature. The heart that denies "honour due" to the outward and visible service, can scarcely be imbued wholly with the habit of reverence, self-control, or that discipline "whose care is love." Here, as in all things, the motive ennobles and justifies the action, which (again to use the words of Jeremy Taylor) "may in itself be of no virtue, but is capable of being hallowed by the end and manner of its execution."

The reverence thus due to holy places, if faithfully felt, would tend much to correct the habit which prevails, of designating places of worship by the name of the officiating minister. This habit is to be deprecated, for it is a sign that the creature has more a place in our hearts than the Creator. South, with his usual quaintness, observes, "This

might be well, if we were to go to Heaven by the ears." It is the House of God, a House of Prayer. While we thankfully receive the ministrations of him who is appointed to preach, we can only consider him as one who conducts the Ordinances of Public Worship. It may please God that the minister should be removed. Death may arrest the voice that charmed. Our hope in him may be made ashamed. The voice may have charmed more than the matter, but the House of God is still the same. All who have attended the ministrations of Trinity Chapel will remember how earnestly, and affectionately, the danger of resting on the creature was impressed upon the congregation; how constantly it was urged that it was a House of Prayer. Nothing grieved this faithful minister of Christ more than the being preferred to any others of his brethren, and he invariably found good in, and spoke well of, all the sermons preached for him. Writing to a much loved friend on this subject, he says: "One word of gentle reproof from your pastor: why, my beloved friend, did you give utterance to the thoughts of your heart as to any point of comparison between—— and myself? Remember, we are both of us but instruments in God's hands, and, depend upon it, we are severally fitted by Him for the services we have to perform." At a still earlier period he writes: "I am utterly unacquainted, my dear friend, with the clergy at Bath; but it is my prayer for you, and for your

dear children, that your increasing acquaintance with Him, who is 'fairer than the children of men, and altogether lovely,' and that your growing admiration for our own Liturgy may make you feel comparatively indifferent to any particular ministrations. The more I enter into the spirit of that Liturgy, the more I regard it as a sacred enclosure, in which all the Christians of the Church of England may meet together, and forget that such a thing as controversy exists. I have, as you well know, always made it a subject of prayer, that I may be regardless of names and distinctions, and desire to follow Christ only; and as often as I read the Articles of the Church of England, I feel the more strongly the justice of the observation, that pride and passion, more than conscience, have occasioned those sad divisions which have disturbed our peace. That you and yours may be elevated by the Spirit of Christ far above all such disturbing causes, that amidst all the trials and difficulties of life you may all enjoy a peace which the world cannot give nor take away, shall be my unceasing prayer." The merits of the minister should cease to be the subject of discussion. Our own state of salvation should be the first consideration. Minds are differently constituted: what touches the heart of one, may not be equally impressive to another. As in the physical world, so in the spiritual. What is food to one, may be unpalatable to another: but, because we cannot eat meat, we are

not to deny it to others. Because we are benefited by one kind of treatment, we are not to suppose the same necessary for all. *Each should be content with the shadow of his own vine.* Though to our eyes others may seem less green and flourishing, we should remember that the same Master planted all. There is room for all. Some can only gather little, others more, but if it is the Lord's manna, nourishment is received. In giving advice to a friend, with respect to some of the painful divisions existing in the present day, the same voice to which we are listening thus speaks: "If we meet in the season of Lent, we can converse together upon the subject of High and Low Church. In the mean time, I can truly say, that while I constantly am disposed, every day of my life, to take the views which ——— takes of the unspeakable importance of holding the Catholic Faith as it has been preserved to us, whole and undefiled through so many generations, I can still find my heart flowing forth to all, be they who they may, who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. And I think I may venture to say that, in all great points of Christian doctrine, Manning, Blunt, and myself, would be found to speak with one mind and one mouth, as the Humble Messengers of the Gospel of Peace." All that name the Name of Christ in sincerity and in truth shall be gathered into His garner. The Church militant will be lost in the Church triumphant. Ministers and their people will

be one in the Lord. As soldiers and servants they
will hear the same loved voices saying :

Servants of God, well done,
Rest from your loved employ :
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter your Saviour's joy.

CHAPTER III.

SOCIAL EVILS.

WHAT is there in a name? is the question often asked. I answer: "much every way." On the world generally, it has the greatest influence; and a name will often do much more injury than a more serious hurt. Calling things by their wrong names leads to much mistake, and giving ill names, to much injustice. We have to do, in the world generally, with weak heads and prejudiced minds. Had we sense alone to deal with; were there more of the discipline Solomon considered so needful, external sounds and things would have less weight. If children were brought up from their earliest years to practise the Catechism, then indeed these soundings of brass and tinkling of cymbals would fall in vain upon our ears. But it was, as one said, "The voice of the people that cried, 'Crucify Him, Crucify Him!'" and how many a holy, humble servant of God is made to go softly all his life, through evil report, because some thoughtless person has given him a name." There is nothing of more importance than to

check this thoughtless levity in children. From mere animal spirits, from the natural joyousness of their hearts, many an irreverent expression, many a joke on holy subjects is unconsciously pronounced, leaving perhaps a sting in some younger or still more thoughtless mind, that may rankle for ever. "We offend from gaiety of fancy, while others repeat our gaiety with bitterness of soul, and if children are disposed to be merry, they should have especial care against three things : first, that their mirth be not against religion ; secondly, that it be not against charity ; thirdly, that it be not impure, and then they may be as merry as they can, only in the Lord."

"How frequently are the honesty and integrity of a man disposed of by a shrug ! How many good and generous actions have been sunk into oblivion by a distrustful look, or stamped with the imputation of proceeding from bad motives, by a mysterious and seasonable whisper¹ !"

It is a quaint but true observation, that "if the clock of the tongue be not set by the dial of the heart, it will not go right ;" and it was also a saying of St. Bernard, that "the detractor carries the devil in his mouth ; so that he that hearkeneth to him may be equally said to carry the devil in his ear." Here, again, the heart is the seat of disease. We insensibly allow our children the habit of commenting on, and

¹ Sterne.

assigning motives of action, which lessen that kindly feeling so desirable between man and man. It is impossible to judge correctly from what meets the eye. Are we able to appreciate all the advantages or disadvantages of education, circumstances, or habits? Do we know all the springs from whence the visible streams flow? Are we as lords over all to judge? Children should be made to feel that their neighbours too have tongues.

The man that dares traduce, because he can
With safety to himself, is not a man.
An individual is a sacred mark,
Not to be pierced in play, or in the dark :
But public censure speaks a public foe,
Unless a zeal for virtue guides the blow.

COWPER.

Half of these unkind remarks proceed from a lurking feeling of envy or pride. There is a disposition in most natures towards detraction when much praise is bestowed. The old Adam is in all, though we may be unwilling to believe it to be so. To refer again to the same guide, in addressing his children he thus writes :—

“ Why do I know that the old Adam is not buried ?
Because I see children so often the slaves of evil tempers. Because I see them so often selfish, inconsiderate, cross, when playing with each other. Because I see them too often foolishly inquisitive about things which do not concern them. Because I see them too often impatient when reprov'd by their

parents, instead of submitting themselves to their guidance in a meek and reverential spirit, and instead of endeavouring to show thankfulness for their admonitions, by bringing every word, every deed, every habit into obedience to Christ Jesus. Only remember, dear children, that He has bought you with His own precious blood ; and you will learn, in every thing, to live not to yourselves, but to Him.

“ Think upon these few words, from

“ Your affectionate Papa.”

Second letter :—

“ How do I know that the old Adam is not buried ? Because I often see children obstinate, sullen, easily led away by others, instead of being an example to those around them. I see them careless in their persons, their dress, and too often regardless of what is said to them ; devoid of thought, judgment, and consideration. But, above all, because I have found in most children a departure from truth. My beloved children, Jesus is the Truth, and Satan is a liar, and the father of lies. What more need I say ? May we all look more and more to Him who is the Truth, and may He enable my children by His Grace always (in little things as in great) to tell truth and shame the devil !

“ Think upon these few words, from

“ Your affectionate Papa.”

Third letter :—

“ How do I know that the old Adam is not buried ?

Because I see children, too often, hasty, heedless, and impetuous in their words and actions. Often obstinately bent upon having their own way. *Because they often talk very foolishly, as if they wished to be thought men before their time.* Why, my dear children, should you wish to pluck the fruit while it is green, instead of waiting till it is ripe? And why should you think of flying, before you have learned to walk? Walk with God in the days of your youth, and you shall afterwards fly, with the wings of faith and love, in the paths of holy obedience. In the mean time, remember how it is written of the Lord Jesus, that He was ‘subject unto his mother and Joseph until thirty years of age,’ and that He increased (as I pray that you may increase) in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.

“Think upon these words, from

“Your affectionate Papa.”

Fourth letter, to two quite little children:—

MY DEAR LITTLE ONES,

I am often unhappy about little children, because I see them fighting and quarrelling with each other, often using improper words, and wishing to have their own way. Now, let me tell you, dear children, that sin first began on earth when the devil first tempted Adam and Eve to have their own way. You may be sure therefore that it is the devil who wishes to tempt you in the same way; and that if you would not both be swallowed up by the roaring

lion, who walketh about, seeking whom he may devour, you must learn in thought, word, and deed, to follow Jesus, "as the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls."

Think upon these words, from

Your affectionate Papa.

It was in this way that he led his children to practical truths, and to that law of kindness which leads to compassion for all. The world is large enough for all, and there are few who have not some drop of bitterness infused into the cup of life. There is generally a worm at the root. The brightest smile may hide a bleeding heart ; the sparkling eye may have a tear ready to fall. Let us not add to sorrow by unkindness ; or lessen happiness by detraction.

The thoughtless man, that laughs to-day,
To-morrow may be dying.

HERBERT.

It is impossible to judge with propriety of others without knowing all their minds. We put our ideas and feelings into them, and then place ourselves in their position. A person of calm temperament and cold affections, wonders at the excesses of another, is satisfied that he should never fall into the same, and despises his weaker friend. Another, without attractions, who never meets with admiration, wonders at the fondness her beautiful friend shows for it, and is sure that she would never be so foolish. Neither can appreciate the trials of the opposite

position. The character of the mind constitutes its trials. What may be no trial to one, is of serious importance to another. *We should remember that "charity is the eldest daughter of the heart of God."* Make allowance for the thoughtlessness of youth, for the perils of beauty, for the snares of wit ; and while by earnest prayer we should arm ourselves against the same evils, a truly Christian spirit will find excuses for the sinner. We should carefully examine our own hearts, and see if some personal disappointment, or feeling of neglect, may not have quickened our perceptions, and not be willing to pursue to death an erring sister, "He that is without sin, let him first cast a stone." "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

"If, again," to refer to the same voice, of which mine is only the echo, "we regarded ourselves as members of God's family, and as one of Christ's flock, as the members of His mystical body, we shall learn to look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others ; and we shall then understand the full force of the Apostle's language, when he says, 'As we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office ; so we being many are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.' And thus will the bonds of brotherly kindness be strengthened and confirmed among those who, as having been grafted at Baptism in the one body of Christ's Church, are freely invited to share in the same privileges, to

inherit the same promises, and to partake at the table of the Lord of that *'One Living Bread,'* which came down from heaven, and which giveth life unto the world."

In another letter, to a member of his congregation, he writes :—

"I must repeat my conviction as to the purpose of God in His dealings with you. For the more I enter into the depths of His own revealed word, the more I find that in all cases He adapts the trials to our peculiar temperament. We may adopt palliatives, but He seeks not to palliate, but to cure. And to this end it is indispensable that the trials should come home to our very inmost souls, that He may show us to ourselves, and exhibit to us all those *'chambers of imagery,'* and all those abominations which lurk within us. But even in His very judgments He remembers mercy, and if you will remember the love of Christ to His Church, you will soon be enabled to exchange irritation for the tenderest compassion, and compassion is akin to love. For does God love us notwithstanding all our infirmities, and can we say we think that we are His, unless we strive to walk by the same rule one towards another ?

"As long therefore as you suffer yourself to be vanquished by an irritable spirit, can you wonder at the coldness and inefficacy of your prayers ? Oh, my beloved friend ! your thoughts must flow in a different channel altogether, or you never can and never will have peace. You must view your trial as God views

it, and then how can the object of your anger be otherwise than the object of your tender care, who is the daily object of God's unchangeable love? Most assuredly, if you are to love as God loves, I can come to no other conclusion; and after all you can possibly say, it is not quite certain that — wears the very ornament which the Scripture sets forth? For remember, though the Scripture does not say that our wives are to have this or that acquirement, or this or that fascination, yet the Scripture does say that they are to 'have the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.' Now, one word and no more. Has not your friend most eminently a meek and quiet spirit? and shall that be despised which is in the sight of God of great price? What can I say more? or how can you resist the force of such an appeal?"

In another letter on the same subject he writes:—

"Let it be just as you state it: let it be the severest of all possible trials: still if it be a trial, is it not sent of 'our Father which is in heaven?' And why does He send His people trials? Not to show them unto Himself, (for He searcheth all hearts, and knoweth every thought,) but to show us unto ourselves: and must it not follow, therefore, that every fresh irritation only serves to prove the necessity of such a trial? My own growing persuasion is, that literally our very steps are numbered: and if so, it was God's Providence that led you to hear —"

preach his sermon, and to hear me deliver my lecture on Saul's proud, and imperious, and wilful spirit. Most assuredly I was thinking only of Saul ; but may not He who giveth the increase have had another purpose to accomplish that day? Only one word more. When the moment of irritation comes over you, go to your closet and offer up (if it be only) a breathing and a cry 'to Him who seeth in secret,' and I feel assured that you would be enabled to enter more and more into the solemn and blessed duty of dealing with the weaker vessels as Christ dealeth with His Church."

In another letter, on the subject of judging of the state of the souls of others, he writes : "For say not that we can be otherwise than the object of the Divine love. Let Ultra-Protestants of a certain school say what they will, there is no such thing as Reprobation in the Bible : and strange indeed it is (as my old favourite John Smith so beautifully expresses it), that where God writes *Life* so plainly in fair capital letters, we are so often apt to read *Death* ; but when He tells us, over and over again, that hell and destruction arise from ourselves, that they are the workmanship of our own hands; we will needs understand their pedigree to be from heaven, and that they were conceived in the womb of blessedness.' "

Were we to look into our own hearts, we should find pride at the bottom of these harsh judgments. We think too highly of ourselves, and expect too much

from others ; though we are of the first importance to ourselves, each other's self is of the same in his own eyes. No man ceases to be respectable, till he ceases to respect himself. It is the desire to appear what we are not, that makes us open to ridicule. Whatever our station in life may be, if we conscientiously, as in God's sight, fulfil its duties, trusting to Him for guidance and blessing, we are honourable persons. The man that laughs at one who is beneath him, deserves it ; while the object of his ridicule is beyond it. Children are often permitted to use terms of contempt to those of a humble class ; to treat servants as if they were creatures without feeling, made for their use ; to regard their tutors and governesses with a thoughtless indifference. True gentility is always courteous. Vulgarity consists in a disregard of the feelings of others.

It is certainly not desirable that children should be the intimate associates of those who are illiterate and uneducated, whose habits and expressions, though suitable to their own station, are incompatible with theirs ; but if these servants are conscientious in the discharge of their relative duties towards God and man, they are precious in God's sight, and as such deserving of regard from us. A contemptuous and slighting way of speaking to or of them, is a proof on our part of less faithfulness in the discharge of our duty. While children are not allowed an improper intimacy, they should be taught to feel that they cannot do without servants, that though labour

may be bought, interest and affection cannot, and that a kind manner, and consideration for their feelings, is not only due to them, but will secure a much more cheerful and willing service. Though inferior in the gifts of fortune, they may be our superiors in the gifts of mind. A good servant will never forget the relation in which he stands towards his master, and the latter will essentially be the gainer by a kind and courteous demeanour. In allusion to this subject, the same pen, to which I always desire to refer, writes : “ The obliquity of principle which now and then manifests itself in domestics, is one of the heaviest of our trials ; but we must remember, that our relation to those beneath us is meant as a faint emblem of the relation in which ‘God has seen good to place Himself’ with regard to us. But if He endeavours to be too strong for all our perverseness, not by severity, but by the most inextinguishable love, must not we endeavour to imitate His goodness? If, through Divine grace, our domestics could once know what it is to love us upon Christian principles, all difficulty would be removed ; though it is discouraging to think that all the instruction above-stairs should be so often counteracted by the code of laws in force among servants. Yet still we must rest ourselves upon the promises in God’s own word, and we must remember, for our encouragement and our comfort, that there are more with us than with them.” Civility has a kind of charm that attracts the love of all men, and

too much is better than too little. A kind and courteous manner witnesses to a well-regulated mind, and a well-regulated mind proves grace in the heart. *There is nothing more objectionable than the way in which children of one family often behave towards each other.* Why should they have less respect for each other or for their parents than for strangers? What has the stranger done compared to the parent, who has watched over the child from infancy, who has sacrificed all personal feelings for his or her good? Why is not the brother or sister of equal importance with the stranger or friend? If the habits of home are not what they ought to be, there will generally be some defect abroad. It was in this, more especially, that the character we have contemplated was exhibited in peculiar beauty. To all around him his deportment was that of a Christian gentleman. It was the remark of some friends, who had ever been accustomed to the most courteous manners, that he treated all, from first to last, as if they were of the highest importance. A poor woman once observed of him, "he was always the same with his hat on or his hat off," her odd way of expressing that he had no company manners. Whenever his occupations allowed, he took a country excursion with his children and their attendant, who used to say, that such an event was the happiest in her life, for that her master seemed to put life into every tree and flower, and that his demeanour to her was as if she had been a child instead of a servant.

On another occasion, when a friend had lent him her carriage, which her servant was to drive, the coachman had felt a fear lest it should be a grave excursion with such a good man ; but on his return, after a drive of many hours, he expressed to his fellow-servants the extreme pleasure he had enjoyed in his society, and the benefit he had derived from his cheerful and improving conversation. It made no difference to him who was his companion. He had a word of kindness and exhortation for all, without ever losing the sacredness of his character.

If the smiles and clothes are put on for company alone, neither will seem natural. It is a radical defect in the system of education. Children should be instructed in the manners, accustomed to the habits, and dressed according to the station of life to which they belong. They then attach no vain and frivolous ideas to these things, but, considering them as attributes of their station, they become second nature, and require neither time nor thought. "What have the poor clothes done to you," says Bishop Patrick, "that you are so angry with them? It is not the clothes, but the heart that you wear under them that makes the test." "There may," says Jeremy Taylor, "be far more vanity concealed under a plain garb, than in that which is more belonging to our station." "To seek God with all our hearts," says Dr. Donne, "is not to neglect every thing else. For God wears good clothes, silk and soft raiment, in His religious ser-

vants in courts, as well as camel's hair on John the Baptist in the wilderness ; and God manifests Himself to man as well in the splendour of princes in courts, as in the austerity of John Baptist in the wilderness." If the heart is right with God, if our children are taught that a proper attention to their dress is a due respect to their station, to themselves, and their parents or relatives, they will regard it as a duty instead of a vanity. It will not matter whether there is company or not, it belongs to the station of a gentleman to appear in his proper character ; to neglect it is to neglect his duty. " For this is the true character of our redeemed life, the bringing into every part of it the blessed presence of a reconciled Father. It is not to consist in a sour refusal of the blessings which He gives us, in wearing a sad and solemn countenance, when His earth is rejoicing around us : it is not to be shown by our putting on the garb of an unnatural and unkindly separation from our fellows ; but in receiving all from Him, as our justification, our peace, our righteousness ; and then going forth to serve Him simply in our daily tasks ; to delight in Him with renewed health, to honour Him with grateful thoughts, and to see His perpetual presence in all things ¹."

Extravagance, or a constant desire of display, is an offence against God ; but propriety is essentially important. It is truly observed by Dr. Donne, that " the limits of adorning and beautifying the body are

¹ Wilberforce.

not so narrow, so strict, as by some sour men they are sometimes conceived to be. Differences of rank, of ages, of nations, of customs, make great differences in the enlarging or contracting of these limits in adorning the body ; and that may come near sin at one time, and in some places, which is not so always and every where."

Another mistake, into which some very excellent and well-meaning people are apt to fall, is that of considering it an exercise of Christian charity to reduce their establishments to the very smallest possible compass, that they may give away more. It is surely a wiser thing to support persons in honest industry than in beggarly idleness. The poor live by the rich ; one class supports the other. The keeping up all the expenses of station is meat and drink to thousands. The proprietor inherits a charge. Instead of endeavouring to lessen the weight of his responsibility, he should discharge it faithfully in the sight of God. It is no matter of choice ; the only important consideration is, its careful superintendence. Those who are thrown much among the middling and poorer classes can best appreciate the misery of this system. If it is a duty for one person, it must necessarily be so for others ; and in that case, what is to become of the working classes ? In keeping a large body of persons in constant employment, seeing that they have every opportunity given to them for religious exercises, that there is no needless waste, that they are provided with in-

structive reading, in employing dress-makers, entertaining hospitality, supporting a household, not in extravagance and folly, but in propriety and economy suitable to our station, far more good is done than by reducing a large body to a state of beggary, and then relieving them¹. There is a wholesome feeling about the better classes, that infinitely prefers a shilling earned to ten given. There is nothing in Scripture against the proper attributes of station. "God requires not that you should become one of the many poor, relieved out of your income. The support of society, as at present established, will not only permit, but require that some persons should indulge themselves in the elegancies and delights of life, by furnishing which multitudes of poor families are much more creditably and comfortably subsisted, with greater advantage to themselves, and safety to the public, than they would be if the price of their labours, or of the commodities in which they deal, were to be given to them as an alms: nor can I imagine it grateful to God, that His gifts should be refused, as if they were meant for snares and excuses rather than benefits. This were to frustrate the benevolent

¹ It is a story told of Bishop Wilson, that on ordering a coat, he expressly charged the tailor not to make it in the fashion of the gallants of the day, and only to put on two buttons, buttons all over being the fashion. "My lord," said the tailor, "what then becomes of all the button-makers?" The Bishop answers, "Sayest thou so, good master Robert? then button me all over."

purposes of the gracious Father of Mankind, and if carried to its rigour, would be a sort of conspiracy against the whole system of nature : examine, therefore, your expenses, and compare them with your income ;—that may be shamefully extravagant in you, which may not only be pardonable, but commendable in another of superior estate ¹.” Persons who have never seen plate, fine linen, and ornaments, attach an importance to them which those to whom they have been as daily food cannot in the least appreciate. They are the attributes of their station ; their absence would excite surprise, their presence is a natural consequence. To them they are no sin, for neither pride, vanity, nor a love of show, has purchased them ; to the others they might be so, because they would possess them from the desire to have them. The one should not interfere with the other, but remember that in this, as in every case, the heart is the citadel to guard, for “ out of it are the issues of life.” We must “ watch as well as pray.” To ourselves we cannot be too severe judges. Whatever estranges us from God, becomes sin. It is not place nor things that makes the danger, but nature : if grace reigns in the heart, neither life, nor death, nor riches, nor poverty, nor sorrow, nor joy, nor sickness, nor health, can separate us from the love of Christ. We shall hear his voice, saying, “ Young man, I say unto thee, Arise.” And as He

¹ Doddridge.

speaks, His Spirit may enter into us, and we, rising up in heart, in its new strength, may live with Him, and with Him triumph over death¹.

Were home more adorned, there would be less temptation to seek amusements abroad: many a wife would see more of her husband, if attention were paid to these apparently small matters. A painful contrast is perhaps brought to his mind. Where-soever he goes, it is all smooth and pleasing before him, even though the same carelessness may lurk behind. If he returns to an untidy house, his wife slatternly, his children disorderly, if a gay and thoughtless man, he will leave his own fireside for others more attractive. If a domestic and religious man, he will suffer in silence, and feel all his comfort destroyed, while affections are trifled with in one case, and destroyed in the other. A cheerful countenance, a well-regulated house, and pleasing manners, will make the domestic life the happiest in the world. Under all trials or difficulties the grace of God is sufficient, and a sensible woman will always endeavour, in the power of it, to set aside the cares, and bring forward the cheering influence of a cheerful spirit. "As the climbing up a sandy way to the aged, so is a wife full of words to a quiet man." Under the influence of these words, a wise woman will be discreet in all her conduct. By making an agreeable society at home, all others

¹ Wilberforce.

will seem comparatively cold and dull : though there may be much that is pleasant and desirable externally, the seat of happiness will be in ourselves ; *“her children arise up, and call her blessed : her husband also, and he praiseth her.”* Were early education made more practical, such women would be less rare than they are. If young ladies would use their accomplishments, their talents, and dress, not for display, but as means of usefulness, their brothers would be more disposed to stay at home, and much innocent amusement would take the place of idleness and dissipation. Why should we not be willing to study the happiness of our nearest kindred ? Why should we treat each other without affection ? Are we not equally in the sight of God ? If we felt here, as every where, *“Thou, God, seest me ;”* if we remembered that the account is to be given to God and not to men, we should be impressed with the conviction, that our accomplishments are not for display, but as occupation in the absence of that which belongs to the working classes ; that a certain appearance in dress, and an attention to neatness, is a duty belonging to our station, and that an agreeable manner is a talent given to us to improve. The way in which things are done often materially lessens or increases their value. Much unhappiness in families arises from the trifling way women have of spending their time, and of gratifying only their eyes and ears, instead of their reason and understanding.

“It is not the lustre of gold, the sparkling of

diamonds and emeralds, nor the splendour of the purple tincture, that adorns or embellishes a woman, but gravity, discretion, humility, and modesty." The utmost of a woman's character is contained in domestic life; first, by her piety towards God; and next in the duties of a daughter, a wife, a mother, a sister. As a daughter, she should be submissive, attentive, and affectionate; as a wife, yielding, useful, cheerful, and unselfish. How many women, by giving way to nervous fancies, over-wrought imaginations, and a desire of being objects of tender compassion, destroy the happiness of their husbands! Constant complaining excites compassion at first, which by degrees is worn out; whereas a cheerful mind serves to make life, whether short or long, a scene of happiness; and every woman, who does not love herself better than those around her, will endeavour, either in sickness or sorrow, by a cheerful conversation, to lighten the weight of her sickness on those most near and dear to her,—to lessen her cares and anxieties in their eyes, and while she opens her whole heart to God for grace and guidance, she will, as much as possible, present externally the witness only of a heart under this blessed influence. That much may be done in conquering nervous affections is certain. If a child falls, and is jokingly assured that the floor is more hurt than himself, the cry is soon changed into a laugh. If in meeting with a disappointment, while it is allowed to be one, he is made to understand that

tears will not stop rain, mend his toy, or remove his pain, he will cease to cry. The discipline of mind, of which we have before spoken, will come into play in weightier matters as he grows older: "Discipline, the safeguard of hope, the stay of faith, our guide in the way of salvation, the stimulant and nutriment of inward goodness, the teacher of virtue, makes us abide in Christ alway, and live unto God continually, and to come to the promises of heaven, and the Divine rewards¹." These promises make us "more than conquerors through Christ that strengtheneth us," not only over mind, but body. There is no doubt but that the nervous temperament of some persons is much more delicate than that of others, and these require to be tenderly dealt with. It may be impossible to control the feelings, but the expression of them may be avoided. Feeling is spontaneous, and not always in our power; but the making others the sufferers can be prevented. Children should be taught that they are made for the world, not that the world is made for them. If all were equally sensitive, what would become of the world? It is by no means those who make the most touching parade of their sorrows who feel the most. The stillest rivers are always deepest. The mind that can lay its own sorrows aside, out of regard to others, gives the surest token of its tenderness and delicacy. If sentiment were separated from feeling,

¹ St. Cyprian.

the storm would always be less violent : real feeling cannot be too much cherished, but high-wrought sensibilities should be as carefully eradicated. Parents are often distressed at an apparent want of feeling in children, under the loss of friends or relatives, and are disposed to make use of external excitements to produce it, dwelling upon all the painful parts of the trial, forcing them to witness the outward and visible signs, and constantly checking the return, so natural, of their spirits. Children are engrossed only by the present ; they do not realize what older minds contemplate. While the parent knows that the whole complexion of the life is changed, the child is only conscious of a present gloom, which, though it shadows, does not destroy his happiness. We should not be over-anxious to deepen this shadow. While we improve the trial, by making the mind more sensible of the instability of earthly enjoyments, and thus, by the blessing of God, strengthen it for future warfare, we must be careful not to enervate it, by dwelling upon graves and charnel-houses. On meeting with one of these oppressed mourners, he to whom we are listening looked at her with the peculiar tenderness for which he was so remarkable, and taking her by the hand said, “ What ! still cast down, my dear friend, contemplating the creature in the grave : look up from the creature in the grave, to the Creator above, and then you will be at peace.” The sufferer felt peace from that moment.

CHAPTER IV.

ON AFFLICTION.

IF we did but realize the advice contained in the latter part of the last Chapter, how much happier we should be ! Instead of burying ourselves with the dead, we should rise upon the wings of faith, hope, and love, to that blessed region where the spirit of our departed relative has winged its flight. This, as is so beautifully expressed by Baxter, “is a walk to Mount Sion from the kingdom of this world to the kingdom of saints, from earth to heaven, from time to eternity ; it is walking upon sun, and moon, and stars, in the garden and paradise of God.” Then let us not rest in the grave. Our soul must not descend there to contemplate the form that once was dear. “The spirit is not there.” There, all is dark and dreary ; the thought of what we have loved so dearly, clothed in the garments of the grave, encased in the darkness of the tomb ; the eye that lighted up with love, now cold and dead, brings a chill to the heart because it is death itself. No life irradiates it. Such contemplations only tend to enervate the mind,

weaken the faith, and weigh down the spirit. "For the corruptible body presseth down the soul, and the earthly tabernacle weigheth down the mind." Some minds seem to have a pleasure in thus resting on corruption: to delight in dwelling among the tombs, in wandering among the graves, and in cherishing every recollection that can unfit them for their duties in this life. Such persons should "hear the rod, and Who hath appointed it." It is indeed true that our earthly happiness is buried in that grave. The world seems one vast wilderness. We seem as it were alone, many feel for, but none can feel with us. The extent of that deep and swelling grief cannot be fathomed. It is a deep and silent stream, that undermines and destroys all earthly joy.

There are who sigh that no fond heart is theirs,
None loves them best.

KEBLE.

Were our hope only in this world, we should be miserable indeed; but,—to continue, in the words of the same author, and which are marked by the guiding hand we are following,—this is a "vain and selfish sigh."

Out of the bosom of His love He spares,
The Father spares the Son, for thee to die:
For thee He died. For thee He lives again,
O'er thee He watches in His boundless reign.

Thou art as much His care, as if beside
No man, nor angel lived in heaven or earth:
Thou art thy Saviour's darling—seek no more.

“Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen.” Our minds should follow the rising spirit—leave the earthly tabernacle for the spiritual inheritance.

“It is but little we can receive here ; some drops of joy that enter into us : but in Heaven we shall enter into joy, as vessels put into a sea of happiness.” The vessel must, notwithstanding, be prepared here. Instead of encouraging painful recollections, we should endeavour, by the power of Divine Grace, to think of nothing that drags down the affections. The precepts, the examples, all that can strengthen and encourage us in our weary way, may be carefully cherished ; all that leads from earth to Heaven. As an encouragement to the afflicted, the following letters to various friends, from the same guiding pen on whose precepts we are dwelling, will be deeply interesting.

The first was written from Madras, to his mother, on the death of his younger brother Nicholson, who was drowned at Addiscombe, and will show how early deep feelings of piety had sprung up in his mind.

Madras, Feb. 6th, 1819.

It may be some consolation to you, my best beloved mother, under the severe dispensation with which it hath pleased our Almighty Father to afflict us, to be assured that the heart-breaking intelligence of our poor brother's death, was broken to us with

all the tenderness that affection the most delicate, and friendship the most sincere, could possibly dictate. A letter from Mrs. Macdonald¹ conveyed the mournful tidings, and that kind friend, whose mind is alike suited to “rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with those that weep,” communicated the contents to us in a manner the most likely to alleviate the weight of affliction which we were destined to sustain. Oh, my best of mothers, amidst the anguish we have suffered, it has been the image of your unutterable woe that has given us the keenest pang, and pierced our inmost soul! It is now, indeed, that I feel, in all its bitterness, the misery of separation from the bosom of my family; for then might I have known the extent of your sufferings, and might have contributed my humble share to heal your bleeding heart. But yet, my beloved parent, I feel my bosom warm with gratitude to that all-gracious Power, in whose hands are the issues of life; when I consider that a blow so overwhelming and unexpected was not permitted to visit you, as it has done us, at the distance of half the globe from your country and your family. Your sufferings on account of poor James² are yet fresh

¹ Now Lady Macdonald, his cousin.

² His brother, the Rev. J. S. M. Anderson, at that time in so delicate a state of health, that Dr. Baillie pronounced him to be in a consumption.

in my remembrance ; and when I think of those sufferings, I return my grateful thanks to that all-wise and all-merciful Being who hath in the present instance ordered it otherwise. To attempt to describe the effect produced upon William and myself by these most melancholy tidings, would be impossible ; and would be only planting fresh daggers in your bosom, if it were possible. Heaven knows with what eagerness we had looked forward to the day when we had hoped he would join us ; but it has been ordered otherwise. “ It is the Lord who giveth, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord.” In these first moments of overpowering anguish, the praise which every tongue repeats of our dear departed Nicholson, only seems to give a keener edge to our calamity, and awaken us to a more acute sense of the loss we have sustained. That a youth so lovely, so virtuous, should have been cut off in the flower of his youth, must cause tears of bitterest agony to flow, and to flow unrestrained ; but let us, my own, my best-loved mother, discern, even through our tears, that hand of mercy, which in every dispensation of Providence is extended towards us ; for merciful indeed has been the blow (irreparable as it may now appear), if it shall have saved *him*, whom we now lament, from sorrow, sickness, and death, beneath a foreign sky. And let us be assured, my mother, that the hour will soon come when our hearts, being disposed by the

soothing influence of time, “who comes with healing in his wings,” to listen to that still small voice of religion which whispers peace to the disconsolate, every word of that praise which now only adds stings to our misery, shall be treasured by us all with holy joy, as a sure and certain pledge that a spirit so lovely and so pure must have winged its flight from this vale of tears to those blessed regions, where sorrow entereth not, and where joy fadeth not away, where “the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” Oh, my dearly loved mother, I have experienced before, and I have now been doomed to experience again, how inadequate is any thing but the blessed voice of the Gospel to whisper comfort to the broken-hearted! To be told that, “in the midst of life we are in death,” a truth every day of our life only serves most certainly to establish, would be but a wretched assurance, were we left “to mourn without hope” in this dark pilgrimage; but when we listen to the voice of that inspired Volume, which assures us that when this earthly tabernacle shall be dissolved, there remaineth for us a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, and that these few and evil days of our pilgrimage, which pass away like a shadow and never continue, will soon be exchanged for “an inheritance that fadeth not away;” THEN have we reason to kiss the rod of our present affliction, and to exclaim, in the words of our blessed Saviour in the garden of

Gethsemane, "Not my will, but Thy will be done." My letter is rapidly drawing to a close, and yet I have dwelt upon one and only one subject; but remember, my dearest mother, that banished as I am from your presence, the only consolation left in the season of adversity is to pour out my heart in communication with you, and to dwell with you, in imagination at least, on those important topics which can alone calm our sorrow.

Ours is not the frigid philosophy of the Stoic, else would I avoid the mention of that which would only recall images pregnant with unutterable anguish; but, God be praised! we live under a dispensation which speaketh better things than the philosophy of the ancients, and we may freely pour forth our sorrows before Him, who declareth "that He careth for the righteous, and helpeth them that are fallen." When it pleased the Almighty to afflict us before, my mother, I was then permitted to dwell in the house of mourning together with you, and to endeavour to cheer your drooping spirits; and now that the wide ocean divides us, what is left to me, but that I should employ myself, as far as in me lies, in the same pious office? William is now engaged in writing to you, and tell dear Helen that it is my intention to write to her this forenoon. My own dear mother, may the blessing of the Almighty be present with you, is the fervent prayer of your devoted

And faithful son,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

To the Honourable Charlotte Shore, on the death of her brother¹.

20, New Steine, 12th May, 1826.

MY DEAR MISS SHORE,

Within the last few hours, I have heard with deep concern, that your beloved brother is no more. Knowing, from my own experience, how sweet are the consolations of Christian sympathy in the time of tribulation, I have endeavoured to seize a few minutes, in the midst of many pressing avocations, that I may devote them to a sacred purpose. I well remember an observation which fell from your sister, as to the degree of affection which was felt by all towards your departed brother, "We feel as if we had worshipped him." Her words made an impression on me at the time; and now that I have received the intelligence of that brother's death, the words recur to me with peculiar force, accompanied by a strong persuasion that you will, one and all, soon discern the beams of a Saviour's love gilding even this, which may now appear to you a dark and mysterious dispensation. He saw that your affections were riveted on an earthly object so intensely as to loosen, in some degree, (however unknown to yourselves,) the hold Himself would maintain over the affections of those whom He died to redeem. Not that we are enjoined by our

¹ The Hon. Henry Dundas Shore, who died at Pont Royal, on his return from Nice, whither he had gone for the restoration of his health, on the 29th of April, 1826.

holy religion to check or to subdue the best and the holiest feelings of our nature ; no, my friend, we are not to destroy these affections, but we are to consecrate them by turning them habitually to Him, and by loving all others only as found in Him, the centre of all the hopes and all the affections of Christians.

Are you then indulging the triumphant hope that your brother will be found in Christ ? If so, you need no longer restrain the current of your affections ; but they may flow forth to his sainted spirit, with a full and overflowing tide, both in time and in eternity. And now, Lord, what is our hope ? Not in any, even, the most lovely of the perishing objects around us, but truly our hope is even in Thee. Which blessed hope, that you may all enjoy in all its fulness, is the fervent prayer of your faithfully attached friend,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

To the same, on returning a letter giving an account of the funeral.

May 14th, 1826.

MY DEAR MISS SHORE,

Many thanks for the perusal of one of the most interesting and affecting narratives I ever remember to have met with. I have been reading it to my little circle, and we all agree in regarding this heart-felt sorrow, so touchingly evinced by thousands over the stranger's grave, as a sort of pledge and foretaste of that Communion of Saints, which is one among the countless and unspeakable joys prepared for all such

as sleep in Jesus. The soil which is watered with rivers of tears, provided those tears are sanctified by Christian resignation, is peculiarly adapted for the growth of all the graces and virtues which can adorn the Christian character.

That you and all most dear to you may experience the truth of this observation, by growing more and more in all the graces and all the consolations of God's Holy Spirit, is the prayer of all around me, and I remain, my dear Miss Shore,

Your faithful friend,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

To the Rev. J. H. Timius, on the death of an Infant.

Brighton, Dec. 8th, 1842.

MY DEAR HENRY,

From the bottom of my heart do I sympathize with you under this severe bereavement, and earnestly have I been interceding for you at the Throne of Grace, beseeching God to say to the destroying angel: "Stay thy hand." As for your sweet boy, may your dear wife and yourself have grace to feel how unspeakable is his gain, in being taken at once "from the evil to come," and being sheltered for ever in the Saviour's bosom. At such a season what a privilege it is to take refuge in this Great and Good Shepherd, and to know that we have to do with One who heareth and answereth prayer! You may rest assured that I shall turn towards your

house of mourning in my seasons of prayer, and that you will all be remembered by me in my intercessions.

Within the last twenty-four hours, I have had the intelligence of three deaths. One the mother of a family. Another the father of a family; and the third your little opening flower, which has been transplanted to a more genial clime. Oh, may we indeed be enabled to look off more and more from this dying world to the "land of the living," and not to mistake the shadow for the substance! With our united kindest sympathy, I remain, dearest Henry,

Your affectionate uncle,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

The following letters were to his sister, Mrs. Timins, after the death of her son, and another deep affliction.

Tunbridge Wells, June 1st, 1835.

I have just been writing, dearest Bessie, to a much esteemed friend at Brighton, who, as I see by the papers, is now mourning the loss of a tender and beloved wife, after a few days' illness; and I now turn from sympathizing with him, to thank you, as I do most sincerely, for the report which you have sent me. Since the day that I left you, I have not ceased to pray for you, that this season of your affliction may, under the Divine blessing, be a season of mercy and peace and refreshment to your souls. And though no longer able to converse with you all "face

to face" on the hopes and consolations of the Gospel, I yet find comfort in holding communion with you in the daily Scriptures which our Church provides for us.

Yesterday, more especially, I felt it a privilege to unite with you all in praying, that God would not leave you "comfortless, but send His Holy Spirit to comfort you," and that He would hereafter exalt you to the same place, whither our Saviour Christ is gone before, and where the soul of your dear sainted child is now resting on that Saviour's bosom! I thought of you also, when joining in those two most touching Psalms, the 145th and 146th, and what could be better suited to come home to your hearts than the opening words of the Epistle: "The end of all things is at hand?" Assuredly it is in the house of mourning that we feel how certain it is, that to each of us "the end of all earthly things" is indeed at hand! Oh, may we have that "wisdom from above," which shall enable us, under the influence of such a solemn conviction, to launch into the depth of the Divine promises, and to possess ourselves as much as possible of the fulness of God! May we experience, moreover, in all its blessedness, the "expulsive power of the new affection," love for the Redeemer, which will make all labours, all trials, and all afflictions light; and which will enable us, whether in sickness or in health, to employ the several talents committed to our charge as "good stewards of the manifold grace of God!" Need I

add, my beloved sister, that wherever I may be I shall never cease to cherish towards your dear husband and yourself a brother's affection, and am your fondly attached, affectionate brother,

R. A.

To the same.

Brighton, 8th September.

I take up my pen, dearest Bessie, not because I have any spare time at my command, or because I have any intelligence to communicate, but simply because my heart is continually yearning towards yourself and all around you, and because I feel that in seasons of trial, any thing is of value which conveys the assurance of sympathy and prayers. It is, I am well persuaded, one of God's gracious purposes, in all His afflicting dispensations, that the hearts of His children may be knit more closely together by interesting ourselves for another ; and I need not tell you, my beloved sister, what a comfort I experience in daily remembering you all at the Throne of Grace. It is my prayer for dear ——— that the sense of his present weak and helpless state may be so blessed to his soul, that "the power of Christ may rest upon him." And it is my prayer for yourself and your dear children, that this season of God's fatherly chastisement may prove a season of strength, and consolation, and refreshment to your souls.

To the same.

Brighton, October 1st, 1838.

MY DEAREST BESSIE,

During the few days of my absence from home matters of all kinds have been accumulating on every side, so that I feel almost overwhelmed with my cares and occupations. But still I am anxious if possible to send you a few lines, to assure you that, "though absent in body," I am still present with you in spirit, and entering into all the trials with which it hath pleased God to visit you. I thought of you all again and again as I was pursuing my journey on Friday, and it seemed as if the Psalms for this period of the month were exactly suited to assist our communion with one another. I thought of the Psalmist's words on the 27th day of the month (the day before I left you), and I took comfort from the gracious assurance that "they who sow in tears shall reap in joy." Yes, my beloved sister, you are going forth weeping and "bearing precious seed," for it is seed which cometh from the Husbandman of the vineyard, even the seed of faith, and hope, and love; the seed of obedience to the Divine word and submission to the Divine will; the seed of calm and childlike reliance on the Divine promises: and you may be well assured, that if you are daily and hourly sowing this seed upon the soil of a broken and a contrite spirit, you shall "reap in joy," for the "Lord of the harvest" will watch over the growth

of His own seed in the heart of His child, and in due season you shall reap a thousand-fold. How beautifully appropriate therefore to your own case is the passage of David in the following day of the month (the day on which I left you), "Though I walk in the midst of trouble, yet thou wilt revive me." "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me : for Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever : forsake not Thou the work of Thine own hands." This is a plea which every child of God may feel encouraged to urge, even in the midst of every possible trial and discouragement, for it is a beautiful observation of St. Augustine, that "when God rewards His own people, He rewards His own work in their souls." Say, then, that the furnace is hot, but still remember for your comfort, dear Bessie, that it is heated by the "Refiner" spoken of by Malachi, who will not quench the fire, until He sees His own image reflected in the souls of those who are called upon to endure its flames. All this, my beloved sister, you know to be true, from your own sweet experience of the truth of the Divine promises ; and I cannot tell you what comfort I derive from witnessing your simple, unquestioning faith, under the weight of God's fatherly chastisement. One thing only I would bid you remember, and that is the mysterious relation between the body and the mind. Faith will sustain the one, but your poor body must not be neglected, or it will re-act, more or less, upon the mind. When you look only at yourself, I cannot wonder that you should

esteem yourself as nothing in God's sight ; but when you view yourself as the object of the Divine love, and as an instrument in the hand of Providence, you must feel that even your poor, weak, dying body cannot be neglected without despising the work of God's hands, and without despising the object of His redeeming mercy and providential care. What then is the application of this little sermon ? Why, that whether it be kreasote for the tooth, or oil-skin for the arm, you should do all you can to preserve your poor tabernacle in a tolerable state of repair as long as you remain a stranger and a pilgrim here.

I remain,

Your ever affectionately attached brother,

R. A.

To the same.

Brighton, October 13th, 1838.

MY DEAREST BESSIE,

In the intervals between my services (this being St. Luke's day) I will endeavour to write you a few lines, knowing that you will estimate my letter, not by its length, or its contents, but simply by the affection from which it flows. In your letter, my beloved sister, you say most truly, that though your heart sometimes seems to yearn for more earthly support, yet you feel how good it is to cast "all your care upon Him who careth for you," and how unspeakably blessed it is to feel that His "everlast-

ing arms" are always underneath you, to strengthen you in your weakest, and guide you in your darkest hour! How often, perhaps, in reading St. Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians, have we been apt to think that the holy Apostle was carried away by the fervour of his spirit to utter the language of hyperbole, when he said that he would "glory in his infirmities," and that He would take pleasure in infirmities, reproaches, or necessities, in persecution or in distresses! But when we can once experience the sweetness of the Divine consolations, to refresh and sustain the drooping spirit, then we can set our own seal to the Apostle's declarations, knowing that all this is "for Christ's sake," for it is "His power that rests upon us. It is His grace that is sufficient for us : and it is His strength that is made perfect in weakness." The world cannot understand, dear Bessie, how it is that the weak should, in the hour of trial, prove stronger than the strongest; but the Bible explains the mystery, by showing that the poor afflicted believer goes forth to all his conflicts "strong in the Lord and in the power of His strength," with all his armour buckled on by prayer; while the children of the world enter upon the contest with the great adversary of souls, naked and unarmed; and can we wonder therefore that they are taken captive by him at his will? Only think how much is implied in that little petition, which you offer up daily for yourself and your dear children; viz. that God's will may be done by you on earth, even as it is done

in heaven. For how is it done by the angels in heaven? It is done by them immediately, diligently, always, altogether, with all their strength, and without asking any questions about it. Yes, my beloved sister, whatever may be the measure of your yet coming trials, still look up with a fixed child-like belief: and ponder in your heart those beautiful lines of Keble's:—

Thy God hath said, 'tis good for thee
To walk by faith, and not by sight ;
Take it on trust a little while,
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right,
In the full sunshine of His smile.

And in the mean time take comfort from the thought that the season of affliction is the season at which we learn what a privilege it is to “pray one for another,” and be assured also, that the manner in which you are strengthened and supported under your chastisement must and will operate most beneficially upon the hearts of all around you. God bless you all, dearest Bessie.

Your ever affectionately attached brother,
R. A.

To Miss C. Jellicoe.

Thursday, 29th April, 1841.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

Though I am on the point of starting for Highgate, I must stop for a few minutes to tell you all how

deeply I sympathize with you under this bereavement, and how earnestly I shall pray for you all, that the "everlasting arms" may be underneath you, and the fulness of Divine consolation with you. Surely it was the Lord's doing, and it ought to be "marvellous in your eyes," that your dear brother was permitted to return from "a strange land," and to breathe his last in that earthly home, which I always delight to regard as an earnest and foretaste of the home which remaineth for us above. When I read your account of your dear brother's last hours, I cannot help saying, in the words of the second Lesson, "he that hath the Son of God hath life;" for what was it but the beginning of that life, which was indicated by the deep feeling of which you speak? Cherish the remembrance of it in your hearts; and, oh! may each of you be able to adopt the language of David in our evening Psalm, and say, "I poured out my complaints before Him of my trouble. When my spirit was in heaviness, or overwhelmed within me, then Thou knewest my path!" Commending you all, from the bottom of my heart, to His most gracious care, I remain, in sorrow or in joy,

Ever faithfully and affectionately yours,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

To the same.

I need not remind you, my dear friend, that, be our particular trial what it may, it is His visitation. But

let me only ask this simple question. Did your dear sister love Christ? If you all feel that she did, and that it was His abiding grace which supported her under all her sufferings, then how blessed is the Scriptural argument, that “we love Him because He first loved us!” How blessed is the thought, that the love which warmed her heart was only the return of His unutterable love! and how unspeakably blessed is the persuasion, that her disembodied spirit is now bathing itself in the waters of light and life which issue from the throne!

The following short extract from another letter will answer a question often asked, as to his views of the immediate state of the soul after death:—

“Look then, my dear friend, to our Burial Service, and you will feel at once that, according to her Scriptural teaching, the soul is in conscious happiness or misery as soon as it is separated from the body. In my sermon on Mrs. Wagner’s death, and in my little tract on Christian Fellowship, my own persuasion on this point is pretty clearly expressed.”

To the same.

You may rest assured that I deeply feel for you under the new trials with which it has pleased God to visit you; but I know that you will receive strength according to your need, because He is faithful who has promised, and I know also that you

will have to bless the Husbandman of the vineyard for every fresh chastisement, when we lay to heart those gracious words of His dear Son, "Every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." You have found how mercifully He has strengthened and sustained you hitherto under many severe afflictions, and you can from your own sweet experience set to your seal to Cowper's animating strains :—

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

To the same.

Brighton, October 5th, 1839.

I often say, my dear friend, that it is only upon occasions such as this that we understand the full blessedness of that article of our Creed in which we profess to believe in the Communion of Saints, for though,

In vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saint,
When he resigns his breath ;

yet we know that death, which only separates the body, has no power whatever over that blessed bond of union by which all the members of Christ's mystical Body are joined together in One, whether they are

yet militant on earth or now triumphant in heaven. Yes, my beloved friend, you are yet engaged in the warfare below, while your sainted sister is at rest above ; but you are both looking alike to that day of perfect deliverance, when the Captain of your salvation shall accomplish the number of the elect, and hasten His coming ; and surely there is something unspeakably soothing in the thought, that as often as you ponder in your heart the second coming of our Lord, you are holding a close communion with the spirit of your departed sister, and saying in one and the same prayer, "How long, O Lord, holy and true?" In my little tract on Christian Fellowship, I have endeavoured to illustrate in the simplest possible way, the principles of such holy fellowship as is contained in our Prayer-book ; and I have also endeavoured to show how our Church turns our attention again to the full extent of that fellowship, as uniting the assembly of saints on earth with the assembly of the first-born in the realms of light and love. Had I leisure to write to you at any length, I would say how entirely I enter into all you have expressed on the subject of keeping your impatience in check. Philippians i. 23, 24, is the passage which at such seasons must ever recur to our thoughts, explaining as it does all those remarkable passages in the Psalms in which David speaks of the silence of the grave. For it is quite evident that the Psalmist there speaks of the grave, not as silencing our tongue for ever, but only as putting a period to our labours

on earth for the glory of God and the good of the Church. May this be the end of all our thoughts, dear friend, while we remain pilgrims here, and while we pray more and more for a meek and humble and waiting spirit! May we resolve under all our trials simply to "clasp God's guiding hand, and to leave the issues of all with Him!"

To Mrs. C. Mitford.

Brighton, 2nd December, 1831.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Though I am going out at an early hour this morning to administer the Holy Communion, I must put aside my sermon for awhile that I may tell you how sincerely I thank you for the note which I have just received. My anxiety to hear from you was much increased from the conviction that your health must have been considerably affected by the long and painful trial with which it pleased God to visit you. I rejoice to believe that an amendment has taken place; and I feel quite assured that the peace which you enjoy within will, under His blessing, re-act very beneficially upon your bodily health. It was, as you will bear me witness, my one leading object from the time I first saw Mr. M. to speak to him and to you of the "fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ." I believe that it pleased God to bless the message which, with all simplicity, I then

endeavoured to deliver, to the support and consolation of both. And now that he has been called away from this valley of tears to rest in Jesus, my prayer is that you may ever find the consolations of the Gospel to be like "oil of gladness," swimming above all the waters of affliction. You must expect, my dear friend, that trials will cross your path; but there are innumerable promises for every cross, and while I am writing I call to mind a verse in the ninth Psalm (which I was reading in due course this morning), "They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee, because Thou, Lord, hast never failed them that seek Thee." I am fully persuaded also, that in all your trials, your dear children will show themselves mindful of their father's solemn and affectionate exhortation. They have tasted in the morning of life of the "fountain of living waters," and whenever they think of me, I trust that they will always remember me as one who makes it his daily prayer, that he may be permitted to lead all who are committed to his charge to walk beside these waters of consolation, and to look to Jesus as "the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls."

To his brother William, a member of the Madras Civil Service.

4, Portman Square, London,
February 10th, 1834.

Since I last wrote to you, dearest William, Lord Teignmouth's strength has been so rapidly declining

that Caroline and myself have left our little ones under aunt Helen's care, and are come up to Portman Square, to enjoy our last earthly intercourse with one who is gradually sinking, full of love, and joy, and peace, into the bosom of his Redeemer ! It is unspeakably affecting to witness the perfect serenity with which he awaits the signal for his departure. On my first arrival, he spoke to me of two or three points, on which he wished to have my opinion. In humble dependence upon Divine teaching, I endeavoured to explain to him what I believed to be the sense of Scripture on these few points. I then joined with him in prayer ; and from that hour he has evidently been enjoying a sweet persuasion of the certainty of the foundation on which his soul reposes ; and this very circumstance has diffused a blessed influence on all around him. He is now entirely confined to his bed-room, and his body is in almost the last stage of feebleness and helplessness. But his faculties are quite unclouded ; and he turns as stedfastly to "the bright and the morning Star," as the needle to the pole. In his case, my dear brother, it is my comfort to witness, not the mere expressions of any particular frames and feelings, as if he had discovered for the first time the triumphant nature of the Christian's hope : but the delightful operation of those heavenly graces which for the last thirty or forty years have been gradually ripening and expanding under the beams of Gospel truth, and which are shedding a healing influence over the

whole frame of his mind and his affections. As I reminded his servants yesterday, when we were at family worship (and some of these have been with him more than a quarter of a century), his has been a holy, and peaceful, and consistent walk ; and their tears bore testimony to the truth of the appeal which I was making to their hearts and consciences. You will not wonder that he had felt reluctant to speak to Lady Teignmouth of his approaching dissolution ; but yesterday he was enabled to speak of it even to her with perfect calmness. “I do indeed believe (these were his very words) that I am resting on the right—the only foundation, even upon the Rock of Ages ; and I can now therefore leave you all with joy, hoping that we may all be permitted to join together hereafter in praising and adoring our God for ever and ever !”

To the same.

Brighton, 21st March, 1834.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

Within four days after the date of my last letter, Caroline's beloved and honoured father exchanged his earthly Coronet for a Crown of Glory ! He died full of years, full of faith, and full of peace ; and I pray that we may all have grace to “follow him, as he followed Christ !” I felt it quite a privilege, on my return to Brighton, to repeat to my

congregation, with all simplicity, the particulars of his last days ; and at the request of several among them, I have since published the sermon, accompanied by an admirable tribute to his memory, which was drawn up at a meeting of a committee of the Bible Society, a few days after his death. This document was written chiefly by Lord Bexley, who had for some years past officiated frequently for Lord Teignmouth at the meetings of the society, and who has since accepted the office of President. My mother has a copy of the sermon with the appendix, for Eliza and yourself : and I feel assured that you will both of you read with interest the following extract of a letter which I have, within the last ten days, received from Lord Bexley : “ Most sincerely,” he says, “ do I thank you for your truly beautiful memorial of your venerable and lamented father-in-law. Such a finished picture of his private life and domestic habits was wanting to complete that idea of Christian excellence, which a more remote view of his general character enabled those friends who did not form part of his family circle indistinctly and imperfectly only to conceive. Such an example is indeed of high value to all ; but to me in particular, who have been called by the committee to the arduous task of occupying the situation he so long and ably filled in the Bible Society, it is inestimable, not only in furnishing so admirable a model for my imitation, but in humbling my heart under a constant sense of my own deficiencies.”

It was remarkable that he should have breathed his last on the 48th anniversary of his wedding-day ! We all felt somewhat anxious respecting dear Lady Teignmouth ; but I am thankful to state that she is wonderfully supported. The peace which accompanied him to the grave, remains with her and with all the family ; and I pray that it may be *their blessed portion in time and eternity !*

Brighton, September 21st, 1837.

I am anxious to avail myself of any moment when I am left alone. For, strange as it might appear to some quiet secluded country pastor, I am generally obliged to prepare my sermons in the midst of as much bustle as you experience, my dear brother, in your Cutcherry. In fact, I was actually engaged for two hours last Monday night at the Bell Inn, Maidstone, in preparing one of my sermons for next Sunday, while dear Lord Teignmouth was sitting by my side, reading a volume of Leighton. You will remember that on two former occasions I visited Maidstone on account of deaths in Lady Hill's family. And this is the third time I have been called upon to officiate on the very same spot, on account of God's afflictive visitations. Lady Hill's youngest child, a most engaging, happy little child, of six years of age, (having been born only three months before Sir Noel's death,) was seized with an attack of inflammation the week before last ; and

although the inflammation itself was subdued, the dear child never rallied afterwards. An effusion of water took place on the brain, and on Wednesday the 13th, just as we were praying for her, in the midst of my congregation, at my afternoon lecture, her soul winged its flight to the gates of heaven, and the sweet child slept in Jesus without a struggle or a sigh. *Lady Hill* has been graciously supported under this most severe bereavement, and she is able to bless God for her child's happiness. But the loss itself is such as to defy all description; for dear *Nina's* happy face was like a little sunbeam, enlightening every corner of the house; and the silence which now prevails there, and to which it will be long before they can be accustomed, is, most emphatically, the silence of death! The poor afflicted mother's remark to me the other day was deeply affecting: "I feel as if it had pleased God to lend me that little angel, to be an unspeakable comfort to me during my first years of widowhood; and now that He has taken her back again to Himself, I feel assured that He will support me with His own everlasting arms." We can only pray for her, that the faith which she is now enabled to exercise, may be more strengthened every day; and that she may indeed be able to trace up every dispensation to the Fountain of Eternal Love! You may suppose, dear *William*, that I have needed no small measure of Divine support myself, when I tell you that in addition to my constant attendance on our poor sor-

rowing sister, Lady Hill, I have been paying daily visits to dear Dr. Batten, who was brought down to Brighton three weeks ago in an invalid carriage, and who is gradually drawing near to the gates of death ! Most probably he will have breathed his last before I seal up my letter ; and knowing how well “ prepared ” he is “ to meet his God,” by a lively faith in his Redeemer, we can only rejoice when his present intense sufferings shall be exchanged for an eternal and everlasting weight of glory in the kingdom of heaven. Just as I am writing these last words, a friend is coming in, and I must reserve the conclusion till next week, commending you both to the care and the guidance of the God of all grace.

Brighton, October 28th, 1837.

It seems, dearest William, 'as if I were to write in almost every letter of God's chastising hand ! I told you, in my last letter, of the death of Lady Hill's sweet little child ; and long before that letter would have reached you, you yourself would have received intelligence of another death in dear Caroline's family, which has proved a severe shock to us all ! We were quite aware that dear Frederick Shore had been for some time in an uncomfortable state of health, and that he had left his station for Calcutta, intending to embark for Singapore ; but on the very day preceding the arrival of the letter which brought us the tidings of his death, we had

received a long letter from our poor sister, giving in every respect a more cheering account of his health ; and you may judge, therefore, how this previous encouragement of our hopes tended to increase the keenness of the pang which we all experienced when we received the account of our sad bereavement ! But yet we almost seem to forget our own sorrows, when we think of our poor widowed sister and her two fatherless children. She has hitherto been most graciously supported ; and we earnestly pray that He who, with such unutterable tenderness, declares Himself to be “ afflicted in all our afflictions,” may continue to place underneath her His everlasting arms, and may “ strengthen her with all might, according to His glorious power,” to submit, not only patiently, but thankfully, to His mysterious will ! The T.’s, who had been with her during all her sorrows, had urged her to remain till February, that she might accompany them on their return to England ; but her plans were quite undetermined when she wrote ; for though deeply sensible of their kind sympathy, and of the comfort which she would derive from their society during her voyage, yet of course she felt unwilling to remain so long at a distance from those who were anxiously looking for her arrival, and hoping, under God, to administer to her comfort.

From the account which I gave you in my last letter, you would be prepared to receive the intelligence of Dr. Batten’s death ; and you will, I am

sure, rejoice to learn that his sufferings manifestly decreased as his end drew near, and that on the 11th of this month he died, full of faith and peace, a monument of Divine grace ! There was something peculiarly affecting in the brotherly love which he expressed towards me, during the whole time of his illness ; and I can truly say, dearest William, that notwithstanding the pain which I experienced in witnessing his intense sufferings, I deemed it quite a privilege to attend his dying bed. It was a blessed thing to see how his faith grew stronger as his bodily strength decayed ; and on the very day before his death, he was able to address every member of his family separately, with an earnestness and energy which will never be forgotten, on the things which concerned their everlasting peace ! His mortal remains have been deposited in a vault beneath our free church, All Souls, in which a tablet is to be placed to his memory.

Such a view of affliction tends to elevate rather than depress the mind. There was nothing which the writer of the above letters regarded as more reprehensible than the encouragement of grief. He especially reprobated the idea, so common among mourners, that they are doing despite to the memory of their departed friend or relation, by permitting any passing ray of cheerfulness. He considered the wearing deep mourning, after custom had discarded it, as witnessing to a rebellious spirit ; and there are

some who can tell of the kind and affectionate manner in which he remonstrated with them on this point. The heart that has "one fixed grief, and ever feels its power," need not fear that the dagger that transfixes it can ever be withdrawn. There are pangs which the bleeding heart knows well : it seems dried up within. Should the dew of God's grace shed its holy drops, and moisten for a few minutes the parched ground, shall we shut ourselves up against it? One billow, perhaps, is passed over more lightly; for one little moment a ray of light has pierced the darkness. We ought to receive it thankfully, as a witness of God's love, of our Saviour's compassionate soul poured out for us. Who has not felt the genial influence of a warm ray? Even though the chill that follows may be greater, still we are the better for the passing gleam: though the hour of sunset is the coldest, the earth would be dry and cold indeed without the previous warmth; and again it comes, and again new life springs up. So in sorrow, though the passing gleam of cheerfulness may leave a deeper sadness, it has helped us on our weary way. We have duties to perform, and though the voice of commendation may no longer sound in our ears, our hearts still respond to the "Well done! good and faithful servant of our Lord." Though the husband or wife of our love may be no longer present to share our joys or sorrows, or cheer us in trial, "Our Father is near." We work for God, and God is there. The consciousness that it is His

will that we should stay and bear the burden and heat of the day alone, will brighten our path—

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press ;
No gleam to watch on tree or tow'r,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night, if Thou art near ;
Oh ! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from thy servant's eyes.

It was the constant sense of his Saviour's presence which enabled one, whose light is extinguished from among us, whose candlestick is removed from the outer court to the inner temple, to rise above all human weakness, and to pass, not triumphantly, but joyfully, peacefully, and confidently, through the grave and gate of death : no cloud obscured the brightness of his heavenly vision.

Like Stephen, the glories of Jesus surveying,
He breathed out his spirit with—" Lord, I am here."

Who that witnessed the sufferings of that holy man, borne with a meekness, a patience, a fortitude, a cheerfulness, which the grace of God alone could give, could ever fear again ? Who that witnessed the passing away of that blessed spirit, with a smile of heavenly sweetness, and words of love on his lips, could doubt the Saviour's power ? Who that knew him in any relation of life, could feel otherwise than that, " though not the true light, he bore

witness to that light, that all men through him might believe ? ”

Around those lips, where pow’r and mercy hung,
The dews of death have clung :

but the accents which fell from them in life, I
would fain rescue from oblivion. In the hearts of
all who witnessed his holy conversation, he still
lives, and

When the Lord shall summon us
Whom He hath left behind ;
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a refuge find.

CHAPTER V.

ON SICKNESS.

THERE is nothing more difficult to deal with than the heart of the mourner : it is like a tender wound, the rude hand tears it, the cold hand chills it, the hot hand burns it ; too much consideration saddens, too little withers ; and yet there are some whose delicate touch plays softly on the chords, and gradually attunes them to a calmer tone. The mind of the afflicted should be followed more than led ; we should sympathize more than pity. It is not desirable to reflect sorrow, it gives it shape, and increases rather than relieves its weight. “ To hear complaints with patience, even when complaints are vain, is one of the duties of friendship ; but no one ought to remind another of misfortunes of which the sufferer does not complain, and which there are no means of alleviating. We have no right to excite thoughts which necessarily give pain whenever they return, and which, perhaps, might not have been revived but by unseasonable compassion.” It is

thus that, after a long period has elapsed before friends have met after affliction, the coming into the scene of action excites the most painful feelings in the mind of the visitor, who is often surprised at the composure of the sufferer : he forgets that—

Death once seen at our hearth,
Leaves a shadow that abideth ever :

that the sorrow has never left the mourner's heart ;
that—

The fainter passions live not in despair,
Or but exist and die ; hope, fear, and love,
Joy, doubt, and hate, may other spirits move,
But touch not his, who ev'ry waking hour
Has one fix'd grief, and always feels its pow'r.

In the first moments of affliction there is a peculiar comfort in dwelling upon all its sad accompaniments : it seems still to make the departed present with us : every event, every word that has passed, is dwelt upon ; nothing tends to increase the pressure, for all appears a part of the whole. When time has gradually diminished this immediate presence, little matters excite painful feelings ; the sight of some book or article belonging to our beloved relative, a thoughtless word or look, may bring a pang of agony to the heart. It is when we return to the usual routine of daily duties and occupations, when friends begin to forget, that we enter into all the depths of our bereavement : it is then that we find all our sunshine clouded : the spring of

our earthly happiness is gone for ever, and we are alone in the world. We are no longer of the first importance. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and the stranger intermeddleth not." There is One only who can comfort, "He who sitteth between the cherubims, be the earth never so unquiet." It is in the stillness of our own chamber that we feel that holy and heavenly communion: it is in leading us from our sorrows to the "Man of Sorrows," that the heart is comforted. Instead of dwelling on the parting breath, we should endeavour to lift up our thoughts towards Him who breathed that life and recalled it; not to harrow up our spirits by resting upon the closing eye, but to think on Him whose eye is on all, for evil and for good. Let us not remember every word, except inasmuch as it leads to strengthen our faith in Him, who taught the heart to speak them. All earthly recollections clog the spirit; all heavenly ones give it wings. The mourner should endeavour, by the power of Divine grace, to close the eye of sense, and open wide the eye of faith: then will he see "things greater, things divine:"—

Heaven to that gaze shall open wide,
And brightest angels to and fro
On messages of love shall glide,
"Twixt God above and Christ below.

KEBLE.

In sickness, as well as in affliction, there is much that may be taught to those who visit the sufferer.

The sick are extremely alive to impressions, and their friends should endeavour to draw them out of the contemplation of themselves. If the invalid sees a nervous anxiety in the visitor, it is natural to suppose that matters must be serious, whereas a cheerful manner and a lively countenance tends to cheer the drooping spirit. Sickness gives thoughts of deep intent. The wasting and decaying body is a constant witness to the truth as it is in Jesus. Were the sufferer living in pleasure, then, indeed, it might be well to remind him that "all flesh is grass, and all the goodliness of it as the flower of grass;" but to those who know no change, but more or less suffering, to whom "one day telleth another, and one night certifieth another," it is not needful to make the heart sad, which God hath not made sad; to check the passing smile, or stifle the innocent mirth: an irreligious man is irritated, and the holy man is saddened.

He takes God's chastisement with cheerful submission and prayerful hope, but he needs not to be weighed down by anxious looks and grieving words. All who have been much with real sickness, know how painful it often is to the sufferer. The nervous and imaginative patient desires it, as it gives reality to what he creates; but real illness and real sorrow need not to be reflected. It is too deeply impressed. The remark made by him whose ideas on all subjects are those I desire to convey, on the entrance of a cheerful countenance, was, "Thank God I see your

cheerful face again : those anxious looks and pitying faces kill me !” In speaking of one of his attendants, whose devoted and efficient services were an hourly comfort to him, he said, “She has but one fault, she wants a cheerful countenance.” In giving way to our own feelings, we little know how often we add sorrow to sorrow. The tears, and sighs, and prayers are for God, in the solitude of our chamber ; the smiles and words of comfort for the chamber of sickness.

Especial care should be taken not to leave painful impressions in the sick room. The visitor goes forth, passes quickly into other scenes, and forgets all that has been said : the invalid is left to dwell on what has passed. The mind, weakened by suffering, has not power to rally, and many a weary hour and distressing sensation may be the consequence. All that God sends must be received with humility, faith, and prayer, but the visitor of the sick should bring spiritual life, not the decay of nature, into the sick chamber. The spirit and not the body should prevail.

At the same time, sufferers in sickness should be careful to watch over themselves. It is difficult not to fancy “our four walls a world, and ourselves the centre of it.” The great thing is, to come out of ourselves. “Some persons,” says Jeremy Taylor, “create a thousand excuses of discomfort, and quarrel, not with the pain, but with the ill consequences of sickness. It makes them troublesome to

their friends, and consider not that their friends are bound to accept the trouble, as themselves the sickness." Selfishness should be especially guarded against. Instead of the daily walk, we should make mental excursions with our friends in their various interests, and by thus visiting them in love and charity, learn to look "not upon our own things, but upon the things of others." If the sufferer is spared the nervous weakness which often interferes with application, extensive reading is desirable, not only of one kind, but of all that can enlarge the ideas, strengthen the character, and enable the mind to form correct notions on all subjects. The passing events of the day should not be overlooked. Though the world may no longer wrap us round as a cloud, so as to obscure the Day-Star, we are still in it, though not of it. It is a narrow and contracted mind that cannot expand towards the interests and affairs of its fellow-creatures. "I pray not that ye come out of the world, but that ye may be kept from the evil." "Are we not all members of one body?" and if such, members one of another. The invalid must judge for himself as to the course of his reading. Novels most would reject, though works of imagination, in which there is real wit, and no immoral tendency, by embodying good and bad qualities, often impress truths on certain dispositions more forcibly than graver writings. In this, as in all things, the heart will be the guide. As the mind expands towards higher thoughts, it ceases to

take pleasure in vanity or folly, and rests in improvement and instruction. Biography, travels, and some of the lighter but improving works, may be read with advantage, and decidedly tend towards keeping up a wholesome action in the mind. During the last few weeks of his life, the holy mind we are contemplating took much interest in the Duke of Wellington's Despatches and Madame d'Arblay's Memoirs ; and during the last few months, when shut out from society, some lighter works, into which he never looked at other times. He regarded it as the recreation which is supplied to the healthy by natural association, and as such, conducive to a healthy action in the mind. Cheerfulness of spirit should be carefully cultivated ; and while we well know that this can only arise from the well-spring of life, there are also human means to be used, and all God's gifts should be kept in exercise. A morbid state of mind is easily engendered when the quick interchange of thought and feeling which society gives is not in our power : the mind views men and things through the dull light of sickness and sorrow. To avoid this, it is well to borrow the light of other men, and leaving feeling at a distance, have a settled principle of action. This will prevent the growth of error and prejudice. The sick will live in close communion with his God : he seems drawn nearer to Him ; prayer and faith are his two staves ; his Saviour ever near. Without this, he is as a vessel cast to and fro, without ballast, sail, or compass ;

but though we need the breeze to carry us on, there are lesser works which should not be neglected ; all unite to make the ship sail lightly over the main. While the breath of God must ever play in the heart, while the Spirit of God must ever rule the actions, while the love of our Saviour is the acting principle of every thought, word, and work, the weakness of human nature must still be regarded.

We are not yet altogether spiritual, and till that joyful change takes place, both body and soul must have their due. The intellectual as well as the spiritual must be regarded. The daily reading of the Psalms and Lessons, the books of daily portions, are great helps towards keeping the mind in a holy frame. Such books were the constant companions of the mind we are reading. In his library, dressing-room, and drawing-room, a volume of Keble's "Christian Year,"—manuals of prayer—selections of poetry, might be found. The whole were carefully marked, and in "Select Poetry," in short-hand, were collected innumerable extracts from other works, that he might be able to carry it with him in his pocket. Shakspeare, Cowper, and Spenser, he knew and remembered intimately ; and delighted in finding many passages in Shakspeare which witnessed to God's glory. In allusion to this habit of storing the mind with various subjects, he says in one of his letters written on a journey, "While all the passengers are eating by my side, I am writing these few lines. Remember we can hold communion daily in our Bible, our Prayer-book, and

our Christian Souvenir, but above all, we can hold daily and hourly communion in the mercy, grace; and praise of our adorable Redeemer, and in the sweet experience which we have had, and may still hope to have, of the faithfulness and truth of a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God." Minds thus stored can bear to be alone, if God sees it good that it should be so. A solitude or separation from society of our own choosing is seldom desirable, but if God has set us apart, it is our duty to follow His will in all things. Constant occupation prevents the consciousness of it. Before we are aware of it, another day is gone. The not being able to be alone tends to much evil. Society is always an advantage, but company for company's sake, with no congeniality of mind or feeling, cannot be a benefit. We should be ready to receive our friends with pleasure and thankfulness, but to learn to be content with God is a greater attainment. It was in such hours of retirement, during the temporary but necessary separation from his family, that the voice to whose words we are listening again speaks to us, by expressing his conviction that he had been enabled by Divine grace to separate himself from all worldly affairs. He often said that some of the happiest moments of his life had been during the lonely hours he passed in Portland Place, after the bodily suffering which occasioned them was over. So completely was he enabled to realize the presence of his God and Saviour, that he felt as one already in possession. The separation

from his family under painful circumstances, by confirming his faith, enabled him more entirely to commit them to God; and having done so, he could contemplate his departure with perfect composure, knowing that the same Hand which had lifted him over the billow of death, would guide them over the troubled sea of life. So entirely had he accustomed himself to draw good out of every thing, that when he was asked if the noise of the carriages did not disturb him at night, he observed that, far from it, it seemed to cheer the long and sleepless night, which always appeared awake in London. Let "patience have her perfect work." "It is good that we should both hope and quietly wait." A waiting spirit is a blessed thing: "Mercy is God's right hand, with that God gives all; faith is man's right hand, with that man takes all¹." Let us therefore stretch out our hand to receive all we can, and though our life may exercise all our patience, so that it is a pain to us to live, there is a peace arising from the conviction that though we cannot do, we can suffer God's will, which the world can neither give nor take away.

Waiting our summons to the sky,
Content to live, but not afraid to die.

KEBLE.

It is not for a moment to be supposed that we are to neglect any human means in our power—"Means are ours, though events are God's." There is a great

¹ Donne.

difference between trusting and tempting Providence. Our duty must be done, and if the expected event does not immediately follow, we should not suspect that all is wrong. Much suffering would be spared if there were more of this waiting spirit: God sees it best for us to remain for a longer season; the work is perhaps perfecting: impressions might sooner wear away. Our prayers for recovery may be answered in the recovery of our souls. "Thus nature makes pearls, thus grace makes saints—a drop of dew hardens, and then another drop falls and spreads itself, and clothes that former drop, and then another and another, and become so many shells or films that invest that first seminal drop, and so they say there is a pearl in nature.—A good soul takes first God's first drop in his consideration, what He hath shed upon him in nature, and then His second coat, what in the law, and successively His other manifold graces, as so many films and shells in the Christian Church, and so we are sure there is a saint¹." A long trial establishes what He has wrought in us; "and sometimes God draws aside the curtains of peace, and shows us His throne, and visits us with irradiations of His glory, and sends us a little star to stand over our dwelling, and then again covers it with a cloud²." The sun may only shine occasionally brightly through a cloud, but there is always sufficient light. "Mercy may be ploughing the

¹ Donne.

² Jeremy Taylor.

fields of heaven.”—“ In vain doth man trouble himself—he spreads himself as a cloud, and is contracted as a drop.” “ God weighs every sigh, He bottles up our tears, and records every prayer, and looks through the cloud with delight to see us upon our knees, and when He sees His time, His light breaks through it, and He shines again. Only we must not make our accounts for God according to the course of the sun, but the measures of eternity. He measures us by our needs, and we must not measure Him by our impatience. For aught we know, we are already entered into the cloud that brings the blessing¹.” Let us then rest in this conviction—“ Rest and pray,” are two blessed monosyllables. These inward trials are employed to set us free from self and pride : by breaking all our schemes of earthly joy, we shall learn to find our all in God. There is One whose compassions never fail—One who cheers us in life—supports us in death—and hereafter receives us into glory.

The Cross will uphold us—the Saviour is nigh.

¹ Jeremy Taylor.

CHAPTER VI.

ON SELFISHNESS.

HAVING now taken leave of the sick room, having left the poor sufferer in safer hands than ours, having placed him in his Saviour's keeping, I would dwell a little upon that selfishness, which not only disturbs the calm of the sick chamber, but interferes with all the comfort of active life. It cannot be too early impressed upon children that they are not to consider themselves first in the creation, and parents should not desire that their children should surpass all others. If it were true, it would be a great misfortune to them to have a constant association with such inferior beings. If it is not true, it only makes them self-sufficient and disagreeable. It is natural that each parent should regard his own children with the greatest interest, but why should not others equally joy in their own? Our children shou'd be made to feel for others. To give up is a most important part of Christian duty. To be ready to oblige, to be content to be neglected, and not to be watching for

offences : it is the love of self that leads people to suppose slights and unkindness when none are intended. “What a great fire a little matter kindleth !” How often are we engrossed with thoughts which have prevented one for the passer by ! How often is a visit interrupted ! how frequently carelessness neglects the answer of a letter ! If we were not always thinking of ourselves, we should pass over the offence without being conscious of it. If intended and undeserved, it has done no harm, we are but where we were : the person who has given it is the real sufferer. If not intended, “we have disquieted ourselves in vain.” Few attach sufficient importance to these little matters. It was the invariable custom of the well-regulated mind whose notions we desire to follow, always to answer a letter immediately, as he said each day brought its own work with it, and that the neglect occasioned an accumulation which often rendered it almost impossible to lessen. In writing to a friend on this subject he says, “My maxim with all my kind correspondents is, ‘to do what I can,’ under the full conviction that they will none be backward to make allowance for the circumstances under which I am compelled to write.” On one occasion he was deeply grieved when, upon having received an application from a stranger, he found that after having answered his letter, he had accidentally destroyed the cover containing the direction. The idea that the feelings of another should apparently be disregarded, and thus the cause of consistency be

injured, was the ground of his regret. The mind that has so little delicacy as to wish to wound, will take pleasure in adding to the rankling : if the arrow fails of the mark, the pleasure of shooting soon ceases. An absence of self-consideration would save us a great deal of needless anxiety. We suppose the world to have as much time to give us as we have to give ourselves. We often think of what it will say of us, instead of being guided by what is right. If our consciences tell us that we have nothing with which to reproach ourselves, we may be free of the thoughts of fellow men. We may and must regret unkindness. Even though we may totally forget and forgive the personal insult, it is impossible ever to entertain the same opinion of a person. As Christians the offence is forgiven : we do not withhold from intercourse, for our Saviour has taught us to bear with one another, and to have compassion on their infirmities, but the full tide of confidence is checked. It is, however, our bounden duty not to dwell upon the offence, not to think of our offended dignity, but of the fault as before God. We can pity and pray for our enemy, and a more earnest prayer may be offered up for ourselves, that in all our dealings with one another we may be less careful to please ourselves than others. "No wise man ever lost any thing by cession ; but he receives the hostility of violent persons into his embraces ; like a stone into a lap of wool, it rests and sits down soft and innocently."

The guide whom we are following thus wrote to his brother William in India, respecting an abusive article which once appeared in a newspaper respecting him :—

Brighton, Dec. 8th, 1832.

It was from James that I first heard of the circumstance ; and though he was evidently much annoyed with it when he called upon me, yet when he had seen me read the paragraph, all his annoyance vanished, and he quite agreed with me, that if some of the dirt which is so plentifully scattered by the ——— had fallen upon me, my only plan was to “let it get dry, and then it would brush off without difficulty.” We have since been abused, as a body, by the editor of the Times, because we had a day of local thanksgiving for our merciful exemption hitherto from the ravages of cholera. The answer would have been easy ; for the paragraph begun and ended with a lie. But I was fully of opinion that we ought to deem it a privilege to be abused by such a paper ; and my brethren quite agreed with me that we should suffer it to pass away, with the other “idle tales” of this lying world !

In another letter to the same brother he writes :—

Brighton, January 2nd, 1840.

I can hardly conceive it possible that any man can seem to take pleasure in doing hard or unkind things ; and still more difficult do I find it to understand it,

when there is, as in Mr. C.'s case, a profession of Christian principles. It is quite grievous to think what "occasion is thereby given to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme;" and I can only trust that his heart may yet be influenced by those blessed truths which his understanding has so long acknowledged, and that he may yet be permitted to experience, in the change going on within, a pledge and a foretaste of that Divine Love, which is to be the never-failing portion of God's people in the kingdom of the blessed! As for yourselves, dear W. and E., I feel quite persuaded that, on this, as on all other occasions, you will be enabled to lift up your hearts above all human instruments, to Him who "ordereth all our goings;" and instead of dwelling upon the little discomforts to which you may have been exposed, you will only regard the man as serving to remind you both that you should always remain, with your staff in your hand, as strangers and pilgrims upon earth, until you are made "pillars in the temple of your God," and shall understand the blessedness of the declaration, that "they shall go out no more."

The great importance of correctness in speech is the next duty that should be impressed on our children. They are from their earliest infancy disposed to falsehood. It is not unfrequently from timidity; and parents and teachers should be very careful not to frighten them into this fault by over

severity. The greatness of the injury to ourselves is often the rule by which our anger is influenced.

If the child is made to understand that we are displeased at an act of disobedience and carelessness, if he sees that we are sorry for his fault and not for ourselves, he will be less afraid of us, and more afraid of God, and thus he will not lie, because he knows that God hears him.

Exaggeration is also to be avoided. By over-colouring or underrating we often completely alter the complexion of a narrative. A plain straightforward course is always safest. No good ever comes of windings and turnings. The issues of life and death are in God's hands. There was no point on which the instructor we are following was more particular than this. The smallest incorrectness in relating any occurrence was never allowed. In writing to one of his children on the subject he says:—

MY DEAR CHILD,

Your turn comes next, and I shall hope to send a note to-morrow to your brother. I am anxious to follow up the prayer which I offered up in your behalf, by a few words of admonition; and I pray that it may please God to bless them to your soul's health. I reminded Florence yesterday, that she is not her own, but the Lord's, because she has been bought with the price of Christ's most precious blood. And now, I would remind you of the

same important truth. Think of this, my dear boy, and then what will ever induce you to speak the thing that is not? For in every untruth that you may be tempted to utter, you will consider that you will thus be employing that tongue, which has been devoted to the Lord, in the service of the Devil. Moreover, God has solemnly declared in His holy word, that the "lip of truth shall be established for ever, while a lying tongue is but for a moment;" by which God means to tell us, that a lie can be concealed but for a moment, or for a very short time, though the shame of it, if unrepented of, will last for ever.

Consideration is the particular word I wish to be impressed upon your minds. Consider therefore what I have now said to you, and believe me to be,

Your affectionate Papa,
ROBERT ANDERSON.

It is for want of a single eye to God that so much deceit is mixed up with our thoughts, words, and works. The desire for a thing dims the quickness of our perceptions as to right and wrong. False excuses creep into our minds, and we are led into the mazes of falsehood and error. An upright conduct is sure to bring its reward in the peace of our consciences. We can ask God's blessing upon it, which we cannot on crooked ways. Even though the end for which we strive may be gained, it will be granted

more as a punishment than a blessing. We shall find no comfort in it. "He that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight," but "the lip of truth shall be established for ever." In addressing a friend the same pen writes :—"Your report of —— encourages me to believe that our prayers have been answered; and sure I am, my dear friend, that if on all occasions, whether small or great, you endeavour to act with a single eye to God's Glory, and a simple dependence upon His Grace, you will find your way made plain before your face, and will be able to discern the fatherly care, and to own His watchful Providence in all your concerns."

Great care should be taken to keep the mind free from prejudice. Erroneous opinions are often formed without due consideration. We settle beforehand what we shall think of a book, or how we shall like a person, without knowing enough of either to form a correct judgment. There are some persons who will not allow a fault in one, or a good quality in another, who, because all is not quite right, suppose it impossible that any good can exist. They should stop to consider whether there is nothing in themselves that asks for forbearance, and be disposed to be charitable. Are we as gods? We may look upon the world as a garden. Each flower has not the same sweetness or beauty. Some are more, some less, adorned and gifted; but as a nosegay the variety adds to its charms. All have some recommendation. Our peculiar position may oblige us to be with

persons whose way of thinking may be quite different from ours.

In that case the greatest care should be taken to avoid the evil on one hand, or of exciting unkindly feelings in our children's minds towards others. While we point out the defects, it may be at the same time impressed upon them, that causes may lessen the defect in the sight of God. The one is visible and its consequences felt, the other we cannot know. One may err from ignorance, or may have even been educated in error. The first may be guilty of a less fault, but erring in the light of knowledge, that makes responsibility greater. In his conversation with his children, the same tender parent, to whose instruction these pages witness, would never allow an unkind judgment. He always checked it, and would either find an excuse or say, "You know nothing of their circumstances; and if you cannot say any thing kind, you can at least be silent. If there be any thing wrong, you can pity and pray for the offender." He ever found good in all, and could not understand the love of detraction so prevalent in society. All who were much with him can witness to the gentle but firm manner in which he would reprove any belonging to him, old or young, who fell into this error. Were there more of this spirit of love and charity, souls would be more easily won over to God. If we are among those whose thoughts are not as ours, much may be learned. There is danger in the easy road of agreement. We think too

highly of ourselves, and look with contempt upon others who may differ from us. Spiritual pride is apt to grow. While we carefully avoid the sin, the person of the sinner should be sacred. We desire to share all we can with them, though we cannot compromise our duty to God. The influence of a really good man will always be felt. It is the want of consistency in our conduct which makes the world dangerous to ourselves, and ourselves of no use to others. We are afraid to confess ourselves before men, afraid to combat opinions we know to be wrong, afraid of offending. It is not necessary that religion should always be the subject, but surely it should always be the spirit of our conversation. Our conduct should reprove more than our words. Our candle should not be hid under a bushel, but set upon a candlestick. We should communicate light to others, and lose none of our own, which is the character of a pure and holy flame. There are scenes in which no devoted servant of God can take part; but I am persuaded, and I can speak from experience, that where the heart is right with God, a general association among such of our fellow-creatures as are not leading openly immoral lives, is more conducive towards the extending of God's glory, than an ascetic retirement from the world. "Solitude teaches us what we ought to be, society what we are." When I said, I speak from experience, I have indeed witnessed the blessed effects of a holy conversation in one who, like Shadrach, Meshach, and

Abednego, passed through the fire unhurt, for the Son of God was with him. Praise could not elevate him, for he knew that "no man living is justified in the sight of God." Calumny could not harm him, for it fell upon too pure a stream. There was no pollution, no double mind ; he could not understand what it meant. "Do what is right, and trust," was his constant maxim, and he feared no man. Company could not injure him, for he ever felt that he belonged to the company of the heavenly host. He regarded men as God's work, their souls as precious in His eyes. The weak he helped, the falling he raised, the fallen he grieved over and prayed for. He despised none, for he knew the sinfulness of his own heart, and in his own eyes was the least in God's sight. He had compassion for all. Sin he hated, but the sinner he regarded with the Saviour's love. A well cultivated mind, an extensive acquaintance with all that poetry, history, or biography could supply, the general association with others, and the constancy and faithfulness of his pastoral visits among poor and rich, gave him a knowledge of men and manners, which was a weapon for good in his hands. Though he constantly laboured most assiduously among the poor, though his voice was ever ready at the call of sickness or sorrow, he never fell into the mistaken view, that the souls of the rich are not of equal importance. To use his own words ; "If we were all really mindful of truth ; if we indeed regarded ourselves as 'not our own but the Lord's,'

and as bound, therefore, to live to Him, and to consider our time, our station, our influence, as so many talents, to be employed to His service, to His glory ; we should no longer speak and act as if there were something incompatible between the requisitions of the Gospel, and a due attention to all our worldly concerns ; but we should find the blessed realities of that Gospel running like a golden thread through all the trials, and cares, and amidst all the relations and all the charities of life, to give a Christian character and Christian complexion to them all." A grace in manners and a cheerfulness of deportment, which ever cast brightness on all around him, and never degenerated into levity, made his words of more value. The affection and tenderness of his reproof never failed in its effect. He had a power which the Spirit of God alone could give. The reproof was always to the sin, and not to the sinner. He grieved for God's injured honour, and not his own injured dignity. On one occasion, when present at a large dinner party, composed of thoughtless young men, and others whose conversation could not be acceptable to the servant of God, instead of shutting himself up in a cold austerity, he watched his opportunity, and by degrees gave such a turn to the conversation, as quite altered its character, and made it pleasant and useful. The master of the house, though a man of the world, and who has long since passed into another and a better, called the next day to thank him ; and who knows but that a seed might

be sown for good! His only rule was, invariably to return home at ten o'clock. This enabled him to assemble his household, which he never failed to do. If he found that he could do no good, and that the *character of the conversation* was such as a clergyman ought not to listen to without condemnation, he would then give up that house. This never happened but once. After several vain attempts to improve the tone of conversation, he declined all future invitations. He used to feel that the relaxation of cheerful society, after the labours of the day, was useful: that it was good to hear, as well as always to be giving instruction: that it is not desirable for the clergyman to be always the pope, but that the free interchange of thought and feeling gave enlarged and liberal ideas. He was always ready to discuss opinions freely without losing his temper, and could bear to be contradicted. For seventeen years he laboured in the vineyard of his Lord and Master, and none ever came nearer his Master's image. The rich, the poor, the sick, the well, the prosperous, the afflicted, will equally witness to the holy and heavenly consistency of his character. At home he was a perpetual sunshine—his servants were devotedly attached to him—his children admired, loved, and honoured him.

In the preface to a sermon lately published by Archdeacon Hare, in allusion to his power of calming troubled waters, he writes :—

“My thoughts turn to another dear friend, who

has been taken from us to his reward. He too had the true principle of unity in his heart, the love of God manifesting itself in overflowing love to man. God has taken him from us to a world where all his yearnings after love and unity will be satisfied ; but to us, to this diocese, the loss is a heavy one ; few could be so heavy. At our public meetings, at which, in this divided and distracted state of our Church, discordant opinions will sometimes find utterance, it was ever his wont to call us away from these points of contention, and to pour a reconciling spirit over the whole ; wherefore, whenever I had any thing to do with the arrangement of such meetings I endeavoured to manage that our departed friend should close the discussion. For his Christian sincerity, and earnestness, and love, and his entire freedom from party spirit, his ready recognition of every spark of Divine grace, under whatever form it might show itself, were known and appreciated by all : and every asperity of feeling was straightway dispelled, as soon as Robert Anderson began to speak." "Love," says his dear friend, Mr. Millett, "by general acknowledgment, was a most conspicuous feature in his character ; it beamed in his countenance, was expressed in his manner and address, shone forth in the affectionate and cheerful cordiality of his ordinary speech, in the warmth of expression in his letters, in his addresses at all our meetings, and in his discourses from the pulpit. Joy was another distinguishing feature of his character ; a joyous,

cheerful disposition, and readiness to enter into the joys of others, 'rejoicing with those that do rejoice.' Peace was ever in his soul. He enjoyed peace with God, lived peaceably with all men, was a promoter of peace among others, and was one of the peacemakers whom the Saviour hath pronounced blessed. His long-suffering, his gentleness, his goodness, or bounty, his faith, his meekness, his temperance, were all conspicuous. I could say much of his social qualities, and the charms of his intercourse. Did he ever forget the high dignity of his office, as an ambassador of Christ? Was he ever unmindful of the honour of the King who sent him, or the good of the people to whom he came with offers of peace and pardon and salvation? No; there was in his manner in society a cordiality, an openness, an honesty, an absence of all disguise or affectation. His own opinions were firm, clear, and decided, therefore expressed without embarrassment, but without asperity, for he ever spoke the truth in love. I was prepared to say how he was indeed of 'the salt of the earth,' mixing in society innocently to himself and profitably to others, as weaker minds cannot do. But he had the uncommon Christian accomplishment, I would call it, of introducing and maintaining religious and edifying conversation, without casting that gloom over the company which, with the kindest feeling, few can avoid in this matter, partly from their own inability, though chiefly from the worldly tempers of those whom they address."

It was an affection which flowed in a never-ending stream of action. A witness to the truth that sets free, and to the faith that giveth the victory that overcometh the world. It cannot for a moment be supposed that such a character would ever countenance dissipation. What constitutes dissipation, each mind must determine for itself. To one the mere intercourse of friendship may be more exciting than the assembly room to another. A dissipated mind is one that finds itself incapable of due attention to the great and important end of our birth. We came into the world created for eternity. "The longest life is but a short parenthesis in a long sentence¹." How to make that parenthesis improve the original sentence must be our constant aim. If our responsibility were properly felt, and we have satisfied ourselves that an amusement or occupation is wrong, it should be given up. It is the fear of consequences that leads astray. This fear often leads us to take our conscience out of God's hands. We doubt His power to save. "We look more at the difficulties in the way, than at the hand stretched out to save—the one overwhelms us, the other lifts us up." If the principle is right, we may safely leave the consequences. It is not necessary to give up our friends. If we do not go with them, they will either be benefited and turn back with us, or quickly leave us behind. It is of essential importance that the Chris-

¹ Donne.

tian should prove by his conduct that he is not indifferent to the interests or pleasures of others. This was constantly exemplified by the conduct of the same consistent character which we have continued to follow. It frequently happened that persons, attracted by his cheerful spirit, agreeable appearance and manner, invited his acquaintance, and even attended his ministry. They soon found that the spirit was not theirs, and another year brought a gradual cessation of intercourse, which often ended in a distant bow. In his journal I find this remark:—

“Mrs. E. J—— tells me of some young ladies who cannot come to me, and at the same time go to balls. So also Lady C. D——, and also Mrs. M——. ‘O may the trumpet always give the same certain sound . . . !’

“Miss M—— states that, under God, I have been instrumental in turning her from the world to Christ; and so Miss C——. ‘O for more grace, my Lord and my God!’

“August 16th. The high constable spoke to me of the good effect produced by my sermons on Sunday against the races. ‘In Thee, O Lord, is my help!’

“M. C—— of Bristol, brought up among the Independents, but her whole mind so changed at T—— C——, that she is now returned to the Church, and wishes to receive the Holy Communion next Sunday. ‘O, may I feel more and more the Lord’s last prayer! John xvii. and Eph. iv.’”

He never felt the personal offence, and only grieved that hearts should thus be at enmity with God. Had it not been for this view of the case, the anxious desire shown by some to avoid him, would have only caused him extreme amusement. He often observed that good people were accused of being too serious, but that it was not religion that made them sad, but the contemplation of sin. If our children were brought up with higher tastes and feelings, if by well cultivated minds, useful occupations and accomplishments, kindness and consideration, they were made to feel the value of religious cheerfulness at home, they would soon cease to find pleasure in the unwholesome excitement of dissipation. Well cultivated lands bring forth good fruits. "Our natural faculties need not to be unclothed but clothed upon. Our common acts of life, whether public or private, should exhibit the depth of our religious convictions. It is in the manner of dwelling on religious subjects that the characteristic tendencies of the mind should display themselves." No time was so joyful to his children as that in which the voice to which we are listening was employed in encouraging their cheerful amusements. He would sit for hours in an evening repeating charades, and telling stories, even helping them with their puzzles, and making himself one with them, often when so fatigued with his labours, that the effort was a most painful one to himself. There was nothing too little for his regard ; and on one occasion, when a difficult piece of work

in cross-stitch had occasioned much confusion, he sat down and drew the whole pattern, marking every shade with a figure, rejoicing in the feeling that he was lessening the difficulty to one whose illness had made it a weariness. If the spring is pure and full, the fountain will play in a clear and pellucid stream. Nothing will have power to stay its bubbling: nothing will dim its lustre. Ever gushing, it will rise higher and higher, till it flows into that river, "the streams whereof make glad the city of God." "Devotion is no marginal note, no interlineary gloss, no parenthesis that may be left out; it is no occasional thing, no conditional thing. It is the body of the text, and lays upon us an obligation of fervour and continuance."

The really practical Christian sits, as it were, apart from the world, not corporeally, but mentally separated. In sorrow or in sickness he is at peace; in prosperity he is humble and thankful; he has a quietness and assurance that enables him to regard all things as God's doing, makes him careful for nothing. He has chosen the better part, and while he neglects no duty, takes his part cheerfully in the active affairs of life, while his heart is with God and Christ for ever; "he seems a part of this world, though the world has no part in him." The heart that dwells in God, and God in it, will need no other monitor. "The Lord knoweth them that are His, and will keep them^{ke} till that day when He maketh up His jewels." Where the treasure is, there will

the heart be also. "Things of this world seem great and beautiful unto those who are in darkness, and have but little light in heaven ; but those who enjoy the perfect light of truth and faith, find nothing in them of substance."

Those who have been made by sickness or sorrow to view this world as a "forest of trees doomed to the axe," are in danger of deserting altogether the shadow and repose afforded by the leaves while they flourish. Though they seem as dead leaves to us, though their shade appears a coldness, and the repose under them like death, it is impossible, and indeed undesirable, that this feeling should either be inculcated or too much indulged. We must remember their instability while we value their shade. By using them, we take what God has given us, as a shelter in this life ; by not resting in them, we prove that our citizenship is in heaven. Till the seed is sown, we cannot expect fruit ; and in beginning by tearing off the leaves, we are apt to disgust more than profit. As the seed ripens, the leaves of worldly affections will gradually fall away, leaving the fruit of righteousness in its place, and the peace of righteousness which is its effect. The blind cannot see as those who have sight, but when the eyes are open the vision is clear.

Much evil is consequent upon an over-strictness : and while the holy mind to which we have so often referred, watched so carefully over the opening buds around him, his intercourse with the world had led

him to a conviction of the fearful evils arising from denying healthful and innocent recreation to the young. He especially reprobated the constant absence of the mother of a family from home, on works of charity ; and all who have attended his week-day lectures, when he used to address his congregation more familiarly, will witness to his affectionate addresses on this subject. The evils of the system were constantly brought before him in his pastoral visits ; and he felt most strongly, that it is almost impossible for children and the household to be well regulated, if the head of the house is always abroad. There are many ways of doing good without bodily presence, and in a town where there are so many unoccupied persons, the personal superintendence should be left to them, excepting where it can be undertaken without interfering with other duties. In the country the same objections do not exist. The whole course of the day is differently ordered. The place cannot be supplied ; the number of poor is comparatively small, and the claims of society, which require our regard, less numerous. All who have the charge of children must be aware of the constant watching they demand ; even supposing that we have it in our power to place tutors and governesses about them, the superintending eye of the parent is essential. St. Paul advises the younger women “ to love their husbands, love their children, to be discreet, and keepers at home.” The married woman has many claims ; unmarried ladies of a

suitable age, widows who have no young children, are the persons who may best attend to the wants of our poorer neighbours ; but mothers of families and very young girls should be equally keepers at home. It is evident that the duties of both are there ; the one consisting in guidance, the other in submission. Independently of the evil to children and servants, much domestic happiness has been destroyed by this system. Charity begins at home, though it need not end there. On the other hand, it often happens that the husband is constantly in a society in which his wife is never admitted. If his friends do not consider her as belonging to him, the best way to show their error is to decline the intimacy. There are many cases in which circumstances, professional claims, illness, and other causes, justify, or even make such a separation necessary ; but where no lawful impediment exists, where the simple fact of one being more agreeable than the other is the only reason, it ought not to be permitted : no noble or generous mind would submit to it. In this, as in all other domestic relations, the character we are contemplating witnesses to its holy consistency. In one instance he was constantly invited alone. The house had no attractions, and inclination would at all times have led to his declining the invitation. There was, however, a kind of duty in the acceptance, which, though it could not justify the intentional neglect, seemed to give a reasonable ground for its not being declined. On this occasion, his inclination was sacri-

ficed, and he went alone. In another case, although the house offered all the attractions that refinement and society could afford, he was in vain repeatedly invited. Having accepted the first invitation, no persuasions could induce him not to decline all future ones. No personal feelings of offended dignity had any part in the refusal; he loved and admired the acquaintance, but he felt that the principle was wrong, and nothing could alter his determination. His refusal was couched in the most kind and courteous terms, without assigning the reason. His ideas of the holy relation of marriage were as exalted as on all other subjects. He felt that respect and courtesy should never be absent. To use his own words, in a Sermon published on the marriage state:—

“The argument which the Apostle adduces in speaking of the carriage of the husband towards the wife, is that of their common privilege as Christians, being ‘heirs together of the grace of life.’ And assuredly, this is a consideration which is suited to bring home every duty to the hearts of husbands and wives, and to bind, as it were, their hearts together, and make them one. For if each be reconciled unto God in Christ, and if they are thus become ‘heirs, of life,’ and one with God, then are they one in God with each other; and this is the surest and the sweetest union of all. We know, indeed, ~~that~~ there is a love which is cemented by youth and beauty; but it partakes of their frail and fading nature. We know, also, that there is a somewhat

more refined and more durable love, which grows out of a mere natural or moral harmony of minds ; but this is continually exposed to every breath of accident. There is, therefore, but one bond which is wholly indissoluble, and this is the bond which knits the hearts of those who dwell as heirs together of the grace of life. Of those hearts which daily and hourly meet together in Christ, we may indeed affirm that they are truly one ; for how, I would ask, how shall they despise or grieve one another, who daily and hourly feel that they are bought with the precious blood of one Redeemer? Being, through Christ, brought into ‘peace with God,’ how shall they suffer any thing to disturb the peace which dwells in their bosoms? Believing that they shall meet one day where there is ‘quietness and assurance for ever,’ will they not desire to live as ‘heirs’ of that ‘life’ here, and with the help which cometh from above, to make their present estate a pledge and an evidence of their title to that blessed inheritance of peace which is laid up for them hereafter? And under this persuasion, will they not deem it their sweetest privilege to put one another often in mind of those hopes and of that inheritance?”

That none could more entirely practise this doctrine will be witnessed to by all who knew him. He seldom returned to the “sacred delights of his home” without observing, “that though he might see many larger and finer rooms, none ever looked so pleasant or had so cheerful an atmosphere as his own.”

In writing on the subject of home to his brother in India, he thus expresses himself:—

Brighton, September 2nd, 1841.

. We may say of your letters now, dearest William, that they are full of stirring interest, and that they give many a cheerful “note of preparation.” I cannot tell you how I rejoice in contemplating your line of march, and how earnestly I pray that He who has watched so graciously over dear Eliza and yourself on “India’s golden sands,” may guide you, both by sea and by land, through all those scenes of sacred story, and by the pillars of Hercules, until you reach the land of your fathers! There is a magic in the word ‘Home,’ to which no heart can be insensible; and assuredly it does not lose any of its force, when we remember that the early Christians were always accustomed to speak of heaven as their ‘home!’ By adopting their mode of expression, we shall not only be always reminding ourselves that we are ‘strangers and pilgrims’ here, but we shall joyfully acknowledge, more and more, in all the endearments and all the charities of our earthly ‘homes,’ the blessed types and shadows, yea, the very earnest and ‘ante-pasts,’ as Jeremy Taylor would say, of eternal happiness!

The same consistency marked his walk throughout. “We fall by little things;” and it was the uprightness of his going that gave him so much influence. One of his servants remarked, that even

the language and expression of the poor seemed to rise higher when they spoke of him, so much did they respect him. On one occasion, when the Circus was in Brighton, he allowed his children to attend a morning exhibition, which the kindness of friends had arranged for them. On discovering afterwards, in his pastoral visits among the poor, the great injury done by the depraved lives of the performers, and the desecration of the Sabbath, he never again permitted his family to be present. Though in itself an innocent amusement, though no individual harm could arise, he felt that, as a member of Christ's body, his countenance could not be given where sin lurked beneath. Nor could he allow Punch to be performed for the same reason; Death, Hell, and the Grave being introduced as a subject of merriment. It was reverence and not severity that actuated him, for none was more willing to share in all innocent amusements.

The following letters to his brother in India will show how completely he entered into the feelings of his children.

. . . . In sliding down the bannisters the other day, master Douglas fell over them on to the next flight of stairs, and rolled to the bottom! Most providentially he fell over them and not between them, in which case he could scarcely have escaped with life. As it was, the injury he sustained was not material; but poor Mamma had heard the fall when sitting in the nursery, and you may easily imagine the

shock which she must have sustained. The dear boy is always wild with spirits ; and ever since I allowed them to go to a morning exhibition of horsemanship, at Mr. Batty's circus, he has been performing all sorts of antics, to the infinite delight of his brothers and sisters. This exhibition of horsemanship is almost the only amusement they have ever witnessed beyond the walls of their own house, as we never allow them to go to any juvenile parties ; and we are amply rewarded for the course we have thought it right to pursue, as our dear children have invented endless little amusements for themselves, and never seem happier than when the unfavourable state of the weather compels them to stay at home. I always make a point of taking them to the wild beast shows when they visit the town ; and I always avail myself of any popular lectures which may be given at the town-hall on astronomy or other subjects. These little episodes afford materials for conversation for some time afterwards, and just serve to vary their amusements, without producing any of that feverish excitement which is on every account so much to be avoided.

Brighton, August 28th, 1839.

. . . . Since our return home, we have enjoyed one day's excursion to Danny (Mr. Champion's place near Hurst), and the four children who were of the party were wild with delight at being once more in the country. Papa undertook to show them a nice walk, and we all went on very smoothly till we were

within half a mile of the house on our return, when poor Henry ventured incautiously too near a large ditch, and was soon seen creeping up the bank like a half drowned rat! I was at first almost in despair, but Miss Campion, who was with me, led the way to the gamekeeper's cottage, and as the said gamekeeper's wife had been a nurse in the family for twenty-five years, she soon put all to rights, and in the course of twenty minutes Henry was dressed in one of Master George Campion's suits of clothes, which she had kept in her possession for some years, and before the time arrived for our departure, his own clothes had been all nicely dried by this careful housewife, and Henry 'was himself again,' with his clothes scarcely injured by the adventure. The same four (*viz.* Florence, Henry, Rowland, and Douglas,) have since had a very happy day at Mr. Peel's at Kemp Town, where the band of the 12th Lancers were stationed on the lawn, with every kind of amusement and refreshment; and it is a great comfort to Caroline and myself on these occasions to find that the dear children are all mindful of our injunctions, and that they enjoy themselves to the very utmost without being boisterous and unruly.

Pitshill, 4th July, 1839.

. . . . As for the dear children, no language can possibly describe their overflowing ecstacy at the liberty which they now enjoy. What with running

on the lawn, rolling down grassy banks, building houses and castles with large stones, and playing cricket (fancy one of my brats attempting cricket), they are just like wild animals all day. You may judge of the measure of strength with which it has pleased God to bless me, when I tell you that I have been exploring this beautiful country in all directions, and have sometimes walked eight or nine miles without experiencing any fatigue. I have lately discovered a hill (called Bexley hill) clothed with woods on all sides, and abounding on its summit with paths and roads as soft as velvet. The ascent is in some parts rather difficult; but as soon as I gain its lofty brow, I feel so exhilarated with the freshness of the air and the beauty of the prospect, that I find myself sometimes running with delight, much to the amusement of Caroline, who is fully persuaded that the country folk must regard me with wonderment as a poor crazy being. On the first Sunday after our arrival, I officiated at the opening of the new village school; and I am visiting two or three times a week one of Mrs. Mitford's servants, so that I still retain some little exercise of pastoral duty, not to mention the privilege which I enjoy in being permitted to officiate daily as chaplain of the household. When I think that this is the third visit we have paid to these kind friends, and that our party now consists of twelve, I know not how sufficiently to acknowledge the goodness and fatherly providence of God, in thus opening to us such hearts to love us, and such a

house to receive us all, after all the stir and disquietude of a Brighton life. The quietness of the parish church, with the abundance of smock frocks, is not one of the least of my enjoyments : and certainly after having been accustomed for so long a period to nothing but streets and lanes, one cannot help being struck with the manner in which the hills and valleys and waving corn-fields seem to harmonize with our best and loftiest feelings, when more especially attuned on the Sabbath to our Maker's praise. I must reserve the remainder of my letter till next week, as the day invites me forth to one of my rambles ; and indeed, I know not why I thought of taking up my pen to-day, but that I always feel some uncertainty on these occasions as to the continuance of my holidays, and that I have judged it best, therefore, to guard against all contingencies.

Pitshill, 26th June, 1837.

. . . . You will rejoice to find we have been paying another visit to this delightful place. Lord Teignmouth was very anxious that we should have passed a few weeks with him in town, but knowing the benefit which we had all derived from our sojourn here last autumn, he immediately relinquished his own claims upon us ; and we are now entering upon the fourth week of our residence, hoping to return home at the end of next week, with bodies renovated, and with hearts full of thankfulness for all our mercies ! As for myself, the opening stanzas of Thom-

son's 'Castle of Indolence,' exactly describe the perfect repose of body and mind which I am here enjoying. Indeed, paradoxical as it may seem, I found it a far easier thing to accomplish a letter amidst all my avocations at Brighton, than in this quiet nook. For the dear children are playing about me all the day long, and I willingly abandon myself to all the luxury of perfect idleness. Eliza and you would have smiled, if you could have seen Caroline and myself the other day standing by the side of a pond, and just as much amused as the children with the geese and the ducks and the ducklings. At other times we sit on the grass while they are building a castle with large stones, or digging in their little gardens ; and you will easily understand how difficult I find it to withdraw myself from these happy prattlers, to pursue some more sober occupations.

Brighton, 26th Feb., 1838.

. . . . At home I have scarcely time at my command for the preparation of my sermons ; and abroad I have such a succession of sick visits, that I sometimes return home only to fall asleep in my chair, even with my little happy prattlers all around me. 'Papa seep ! Papa seep !' was little Mary's astonished exclamation the other evening ; and well she might exclaim, dear child, for her little toys were actually in my hands when mine eyelids closed, and I was in an instant fast asleep.

None who read these heartfelt rejoicings in his children's innocent enjoyment, will for a moment suppose that an indifference to it would influence him in restraining them from what he considered unwholesome excitement, or which might lessen their reverence for sacred things. He regarded their early years as the seed time, that the late hours and excitement of juvenile parties were equally injurious to mind and body, and that each age must conform to its necessities. It would be well if this rule were observed in all things. If age and station were duly considered, we should not see so many victims of personal vanity and self-esteem. Children would not be men and women, and men and women would not be children. Instead of imitating others, we should be content to remain respected and beloved where God has placed us. It is this foolish desire to do as others do, that leads so many to beggary and disappointment. It is of importance to accustom our children early to self-denial: to bring their minds to their condition, if their condition is not to their minds. If they are thrown, from circumstances, among those of larger fortunes, they must learn to be "content with such things as they have." "Seek not great things for thyself;" but if in the natural course of nature we belong to those who surround us, it is better to school the mind, than to move the body. In one case the disease is uprooted, in the other it is only tampered with. It is equally absurd to tell

children that riches and rank are no advantages—particularly if we do not possess them ourselves. Their possession, when it has pleased God to give them, is decidedly a talent committed to us. It is not the having them, but the making an ill use of them. “They that trust in uncertain riches,” are the persons who are reprovèd.

Though it may be better for us to be without them, while we cheerfully submit to the privations to which we are exposed, while we can see without envy others in the enjoyment of innocent pleasures and advantages we are denied, the gift should not be despised because it is not ours. We should endeavour to impress upon our children, that they are not to be discontented and unhappy, because they are obliged to deny themselves, and to show them how equally God proportions all His gifts. If He does not give the means to provide instruction, He supplies talents which enable the mind to receive from its own quickness, intelligence, and observation, what others learn with difficulty and with much teaching. If He has not given them a great name to be honoured, He often adorns with a loveliness of person, or an attraction of manner which wins love. Above all, if we say from the bottom of our hearts, “Lord, not ours, but Thy will be done,” He blesses us with a heavenly temper of mind, which not only supports, strengthens, and comforts ourselves, but is a blessing to all around us. At the same time we should not pride ourselves on any of these advantages.

Instead of comforting ourselves with the idea that we are more clever, or more healthy, or more agreeable, than our wealthier relation or friend, these advantages should be simply regarded as witnesses to God's love. If our religion does not make us humble, it is not fresh from the stream of spiritual life. Humility does not consist in associating with persons much beneath us, for in this there is often a "pride that apes humility." It is this that leads people to prefer associating with those who always look up to them, who ~~had~~ rather be the first than the last in company. It is equally bad for both parties. The former are elevated by being raised out of their natural sphere, the latter are puffed up with the constant praises they meet with. We should scrupulously "search the very ground of our hearts," and see if we do not find a lurking feeling of disappointed vanity, rather than real humility. Wherever God has placed us, we should be content to stay, to be despised, if necessary, and to be humble under, and suspicious of, too much praise. We are all more or less creatures of impulse and feeling. Divine Grace can alone eradicate the seeds of evil; and we should keep such a watch over our hearts, that the first budding of a bad principle should be checked. People often speak most unkindly of others, allow no single good feeling in them, and criticise every thing belonging to them, simply because they have been overlooked, or not treated with the attention they expected. The same persons

a short time after will have totally changed their opinion. They have been remembered, and this is the only reason for the change. The humble mind would never be disturbed by such little matters. It is not necessary or possible that all should understand or appreciate us, and we have no right to expect it. "Outward appearances, and acts of greatness, are not pride in those persons to whom there is a reverence due, which reverence is preserved by this outward splendour, and not otherwise. God is said in Scripture to 'triumph over His enemies, and to be jealous of His glory.' The Lord, whose name is jealous, is a jealous God; but for princes to be jealous of their glory, studious of their honour, for any private man to be jealous of his good name, careful to preserve an honest reputation, is not pride. Pride is an inordinate desire of being better than we are¹."

We should be thankful for all God gives, and humble under all He denies us. If we were to regard ourselves with God's eyes, nothing would lower us more in our own sight than the good opinions bestowed upon us. "We should be careful how we receive praise of men, neither avoid it, nor glory in it; from bad men neither desire nor expect it; to be praised of them that are evil, or for that which is evil, is equal dishonour; he is happy in his merit, who is praised by the good, and imitated

¹ Donne.

by the bad." Man sees not as God sees. All our motives, our weaknesses, our faults, are before "Him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity." While the proud and self-satisfied Pharisee returned to his own house justified in his own eyes, the "God be merciful to me a sinner" of the publican was accepted before him—not because he said he was a sinner, but because he repented and acknowledged his transgressions—because he felt his need of mercy. Among really refined minds, there is much less of that little pride and meanness which arises from a consciousness of inferiority, desirous of lessening it by detracting from others. Reality in this as in religion creates independence. "The truth sets them free—they are not obliged to assume, because the possession is too evident to be questioned. In itself rank is never to be despised; but if it is not accompanied by what properly belongs to its greater opportunities of refinement, it soon loses its brilliancy. It is not the name that will keep respect, unless there is character and conduct to support it. The really refined and cultivated mind will always find its place. Greatness may procure a man a tomb, but goodness alone can deserve an epitaph." If titles of honour are not accompanied by personal merit to deserve them, they are at best but the royal stamp set upon base metal. Our children should be taught the due value of all things. They should be instructed to respect themselves and others. Rudeness towards superiors will never add

to their own dignity. A mean and cringing manner is equally reprehensible. The true Christian will be always courteous. In the society of his equals he will enjoy pleasure, in the society of his superiors he may find profit; but to be best in company is to be in the way to grow worse; the best means to improve, is to be least there. Our conversation with men should be sober and sincere; our devotion to God dutiful and decent: the one should be hearty, and not haughty; the other humble, but not homely. We should so live with men, as if God saw us—so pray to God, as if men heard us. If this principle were more acted upon, we should have the inexpressible happiness of seeing our “sons grow up as the young plants, and our daughters as the polished corners of the temple.” Children are constantly on the watch; and if they see inconsistency in those whose example they are taught to follow, they are much impeded in their Christian course.

In all our habits, our conversation, our intercourse with others, the strictest integrity should be observed. If the parent does himself what he forbids to his child, the prohibition will not be respected. These little ones are indeed “careful comforts.” We have need of grace, and often of patience to deal with them. Grace to show them the path of life—and patience to bear with the natural perversity of their minds. It is often a hard matter to correct, but when we consider our deep and awful responsibility, no selfish consideration should interfere with this painful but

necessary duty. It is quite a mistake to suppose that children love the parents less who maintain a proper authority over them. On the contrary, they respect them more. It is a cruel and unnatural selfishness that indulges children in a foolish and hurtful way. Parents are guides and counsellors to their children. As a guide in a foreign land, they undertake to pilot them safely through the shoals and quicksands of inexperience. If the guide allows his followers all the liberty they please, if, because they dislike the constraint of the narrow path of safety, he allows them to stray into holes and precipices that destroy them, to slake their thirst in brooks that poison them, to loiter in woods full of wild beasts or deadly herbs, can he be called a sure guide? And is it not the same with our children? They are as yet only in the preface, or as it were in the first chapters of the book of life. We have nearly finished it, or are far advanced. We must open the pages for these younger minds. If children see that their parents act from principle, that they do not find fault without reason—that they do not punish because personal offence is taken, but because the thing in itself is wrong—if they see that while they are resolutely but affectionately refused what is not good for them, there is a willingness to oblige them in all innocent matters, they will soon appreciate such conduct. If no attention is paid to rational wishes, if no allowance is made for youthful spirits, if they are dealt with in

a hard and unsympathizing manner, the proud spirit will rebel, and the meek spirit be broken. Our stooping to amuse them, our condescending to make ourselves one in their plays and pleasures at suitable times, will lead them to know that it is not because we will not, but because we cannot attend to them, that at other times we refuse to do so. A pert or improper way of speaking ought never to be allowed. Clever children are very apt to be pert, and if too much admired for it, and laughed at, become eccentric and disagreeable. It is often very difficult to check our own amusements, but their future welfare should be regarded more than our present entertainment. It should never be forgotten that they are tender plants committed to our fostering care ; that every thoughtless word or careless neglect may destroy a germ of immortality ; "that foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child," and that we must ever, like watchful husbandmen, be on our guard against it. It is indeed little that we can do in our own strength, but if we are conscientious performers of our part, if we earnestly commend them in faith and prayer to the fostering care of their Father in Heaven, to the tender love of Him, the Angel of whose presence goes before them, and who carries these lambs in His bosom, we may then go on our way rejoicing, for "He will never leave nor forsake those who trust in Him."

When it is in the power of parents to have assistance, it does not appear desirable for the mother to

be her own governess. The necessary strictness consequent upon the drudgery of early instruction, obliges her often to assume an austerity, which it is difficult to throw off at other times. Under circumstances where it is not possible to have assistance, the mother must do her best, and trust to God's blessing. The whole superintendence of the mental cultivation would be hers. Reading will always be a delight, but the teaching to read is a labour to both mother and child, and can be equally well performed by another. The religious instruction would naturally belong to the mother, and if the grammar of religion were carefully taught, we should not meet with so many ill-regulated minds. Many are so totally ignorant of the history of their religion, that they cannot give an answer to the truth that is in them. Things are called by their wrong names, and thus a handle is given to the enemy to blaspheme. If the Church Catechism were properly explained to our children, there would be no danger of their falling into error, or supposing that there is salvation in any other name than the name of Christ, or that any word, out of the word of God, can be truth. Whatever is not found in Scripture is no guide, but whatever makes us more intimately acquainted with Holy Writ should be taken thankfully. As an explanation of the Church Catechism, the following letters from the same kind father to his children must be regarded as deeply interesting and instructive. They were begun with no thought of

publication, but simply under the idea that letters during his temporary absence would tend towards strengthening his influence with them. A friend having requested to be allowed to copy them, he found that as they appeared together, they formed a series which might be useful to others, so that the latter ones were written more with this view, though equally addressed to his children. The letter alluded to in the first letter has already been introduced in the early part of this book.

Stanmer, March 12th, 1841.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

Absent from you in body, I am present with you in spirit; and therefore, though I am come here to be idle, I am anxious to send you a few words of fatherly admonition: and may they be blessed to your souls' health!

In my last letter I called your attention to the second answer in the Church Catechism, and I will now, therefore, say a few words about the third, in which you are taught to say, that your godfathers and godmothers have promised and vowed "three things in your name." The first thing was, (and this will be quite enough for the present,) that you should, each of you, "renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanity of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh."

1. Now consider, dear children, what it is to "renounce the devil and all his works." I might

here speak of falsehood, pride, envy, malice, murder, and all other wicked practices which men are led to commit at the instigation of the devil, but as I have not time to enlarge upon all these things, I will confine myself to the first upon the list—falsehood—which may be regarded as the fountain of all the rest. Our Lord designates the devil as “the father of lies¹,” and you know why. It was by lying to our first parents, that he tempted them to commit sin, and thereby filled the world with misery and woe! Yes, my dear children, Eve listened to the words of this father of lies; and the consequence of that one transgression has been, that until our eyes are opened by Divine Grace, all of us are disposed to trust in the vain shadows around us, rather than in the blessed and glorious realities above us. Nor is this all; but until our hearts are changed by God’s grace, we show ourselves to be the children of the devil², not only by following “lying vanities³,” but alas! by uttering “lies more than righteousness,” and by loving to speak all “words that may hurt⁴.” May God give you all grace to flee from lying, in all its shapes, as you would flee from a serpent; and may you all remember the words which I have so often repeated to you; “Tell truth and shame the devil!”

2. By the pomps and vanity of this “wicked world,” we may understand all things, be they what

¹ John viii. 44.

³ Jonah ii. 8.

² John viii. 44.

⁴ Psalm lii. 4, 5.

they may, which we pursue here below, with the affection which ought to be reserved for God. And accordingly, if you turn to the Office of Baptism, you will find, that your sponsors have promised for you, so to renounce "the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same," that you will "not follow nor be led by them." When our Saviour says, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon¹." He does in effect tell you that you cannot serve God and the world. But mark what I say, dear children; if you serve God, He will not only deliver you from the service of the world, but He will make the world serve you; and He will so raise you above all its painted vanities, that you shall be able always to serve Him with pure hearts and willing minds. You know how the devil dared to say, even to the holy Jesus, when showing Him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, "All these things will I give Thee, if Thou wilt fall down and worship me." But what did Jesus say to this lying spirit, who thus pretended that he had power to "give" what does not belong to him? "Get thee hence, Satan, for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." Oh! think of these words, all of you, and pray, earnestly pray, that you may so "serve" the Lord your God, that you may never be "conformed to this world," but

¹ Matt. vi. 24.

may be “transformed, by the renewing of your mind, that ye may also prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God¹.”

3. By the flesh we are to understand all our corrupted nature, and therefore, by “the sinful lusts of the flesh,” we are to understand all those unruly desires within us, which lead us to live to ourselves, and not to God. What then, my beloved children, should be your daily prayer? Why, “that your flesh may be subdued to the Spirit²,” or, in other words, that you may be daily enabled, by the Holy Spirit, to live not to yourselves, but to God! Now the help of this Holy Spirit was visibly signed and sealed to you all at your baptism. Live, therefore, I beseech you, in daily and hourly dependence on His promised aid; and pray, yes, daily and hourly pray, that “all things belonging to the flesh may die in you, and that all things belonging to the Spirit may live and grow in you.”

So shall you all be led to feel more deeply, every day, that you are not your own, but Christ’s, and so shall your parents have the comfort of seeing you dwell together, in the exercise of self-denial, obedience, forbearance, meekness, gentleness, and love; thus daily proving that you are “one body in Christ, and every one members one of another³.” God bless you all a thousand-fold!

Your loving and tender father,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

¹ Rom. xii. 2. ² Collect, 1st Sunday in Lent. ³ Rom. xii. 5.

29, Upper Grosvenor Street, London,
24th April, 1841.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

I do not enjoy the same leisure for writing to you in London as I did in the country ; but nevertheless, I will endeavour to write a few more words to you about the Church Catechism. We come now to the second thing which was promised for you at your Baptism, viz.: that you would “believe all the articles of the Christian Faith.” You repeat these words every Sunday to your dear Mamma in the Apostles’ Creed ; and when she asks you “what you chiefly learn in these articles of your Belief?” you answer, that you learn to believe, “First, in God the Father, who hath made you and all the world : secondly, in God the Son, who hath redeemed you and all mankind : and, thirdly, in God the Holy Ghost, who sanctifieth you and all the elect people of God.” It is into the Name of this one God in three Persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, that you have all been baptized ; and He has graciously revealed in His Holy Word those remaining articles of the Creed, to which I now wish to call your attention.

1. Consider, therefore, first of all, what is “the Holy Catholic Church.” It is called “Holy,” because it has Jesus Christ for its Head, and because all its ordinances derive their virtue from Him ; and therefore we should always speak of those two blessed Sacraments which were “ordained by

Christ Himself," as Holy Baptism and the Holy Communion. By the "Catholic," or as we find it expressed in the prayer for the Church militant, the "universal Church," we understand that one true Church of Christ, which contains not some truths only, but all those truths of the Gospel which have been held by all believers, throughout all ages from the Apostles' time, and which will continue to be so held by them till the second coming of Christ. And consider, my dear children, that when you profess your belief in "the Holy Catholic Church," you do in fact profess that, as belonging to this body of believers, or, as it may be termed, this cloud of Christian witnesses, you ought to walk continually in that holiness, "without which no man shall see the Lord¹."

2. The necessity of such holiness in all the members of Christ's Body is declared in the next article of the Creed, viz. the "Communion of Saints;" and the services of the Book of Common Prayer amply provide for our walking together in holiness and righteousness all the days of our life. You will find, my dear children, in turning to the Prayer-book that service is appointed for every day in the year; and as you hope to walk together in holy fellowship, as becomes the children of the family of God, you must deem it at once your duty and your privilege, to avail yourselves of the help which the Church has

¹ Heb. xii. 14.

provided for you. For many years past I have endeavoured to do so myself, while, at the same time, I have urged it upon all those who have been committed to my charge; and whenever your dear Mamina and myself are separated from each other, as we are at this time, we derive much comfort from the observance of this practice, because we feel that we are thus enabled to meet together in spirit, and because we are not only cheered by the same promises, but are led to plead those promises one for another at the throne of grace.

3. But if you would understand the full scope of the doctrine of the Communion of Saints, you must consider, my dear children, that it imports communion, not only with the Church militant here on earth, but also with the Church triumphant in heaven; and this leads us to the next article in the Creed, viz. "the Forgiveness of Sins." For all the members of the Church triumphant who are now walking the golden streets of the heavenly Jerusalem, were once defiled with sin, even as we are; but they have now "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb¹." The same promises of "forgiveness of sin," and of your adoption to be the "sons of God," have been "visibly signed and sealed" to you at Holy Baptism², and therefore in the Nicene Creed you are taught to profess your belief in "one Baptism for the remission of sins." Yes,

¹ Rev. vii. 14.

² Article xxvii.

dear children, you were all of you “born in sin, and the children of wrath ;” but according to the language of the Church Catechism, you were made at Baptism “children of grace ;” and having been admitted therefore into the family of God, and “sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise¹,” you must make it your earnest prayer that you may not, by despising God’s law, “grieve the Holy Spirit of God, whereby you are sealed unto the day of redemption²,” but that He may daily apply to you the blood of Christ, to deliver your consciences from the guilt, and the grace of Christ to deliver your hearts from the power and the dominion of sin. And this prayer for the remission and forgiveness and destruction of sins must be your daily prayer, until your spirits shall return to Him who gave them, and your bodies shall be consigned to the grave, there to sleep till the morning of the Resurrection.

4. For this is the next article of the Creed, even “the Resurrection of the Body.” As long as sin shall deface the creation of God, so long must each of the children of men say “to corruption, Thou art my father : and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister³ ;” but when the Redeemer’s conquest shall be complete, and all the powers of hell shall be vanquished, then shall the bodies of the saints be raised “to put on incorruption⁴ ;” so that all who are “departed in the true faith of God’s holy Name,

¹ Eph. i. 13.

² Eph. iv. 30.

³ Job xvii. 14.

⁴ 1 Cor. xv. 53.

may have their perfect consummation and bliss both in body and soul, in His eternal and everlasting glory¹." And, oh! my dear children, when you think of the glorious change which awaits your bodies of corruption, and that they are even now "the temples of the Holy Ghost²," should you not make it your continual prayer, that your eyes, your ears, your hands, your feet, your tongue, may be consecrated to God, and that, "being bought with a price," you may indeed "glorify God in your bodies and in your spirits, which are God's³?" Yes, should you not earnestly and devoutly pray, that by "presenting your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God⁴," you may now be beginning that life which shall never end?

5. For although you profess to believe, lastly, in "the life everlasting," you must consider, my beloved children, that vain will it be for you to profess that belief, unless you are now partaking of that life of grace, which is not only the pledge but the very commencement of the life of glory. For if death consists in separation from Him who is the only fountain of life, it must follow that life consists in returning to Him now by faith, that so we may abide with Him for ever. "This is the record," says St. John, "that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son, hath

¹ Burial Service.

² 1 Cor. v. 19, compared with 2 Cor. vi. 16.

³ 1 Cor. vi. 20.

⁴ Rom. xii. 1.

life, and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life¹." Oh! pray then, each and all of you, my dearly loved children, that "by continually mortifying all your sinful and corrupt affections," and by "daily proceeding in all virtue and godliness of living²," you may prove yourselves to belong to Him, the Lord Jesus Christ, who is "the way, the truth, and the life³," and may so be prepared to say, each of you, with the Apostle Paul, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain⁴!"

Such are the great truths which are inseparably connected with the belief of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; and now, my dear children, commending you all to the guidance and care of this "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth⁵," and earnestly praying that each of you may "with the heart believe unto righteousness, and with the mouth make confession unto salvation⁶,"

I remain, in the bonds of the everlasting covenant,

Your affectionately attached Father,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

Betchworth, 21st October, 1841.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

In my last two letters I reminded you how your godfathers and godmothers promised for you, at

¹ 1 John v. 11, 12.

² Office of Baptism.

³ John xiv. 6.

⁴ Philip. i. 21.

⁵ Te Deum.

⁶ Rom. x. 10.

your Baptismⁿ, that you should “renounce the devil and all his works, ~~the~~ pomps and vanity of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh,” and that you should “believe all the Articles of the Christian Faith.” Let me now remind you of the third thing which was promised for you at Holy Baptism, viz. that you should “keep God’s holy will and commandments, and walk in the same **all** the days of your life.”

You are told, in the Church Catechism, that the two commandments may be described, in few words, as comprising our “duty towards God, and our duty towards our neighbour;” and if you turn to the twenty-second chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, you will find that when our Lord was asked, “Which was the grand commandment in the law?” He answered as follows: “Thou shalt love the Lord God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the ^{second} is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.”

You will observe, my dear children, that our Lord here speaks of “Love” as the “fulfilling of the Law¹.” And accordingly, in the Church Catechism, when answering the questions as to your duty towards God, and your duty towards your

¹ See Rom. xiii. 10.

neighbour, you are taught to say, at the commencement of the first answer, that "your duty towards God, is to believe in Him, and to fear Him, and to love Him with all your heart, with all your mind, with all your soul, and with all your strength;" and at the commencement of the second answer, that "your duty towards your neighbour, is to love him as yourself."

You are thus reminded, my dear children, that all obedience depends upon the love of God and man, "shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us¹;" because it is "love," thus flowing from God, and wrought in our hearts by the Holy Spirit, which facilitates all obedience, and which is, in truth, the only principle of all true obedience, making it both easy to ourselves and acceptable to God. And the more your hearts are influenced by this heavenly grace, the better you will understand how truly it may be said, that, besides disposing the soul for all kinds of obedience, the very act of love is, in effect, all that is commanded in the law.

You have often heard me speak of the good Archbishop Leighton; and his observations on this point are so admirable, that I shall here repeat them to you, earnestly hoping that you will all endeavour, with God's help, to store them in your memories and in your hearts. "In the commandment, to love the

¹ Rom. v. 5.

Lord our God, the whole stream of love is directed, in one undivided current, towards God ; while the other commandment, to love our neighbour as ourselves, seems to cut out a new channel for it, and to turn a great part of it to man. You may perhaps be inclined to ask, therefore, whether these two commandments are not contrary the one to the other ? No, they are not contrary if we take them aright ; yea, they not only agree, but they are inseparable. They do not divide our love, but they set it in its right course, first wholly to God, as the sovereign good, and only for Himself worthy to be loved, and then back from Him, it is, according to His own blessed will, derived downwards to our neighbour. For then only do we love both ourselves and others aright, when we make our love to God the reason and the rule of both. So that our love is not to be divided between God and our neighbour, or any creature whatsoever ; but it is, first of all, to be bestowed upon God, and then He diffuses, by way of reflection, so much of it upon others as He sees fit. Being all in His hands, it is altogether at His disposal, and that which He disposes elsewhere, (as here, “Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,”) is not taken off from Him, but abiding still in Him, as in its natural place, (even as light doth in the sun,) it flows forth from Him, by such an emanation as does not divide it from its source ; even as beams flow forth from the sun and enlighten the air, and yet are not cut off from it.”

I have thus made the good archbishop speak to you, my dear children, in my behalf, and believing that his remarks will assist you in all your endeavours to understand the secret of all true obedience, I will only add a few short observations of my own on this part of the Church Catechism, praying that it may please Almighty God to bless them to your edification !

1. The first observation I would make, is suggested by the above passage from Archbishop Leighton's works, and it is this, viz. that they only will have grace to love their neighbour as themselves, who have first been led, by the Holy Spirit, to love the Lord their God with all their heart and soul, and mind and strength ; because it is manifest, that we must be with God in the mount, before we can hope to appear amongst men, as Moses did of old¹, with brightness in our face, as well as with the law of God in our hands.

2. Trusting, therefore, my dear children, that you all feel how indispensable it is that you should go forth to your daily duties in the strength of your God, I will say to you, in the next place, that as you would hope rightly to discharge all the duties of the second table of the law, you must regard yourselves as the temples of the Holy Ghost, and your neighbours as being members, together with yourselves, of Christ's mystical body, so that you are to have "the same care one for another²," loving the

¹ See Exod. xxxiv. 29.

² 1 Cor. xii. 25.

good, in Christ, as reflecting His image, and loving all others, for Christ, so as to desire, from the very bottom of your hearts, that they also may be conformed to the same Divine image.

3. Learn, in the next place, to consider self-love, as that which separates us from, and Divine love, as that which unites us to, God and our neighbour. In other words, learn to regard self-love as the source of all disorder, strife, and confusion; and Divine love, as, at once, the parent and the nurse of all good order, harmony, and peace, whether in families, or neighbourhoods, or states; leading us to see God in every thing, and “to do our duty in that state of life, to which it may please God to call us.”

4. And this leads me to remark to you, that the fifth and the tenth commandments form, as it were, the outward and the inward fences of the second table of the law, the one leading us to “order ourselves lowly and reverently” to all who are placed in authority over us, whether at home or abroad; and the other leading us to restrain all irregular desires, and all inordinate affections, remembering that we are “bought with a price,” and that we are bound, “therefore, to glorify God in our bodies and in our spirits which are His¹.”

5. But how, my dear children, can we be sufficient for all these things, “without the grace of God by Christ going before us, that we may have good will, and working with us, when we have that will?”

¹ See 1 Cor. vi. 20.

And how is this grace to be obtained, but by prayer ? This you have all acknowledged with your lips again and again, when, in answer to the question, whether you do not think that you are “bound to believe, and to do, as your godfathers and godmothers have promised for you,” you have said that, “by God’s help, so you would,” and that, while you “heartily thanked your Heavenly Father, for having called you to this state of salvation, through Jesus Christ our Saviour, you would pray unto God to give you His grace, that you may continue in the same unto your life’s end.”

Pray, then, my beloved children, pray earnestly, pray continually, to your heavenly Father, beseeching Him to “incline your hearts to keep His laws ;” yea, so “to write all His laws in your hearts,” that you may be enabled to “withstand the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and with pure hearts and minds to follow Him, the only God, through Jesus Christ our Lord¹.”

Commending you all to Him who heareth prayer, and assuring you that if you ask faithfully you shall receive effectually, I remain, my dear children,

Your ever affectionately attached Father,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

¹ Collect for 18th Sunday after Trinity.

Priory, Tunbridge Wells,
Sept. 30th, 1842.

MY BELOVED CHILDREN,

Being again separated from you for a little season, I am anxious to avail myself of this opportunity for completing my observations on the Church Catechism. I will now, therefore, call your attention to the concluding portion of the Catechism, in which we are instructed respecting those two sacraments, of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, which "Christ hath ordained in His Church." The Catechism begins with telling us that "in Baptism we were made members of Christ, the children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven." And it then enlarges on the "three things" which our godfathers and godmothers "did promise and vow in our name;" following this up by reminding us that, since "we are not able to do these things of ourselves, nor to walk in the commandments of God, and to serve Him, without His special grace," we must "learn at all times to call for this by diligent prayer." And here the Catechism formerly terminated. But in order to make it more complete, the questions and answers respecting the two sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper were afterwards added by Bishop Overall.

Now, what is the definition here given of the word "sacrament?" It is declared to signify "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace given unto us, ordained by Christ Himself, as

a means whereby we receive the same, and a pledge to assure us thereof." The answer speaks, you observe, of a "grace given unto us;" and in two of the following answers you are called upon to say, what is the inward and spiritual grace thus given, respectively, at Holy Baptism and in the Lord's Supper. Speaking of Holy Baptism, you say that the "inward and spiritual grace" consists of "a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness; for being by nature born in sin, and the children of wrath, we are hereby made the children of grace." And, speaking of the Lord's Supper, you say that "the inward part, or thing signified," consists of "the body and blood of Christ, which are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper." In the one case, you observe, it is said, generally, without any reserve or limitation soever, that "we" are all made partakers of the grace given in Baptism.

In the other case, the reception of the inward part, or thing signified by the Bread and Wine, is expressly limited to the "FAITHFUL" communicant. It follows, therefore, my dear children, that you have all been made partakers of the inward and spiritual grace given at Baptism, by virtue of which, as it is declared at the beginning of the Catechism, you have been made, each of you, "a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." And if you ask me how you have been made partakers of this grace, I answer, that in the

sacrament of Baptism, the Holy Ghost Himself was given to you, as the Sanctifier, to set you apart, for ever, for God's service. Can you wonder, then, dear children, that I should so earnestly exhort you to "stir up this gift" which is within you, when you consider what a treasure has thus been committed to you? "Sealed," as you have all been, with "the Holy Spirit of promise," can you wonder that I should desire to warn you, again and again, not to grieve that Holy Spirit, nor to quench the heavenly spark which is lodged in your hearts? Think, I beseech you, one and all of you, of the great and precious privileges of which you have thus freely partaken, and you will feel how indispensable it is that you should daily ask help of your God, in order that you may be enabled to exercise "repentance, whereby we forsake sin," and "faith, whereby we stedfastly believe the promises of God made to us in that sacrament." It is for our increase in these heavenly graces, that such ample and gracious provision has been made for us in the other sacrament of the Lord's Supper, wherein the souls of the "faithful" communicants are "strengthened and refreshed by the Body and Blood of Christ, as their bodies are by the Bread and Wine." But before you shall be allowed to partake, my beloved children, of that most comfortable sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, you must "renew," at the holy rite of Confirmation, "the solemn promise and vow" that was made in your name at your Baptism. And

it is, therefore, "my earnest expectation and my hope" that you will often, as you have opportunity, read over carefully the Office of Holy Baptism, and the Order of Confirmation, that so, considering the greatness of your privileges, and the solemn obligations which those privileges imply, you may be led to ask for such a measure of God's heavenly grace, as may enable you to "walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called." Some persons ignorantly imagine that they do not, in fact, take upon themselves the vow of their Baptism until they have been confirmed ; but, on reading the Order of Confirmation, you will find, my children, that in that holy ordinance, you will publicly ratify, in the presence of God, and before the Church, the solemn promise and vow that was made in your name at your Baptism, and that you will openly acknowledge yourselves bound to believe, and to do, all those things which your godfathers and godmothers then undertook for you. And you must all understand, therefore, that when you shall be brought to the Bishop to be confirmed by him, what you will then receive, will not be a command to perform duties and obligations which did not before belong to you, but fresh strength to fulfil those solemn duties and obligations, which have been required of you all, since the time when you knew your right hand from your left. Accordingly, the Bishop will then pray for you, that you may be "strengthened with the Holy Ghost, the Comforter," and that you may

“daily increase in His manifold gifts of grace.” And knowing, dear children, how impossible it is that you should walk in the ways of God’s laws, or perform the works of His commandments, unless He who, as the Sanctifier, consecrated you to God’s service, shall also, as the Comforter, strengthen you for the race which you will have to run, and for the conflict which you will have to endure, it is my fervent prayer for you all, that our Heavenly Father, who has called you to the knowledge of His grace and faith in Jesus Christ, may daily increase in you “the spirit of wisdom and understanding ; the spirit of counsel and ghostly strength ; the spirit of knowledge and true godliness ; and that He will fill you with the spirit of His holy fear ;” yea, that He may so “defend you with His heavenly grace, that you may continue His for ever ; and may daily increase in His Holy Spirit, more and more, until you come into His Everlasting Kingdom.”

Thus commending you all to God’s most gracious benediction, I remain, my beloved children,

Your affectionate Father,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

19, Portland Place, London,
April 1st, 1842.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

In my former letters I have reminded you of the three things which your godfathers and godmothers

promised and vowed for you at your Baptism ; viz. to renounce the devil, the world, and the flesh ; to believe all the Articles of the Christian Faith ; and to keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of your life. And the few observations on prayer, with which I closed my last letter, may serve as a fit introduction to what I am now about to say to you respecting the Lord's Prayer. In the Church Catechism you are plainly taught " that you are not able to do these things of yourselves, nor to walk in the commandments of God, and to serve Him, without His special grace, which you must learn at all times to call for by diligent prayer : " and after having been called upon to repeat the Lord's Prayer, you are asked, What do you desire of God in that Prayer ? The answer to this question may be regarded as a paraphrase or explanation of the Lord's Prayer ; and if you look at my little volume in the Englishman's Library, you will see how I have pointed out, at the commencement, the correspondence between the clauses of the Prayer and the paraphrase.

1. According to this paraphrase, when you say, " Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name," you " desire your Lord God, your heavenly Father, who is the giver of all goodness, to send His grace unto you, and to all people ; that you may worship Him as you ought to do." It follows, therefore, that they only " worship " their heavenly Father as " they ought to do," who are daily striving,

in thought, word, and deed, to reverence His holy Name. God declares that He will be "sanctified in them that come nigh Him¹;" and when you remember, my dear children, that you have been baptized in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, you will earnestly pray that you may have grace to draw near to "your Father which is in heaven," by the "new and living way," which the Son "hath consecrated for you²;" and that the Holy Spirit may ever enable you to say from the ground of the heart, "Abba, Father³!"

2. When you say to "your Father, which is in heaven," "Thy kingdom come," you desire that you may have grace to "serve Him as you ought to do." Remember, then, my beloved children, that you are the subjects of that adorable Redeemer, of whom the Father says, in the second Psalm, "Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion;" and to whom He says, in the hundred and tenth Psalm, "Sit Thou at My right hand, until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool." The word of prophecy also declares, in the latter Psalm, with respect to this King of kings, that "His people shall be willing in the day of His power;" and you must pray, therefore, that you may never be found among those who do in effect say, by their disobedient and ungodly lives, "We will not have this Man to reign over us⁴."

¹ Lev. x. 3.

² Heb. x. 20.

³ Rom. viii. and Gal. iv.

⁴ Luke xix. 14.

3. When you say to your heavenly Father, "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven," you desire that you may have grace to "obey Him as you ought to do." And if you will turn to the forty-first page of my little book on the Lord's Prayer, you will see how I have illustrated the nature and extent of the obedience practised in heaven, by saying that, when the question was once put, "How is the will of God done in heaven?" the answer was made, "It is done by the angels in heaven immediately, diligently, always, altogether, with all their strength, and without asking any questions about it."

4. When you say to your Father which is in heaven, "Give us this day our daily bread," you "pray unto God that He will send you all things that be needful, both for your souls and bodies." And if you would enter into the full scope and signification of this clause of the Lord's Prayer, you should read again and again that part of our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, which is contained in Matt. vi. 19—34; and His discourse in John vi., which was delivered at Capernaum, after the miraculous feeding of the five thousand, and in which He speaks of Himself as the "Bread of Life." In the former discourse, Jesus commands us to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness;" and in the latter He tells us, to "labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." That is to say, in all the labours of your worldly callings, and in all the ordinary

concerns of your daily life, "whether you eat or drink, or whatsoever you do, do all to the glory of God¹;" "setting your affections on things above, not on things on the earth²;" and pursuing all your daily occupations with pure and heavenly minds.

5. You observe, my dear children, that the next clause, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us," is explained in the paraphrase, as simply expressive of our desire that God "will be merciful to us, and forgive us our sins." And why is it thus explained? Evidently, because they only will be enabled to exercise forgiveness towards others, who understand the full extent of that Divine forgiveness which is exercised towards themselves. You may read the fifth section of my little book, as an illustration of this clause in the Lord's Prayer, and you will find, in the notes at page 68, two passages, (one from an ancient writer, St. Cyprian, and another from a modern divine, Mr. Augustus Hare,) which you will do well to remember. "After supply of food," says St. Cyprian, "pardon of sin is asked for;" that he, who is fed of God, may live "in God." And Mr. Hare illustrates the connexion of the two clauses in the following manner: "After taking his food, what would encumber the soldier in his march? A heavy weight to carry. Therefore, the petition, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' is aptly followed by the clause,

¹ 1 Cor. x. 31.

² Colos. iii. 2.

‘Forgive us our trespasses ;’ because, unless we are pardoned, we can neither fight nor march to good purpose.”

6. The exact signification of the next clause, “Lead us not into temptation,” is well expressed in the following words of the paraphrase, “That it will please Him to save and defend us in all dangers, ghostly and bodily.” What we desire, therefore, of God, in this clause is, not that we be altogether unassailed by temptations, but that we may never be left to encounter them in our own strength. And you may thus be led to consider, my beloved children, what would become of you, if God were to withdraw from you the aid of His Holy Spirit ! To repeat to you the words of St. Augustine, on this clause of the Lord’s Prayer, “What we ask is, that we may not, deserted by God’s aid, either consent, through the subtle snares, or yield to the forcible might of any temptation. It is one thing to be tempted, and another thing to be ‘led into temptation :’ for we are then ‘led into temptations,’ when, through the want of Divine grace, we are not able to resist them.” So that you are, in fact, repeating in substance the language of this petition as often as you join in Trinity Chapel in singing those words of the new version of the fifty-first Psalm :—

Withdraw not Thou Thy help,
Nor cast me from Thy sight ;
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

7. We come now to the seventh and last clause in the Lord's Prayer, "Deliver us from evil;" in which, according to the paraphrase, we desire of God, "that He will keep us from all sin and wickedness, and from our ghostly enemy, and from everlasting death." It is a just observation of another ancient writer, St. Cyril, that "if 'lead us not into temptation,' had implied the not being tempted at all, our Lord would not have added 'but deliver us from evil.'" And I trust, my dear children, that the explanation of this clause, which is given in the paraphrase, will help you all to consider within yourselves, what abundant need you have to say to your heavenly Father, "Deliver us from evil!" "The man of the world," says Mr. Hare, "looks to himself, and calls those things 'evil,' which are displeasing to himself. The Christian looks to God, and calls those things 'evil,' which are displeasing to Him."

I was going to add a beautiful reflection of St. Augustine on these words, "Deliver us from evil," as forming the last petition in the Lord's Prayer; but fearing that some, if not all of you, may be rather disposed to complain of the length of my letter, I must content myself with referring you for the passage to the note at the ninetieth page of my little book; and I only hope, dear children, that when you have read that note, you will add your hearty "Amen," to that and every other clause in the Lord's Prayer, remembering that, as often as you say "Amen," you profess to express your persuasion,

according to the paraphrase, that your heavenly Father will answer you, “of His mercy and goodness, through our Lord Jesus Christ : and therefore you say, Amen, So be it.”

I will only observe to you, before I conclude, that the words of what is commonly called the *Doxology*, or ascription of praise. “For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever,” are omitted in the paraphrase, because the explanation therein contained is restricted to what we “desire of God,” in the Lord’s Prayer. But you must not suppose, dear children, that the omission of the *Doxology* is an omission of praise, since the whole prayer is, in truth, one beautiful and comprehensive form of adoration, to the praise and glory of the Most High. Yes ; every clause of this prayer is virtually in praise of God . and it is, perhaps, exactly that species of praise which, on almost all occasions, is most fit to be used by strangers and pilgrims like ourselves, who must feel that our praises should always be mingled with fervent prayers for mercy and for grace. But still the compilers of our Prayer-book have deemed it right to preserve the *Doxology*, not only when the prayer is introduced for the first time, at morning and evening prayer, but in certain other places also, where the occasion seems more especially to call for praise and thanksgiving : for instance, at the commencement of the Communion Office, the Lord’s Prayer is introduced, according to the pattern contained in the Gospel by St. Luke,

without the Doxology ; but when repeated in the Post Communion, immediately after the distribution of the sacred elements, the Doxology is subjoined according to the Gospel by St. Matthew. And surely the distinction which I have thus pointed out, is suited to remind us, that the sacrifice of praise will best be performed by those whose souls have been strengthened and refreshed by the Body and Blood of Christ at His Holy Table.

Farewell, my dearly loved children ! With my earnest prayer for you all, that the few hints which I have given you may serve, under the Divine blessing, to prepare you for Confirmation, and so for the devout reception of that Holy Communion, which is the sweetest foretaste of the fellowship of heaven,

I remain,

Your ever affectionate Papa,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

If our children were thus educated on fixed principles, we should not see so much weakness of character and littleness of mind ; we should be ready to “ give all their due ;” to be content to walk humbly with our God ; to feel so little in our own eyes, that while we gratefully receive kindness and attention as a proof of God’s love, we are content to be passed by, and to feel that He sees it good for us to be kept low. Some natures are meek and lowly in heart, and can bear to sit in high places. The conviction that, high or low, rich or poor, we are planted

according to His will, will enable us to rest satisfied that "it is well!" Were we thus content to be the humble servants of Christ, we should neither despise nor be despised. True humility disarms contempt: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." This was indeed exemplified in the character to which we have so often referred. Neither malice nor pride could reach him: he had on a coat of mail, even the simplicity and humility of Him whose servant he was. He never could believe that the blow was intended; if it were, he marked it not. The less simple mind would see a poisoned arrow,—the poisoned arrow of envy; but it fell into so pure a stream, that the poison was washed off, and nothing ever reached him, but pity for those who sent it. It was impossible to persuade him that it was intended; and if it were too marked to be misunderstood, he would say, "It does me no harm; I am but where I was, and for the offender we should pray."

CHAPTER VII.

ON CHRISTIAN LOVE.

THE most important lesson of all for our children, is that of Christian love. When the apostle St. John, "the disciple whom Jesus loved," was too old to preach, he was carried up into his pulpit, and all he would say was, "Little children, love one another." On being asked why he always said the same thing, he answered, "Because nothing else was necessary." Almost the last letter written to his children, by the same hand which has already traced so many of these lines, and who was generally likened to this blessed disciple, a few weeks before he joined him in the fulness of that love, was to the same effect :—

"The approaching season of Lent is one of self-denial ; and the Collect is about that most excellent gift of love. Why is this, dear children ? even because love is at the bottom of all true self-denial. Love Jesus, and you will easily learn to deny yourselves for His sake. Love each other, and mutual self-denial will be seen to follow ; love your dear aunt, and you will need nothing else to make you attend to

all her wishes from morning till night : God bless you !” That he who wrote these words witnessed to the truth of them is testified to by all. It was said of him by a very dear friend, “ Even here he lived in the communion of saints : it was his home, refuge, shelter, joy, and the life of his heart. What was so prominent in his every-day thoughts and words as the fellowship of holy ones among whom he is now numbered ? Much as he loved on this side the veil, his sympathy and master affection was already within ; and he has now followed whither his heart went before, as the spirit of love drew him mightily. In every thought of him there is a clear brightness, not so much from the intellectual as from the spiritual nature, and in that chiefly from the love in which he dwelt¹.” It is this pure, holy, exalted love, we should teach our children.

“ Love worketh no evil to his neighbour—love is the fulfilling of the law.” If we love well, we shall act well. Even if we cannot love the persons, we can love the souls. Outwardly unlovely, they are still among the number of those for whom Christ died. Let us be tenderly affectioned one to another. We know not their trials, their sorrows, their struggles. Though the outward man may be repelling, the same feelings live within. We are often apt to fancy, that because a person’s appearance and manners do not call out our sympathy, that they do not need

¹ Archdeacon Manning.

it. Perhaps they need it more. The very fact of their being less engaging and interesting generally, should make us more tender towards them. The most shrinking and delicate mind is often hidden under a coarse exterior and rough manners. Nervousness will make people appear unfeeling, when they are perhaps deadened to outward appearances by the very excess of their emotions. Others put on a heartless, light manner, to prevent the bursting of an agony which would overwhelm ; and sympathy is repelled almost angrily, from the fact of its giving shape and feature to the fearful images of dread forming in the mind. Little, indeed, do our fellow-creatures know what passes in our minds ; but love, as a soft and downy mantle, covers all. It questions nothing, doubts nothing, suspects nothing. “ It suffereth long, and is kind : beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.” “ And now abideth faith, hope, and charity ; but the greatest of these is charity.” Faith will be lost in sight—hope in fruition—but love endureth for ever ; for God is love : and when we see Him as He is, we shall be like Him, and be one with Him in love. Such love gives us a consideration for the feelings of others. It was the remark of one whose name I cannot remember, that the measure of happiness in heaven would be equal to all, for that it would be proportioned to the minds ~~that~~ received it. So it is in this world, we do not all rise to the same standard. Persons often say, in speaking of the death of others,

“Such a one is no loss.” To them, it is true, it may be none ; but to the bereaved widow, the fatherless children, the separation may be as painful as that of another more generally appreciated. He may have satisfied her heart, though he may not have pleased her friends. He may have filled up the measure of perfection in her idea, though he may have been nothing in the sight of men. On the other hand, there are some whose vacant place may be greatly regretted in society, and yet may have been so constantly absent from home, or so unamiable when there, as to leave little cause for regret at their departure. In both cases the world would judge wrong ; but love would feel for the widow. How little can the happy wife, the rejoicing mother, understand the loneliness of the widowed hearth or the once joyfully tenanted nursery, silent as the grave that has opened to receive her treasures ! How little does the one who has lost the head, feel for the parent whose infant branches are lopped off ; and yet where the greater sorrow is not known, the loss of even an infant of a few days old seems a severe blow ! Love would make allowances, beareth and believeth all things. As I have before said, the mind makes the trial.

Not even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh :—
Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe,
Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart ;
Our eyes see all around in gloom or glow,
Hues of their own, fresh borrow'd from the heart.

KEBLE.

We are inclined to laugh at the little troubles which disturb others, and to feel a kind of contempt for their weakness. In many cases more pity and commiseration is due. The very fact of their being unable to stand against these lesser vexations, proves the disease in the mind, which makes them more oppressive to them, in their peculiar state. This disease prevents their receiving comfort. It often requires more effort to bear these little crosses than the greater ones. In one case our need is so great, that all feel for and with us : in the other, they are perhaps only known to ourselves. Naaman could have made some great sacrifice, or borne some great suffering ; but it was more difficult to bring his mind to submit to a simple immersion in Jordan :—

Each trial has its weight ; which whoso bears
Knows his own woe, and need of succouring grace :
The martyr's hope half wipes away the trace
Of flowing blood : the while life's humblest cares
Smart more, because they hold in Holy Writ no place.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

Many, indeed, are the silent sufferers under cares and anxieties, known only to their God and themselves. Family disunions, the absence of all congeniality or sympathy, actions often misunderstood and wilfully misrepresented ; envy and jealousy, which destroy all comfort ; or pecuniary difficulties, which, though externally all appear well, are the occasion of constant and painful self-denial. In this last case, unselfish love will do much to lessen the

trial ; but some of the more prosperous are apt to think little of the wants of others. Ignorance of these trials is often the foundation of indifference. The great and rich are on the surface, the sufferers are deep below. Were the love of God in our hearts, these things would not be. "The love of God is the first in the order of command, the love of our neighbour is first in order of fulfilment. If thou lovest not thy brother whom thou hast seen, how shalt thou love God whom thou seest not ? If charity dwelleth there, God dwelleth there." The true Christian character knows how to deal with a wounded spirit ; and in this the character we have followed throughout was as eminent as in other Christian graces. In writing of him in the sermon preached by Mr. Millett, he says, "He was peculiarly successful in consoling the afflicted, in restoring confidence to the desponding, rousing from morbid indulgence of grief, sustaining the drooping spirit, pouring in their wounds wine and oil, bringing balm to the weak and sinking soul. And there was in his kind and cheerful sympathy, that unction which soothed and consoled in the very deepest affliction. I have not been privileged to be present upon such occasions, but I have heard the grateful expressions which fell from the lips of those who have benefited by them : and strangers, whose names I know not even now, have spoken to me in the streets, and told me that they can never forget the blessings which they owe to him,—blessings not only of the soothed

and comforted spirit in this life, but of the knowledge and impression of Divine things, and the hope of eternal life."

He was, indeed, a father to the fatherless, and the friend of the widow. Many are the mourners who feel that in him they have lost the light of their eyes ; but it draws them nearer to the Father of lights, and we must ever be thankful for the removal of any impediment to the placing our whole hope in God. Daily experience teaches us that all earthly props are vain. " As the bird that hops from twig to twig, as each breaks under him, so we seek fresh stays ; and it is not till we rest in God that we find peace." In Him is no variableness, nor shadow of turning ; He sitteth between the cherubims, be the earth never so unquiet. As love must ever be our guide through life, so prayer must be our staff. We do not receive, because we do not ask aright. Were we simply to offer up our petitions for grace with a firm and stedfast confidence, if we believed that He to whom we pray is able to perform, we should not be the miserable victims of unbelieving fear and unprofitable sadness which we are. It is the want of reality that destroys our hopes of happiness. We do not sufficiently realize the things of eternity. We accustom ourselves to go to men, instead of making God our friend. How little can man do ! It is true that the intercourse of friendship, the pleasures of conversation, the brightness of intellect, cheer many an hour. Our fellow-creatures can soothe, sympathy calms ; but

there is One alone who can heal. If the head is sound, the heart simple, and the spirit dependent on Christ, it will carry us safely through every variety of circumstances. With a prayer-hearing and answering God, we need never feel desolate: He knows our sorrows, all our difficulties, and can best send the remedy. The habit of turning to Him makes us independent. We are thankful for, and joyfully accept the kind visits of our friends, we should greatly miss them if withdrawn, but we do not rest in them. We have another Comforter, even the Spirit of truth. We have the writings of holy men to advise us. We have the blessed word of God as the staff of life. We have meditation as a handmaid, and prayer as our helpmeet. If our lot is to mix in the world, prayer may still be our constant support. It is not necessary to be always on our knees: we may lift up our hearts to God at all times. We may constantly hear a voice saying, "Arise and depart, this is not your rest:" your hearts are given to Me: stand up in the strength of the Lord. We are as strangers and pilgrims passing through a foreign land. We gather the flowers, but we know they will die: we pick the fruit, but we know that it can only refresh—it cannot nourish us. We sleep, but we know that it is not the sleep that wakes in eternity. We walk, but we know that our journey is only beginning here, and that we cannot rest until we are for "ever with the Lord." We rejoice in each other, but we "joy in the Lord."

The soldiers of His army,
The servants of His will,
A captive band in a foreign land,
Long ages we have been ;
But our dearest theme, and our fondest dream,
Is the home we have not seen.

If our minds were thus attuned to heavenly themes, we should no longer hear the question so often asked, "How little may we do for our Master?" and, "How much may we leave undone?" Our hearts would respond to a different chord. All that we do for the world would be a weariness : it is the cold duty ; but our pleasure, our master-passion, is in heaven. While, for a time, our bodies may be wandering in the mazes of worldly occupation, our minds would ever be turning with longing desires to our Father in heaven. "The soul of the Christian is the house of God." We do not more desire to be blessed, than God does to hear us importunate for a blessing. God is not slack, as some men count slackness ; and we find it so, when we have waited long. All the elapsed time is no part of tediousness ; the trouble of it is passed with itself : and for the future, we know not how little it may be : for aught we know, we are already entered into the cloud that brings the blessing. However, we must pray till it comes ; for we shall never miss to receive our desire, if it be holy, or innocent, or safe : or else we are sure of a great reward of our prayers¹.

¹ Jeremy Taylor.

It is the want of faith that destroys the efficacy of our prayers. Throughout the whole of the Psalms, the promises are to those who trust. The Apostles could not do many mighty works because of their unbelief. The prophet Isaiah says, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee." Why? "Because he trusteth in Thee." We put our fears in the way of our trust; we allow ourselves to be overwhelmed with the difficulties, forgetting that He who made the heavens and the earth can do all things. Were there reality in our faith, we should then be "more than conquerors, through Christ who strengtheneth us." We should rise triumphantly out of the dust and rubbish of earthly desires and trouble, and walking in the light of faith, calmly contemplate the wreck of all our hopes, confident in the power of our Father to make all things work together for good. It was this reality that made all men speak well of him, who, having walked in all its fulness from his earliest years, gave a witness to its power, that must bring conviction to the hearts of men. From a child he walked in all the simplicity of the Gospel. Left by his parents, at an early age, to the care of relatives, he was remarkable for his conscientious adherence to all their injunctions. I have heard him describe the first time, when about eight years old, he was sent out to take a walk alone in London, how anxiously he watched the time, lest he should exceed one minute of the allotted hour, and give cause for un-

easiness. It was love made him thus particular. Reality made him fearless of all but wounded affection. When he used to pass part of his holidays with his great uncle, Bishop Douglas of Salisbury, it was his invariable remark, that his little nephew was the best behaved boy he ever saw, and he would hold him up for example to others. Reality made him feel the respect due to the superior age and to the holy office of his relative. He had no servile fear, but he remembered that "the powers that be are ordained of God." He had that reverence which is the essence of all reality. When he returned from school, instead of the foolish presents generally made by boys, he brought his sisters Young's Night Thoughts and Milton's Paradise Lost. Reality gave him a better taste than that of children, who generally love what is coarse and impure. He had early imbibed that pure and heavenly tone of mind which invariably received good and rejected evil. His father, having himself been educated at Harrow, and holding at the time a situation in India, was not aware of his extremely delicate health, and desired that his son might be educated at that school. His increasing illness obliged him to be removed, and to be much by the sea-side, till he went to Haileybury, where it is well known that his talents won golden prizes, and his conduct golden opinions; none could ever see any deviation from the reality which guided all his actions. In India he continued in the same course; nothing could shake his constancy in the faith; no

persuasions could induce him to walk in the paths of sin, so generally pursued at that time. Though he occasionally appeared at some of the evening entertainments, he received no pleasure, and soon ceased to take part in them. He early turned to the study of divinity the powers of mind so richly bestowed upon him; and, at the same time, fully enjoyed all that literature could supply, in other departments, of good and wholesome food. There, as every where else, the name of Robert Anderson was as the *Open Sesame*. All hearts warmed at the sound; reality had made him dear to all: even his Hindoo servant observed, “that it was vain for his master to persuade him of the corruption of human nature, for that nobody could discover it in him.”

His father's death and his mother's return to England had cast a shade over his happiness. His overflowing affection to his mother made him contemplate her widowed state with the love of St. John, when our Saviour committed Mary to his care: from that moment he considered her as a sacred trust, though he felt it his duty to remain in India. It was not till he heard of the death of his third brother, a youth of singular promise, who was drowned at Addiscombe, in 1818, that he considered himself justified, even for a short time, in leaving his post. His prospects were of the fairest character, and the situation, at that time held by him, superior to most of those of the same standing. Though worldly considerations at no time influenced him,

nothing but the dangerous state of his health would have induced him to leave the Madras Civil Service. The fact of his infirm health is best proved by the rejection of a proposal which he made to insure his life; and his return to India would have been certain death. The medical friends who attended him in London, considered the disease which eventually proved fatal to him to have then begun. Before he decided finally to withdraw from the service, he was induced to become the Assistant Professor of Oriental Languages at the East India College at Haileybury. His engaging manners, his talents, and the reality of his religious profession, soon gained him the love and esteem of the professors, the respect and affection of the students, and the friendship of all the neighbourhood. There are many books in his deserted library, in the first pages of which are the expressions of gratitude, love, and esteem, which the students felt towards him. The following is the copy of a letter bound up with the work presented.

DEAR SIR,

We cannot quit College without requesting that you will allow us to leave in your hands some memorial of respect and esteem with which you have inspired us by your invariable attention and kindness.

We shall carry with us a grateful recollection of

those proofs of your friendship, and with the most ardent wishes for your health and happiness,

We remain

Your obliged and affectionate friends,

J. THOMASON.

R. C. MONEY.

May, 1822.

M. J. TIERNEY.

Finding it quite impossible to return to India, he turned his thoughts towards the ministry, "for which," as it is stated in a note in his brother James's Sermon, "his life and studies had been a continual preparation. His wish was granted, and he was admitted to the holy order of deacons, on the fourth Sunday in Advent, 1821; and to that of priesthood, on the same Sunday in the following year, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, then Bishop of London, and ex officio Visitor of the East India College. Both ordinations were held at the Episcopal Palace at Fulham; and on the last occasion he was appointed by the Bishop to preach the Ordination Sermon." His brother's residence at Brighton induced him to remove to that place; and, in 1825, the Bishop of Chichester granted him a licence to celebrate Divine Service in Trinity Chapel, of which he became the proprietor and perpetual curate. Its consecration took place on the 21st of April, 1826. It had formerly been a Dissenting Meeting-house, but he spared no expense in adorning this "Little Sanctuary," as he always called it. Worldly prudence might have checked another, but the reality of his

faith, which never allowed him to see difficulties in any object that tended to God's glory, upheld him, and he felt sure that the work would prosper. His hope was never made ashamed. Though inconveniently situated and ill-arranged, this holy sanctuary "flourished like a tree planted by the rivers of waters, that bringeth forth its fruit in due season. Its leaf never withered, and whatsoever it did, prospered." Reality placed him above all that could harm him. None could ever say that he preached what he did not practise. His practice ever gave witness to the truth that was in him. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." He never preached himself or others, but ever held the pure and holy doctrine of the Church of England. To use his own words, in writing to a friend, he says : "I wish you and dear Fanny to be good, sound Churchwomen. Observe, I do not say Puseyites, or Newmanites, or Manningites, or Andersonites ; but good, faithful daughters of the Church of England ; and that, because I believe her to be a faithful witness and keeper of Holy Writ." To another friend on the same subject, he writes : "They may say what they will of ———, but sure I am, that, in the main, he is inculcating truths which are powerfully suited, through God's assistance, to build us up together as a holy temple. I have long felt that we have been too much separated one from another, and that we shall never illustrate in our lives the spirit of our Saviour's dying command of Love, until we

learn to regard ourselves as the fellow-members of Christ's nuptial body. Now this is what true Church principles are fitted to promote ; and I do believe, according to the scope of that beautiful passage¹, that in proportion as we learn to 'love one another,' our prayers will wing their flight to the throne of the Eternal."

During the seventeen years of his ministry he never absented himself, but when his health required it. He was ever waiting on his Lord and Master ; he scarcely allowed himself time for necessary refreshment ; he ate it often in haste, to be about his Master's business. Mr. Millett thus gives his testimony, in the Sermon to which reference has been already made : "I too have known how in weariness and painfulness, in much weakness and distress, he has kept on his way ; how, leaving wife and family, and denying himself all recreation, he has set forth on his laborious round, to perform his labour of mercy and love to the sick and afflicted, and returned home fainting and weary, and often unable to take his necessary food, or at night to enjoy the refreshment of sleep." He always rose at six o'clock, that he might contemplate the rising sun, which faced his window, and feeling his heart warmed by the Sun of Righteousness, prostrated himself, like Daniel of old, in humility before his God and Saviour. None ever thought more humbly of himself. In writing to a very dear friend on the subject, he says :—

¹ John xv. 12—17.

“As a fellow-sinner, I feel as deeply as any the weakest of my dear people can feel, how indispensable it is that I should be daily and hourly asking for grace to build up myself on our most holy faith : and as a fellow-sinner I am deeply sensible also, how necessary it is, that after all my labours in the Gospel, I should still be looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, with as much humility and self-abasement and self-renunciation, as if I had never stirred a step in my Redeemer’s service. But unworthy as I am of such an office, still your note reminds me of the sweet encouragement I have experienced, while engaged as a pastor in that Redeemer’s service. And it is a curious circumstance, that your note should bear the date of St. Matthias’s day, when the Church bids her children pray, that she may be always ‘ordered and guided by faithful pastors.’ While I ask my dear friend for such a prayer, I will express, in conclusion, the sentiments of my own heart, in the admirable words of Keble’s hymn for this holy festival.

Then fearless walk we forth,
Yet full of trembling—messengers of God ;
Our warrant sure, but doubting of our worth,
By our own shame, and glory awed.

Dread Searcher of the hearts,
Thou who didst seal, by Thy descending Dove,
Thy servants’ choice,—O help us in our parts !
Else helpless found,—to learn and teach to love.

Earnestly commending you all to that Divine and

unutterable love, I remain, my dear friend, in the bonds of the everlasting Gospel,

“ Most sincerely and faithfully yours,

“ ROBERT ANDERSON.”

In another letter, he writes in the same strain of deep humility :—

MY DEAR FRIEND,

In again requesting you to communicate my grateful acknowledgments to my little flock, I know not how I can better give utterance to my feelings than in the very language I have been employing this afternoon. May you, whom God has committed to my charge, be all brought, through my feeble ministration, nearer and nearer to Him, whom you all profess to “ seek,” and “ whom to know is everlasting life !” And may I deem it my highest privilege to bear, in this “ earthen vessel,” the “ unsearchable riches of Christ” to all around me ! It is true, my beloved friend, that I walk among you all, not as “ a messenger angelical,” but as a sinful child of Adam ; but it shall be my daily prayer that, with the aid of that Holy Spirit, whose blessed unction from above is “ comfort, life, and fire of love,” I may be enabled to deliver “ the message evangelical,” to the glory of God’s Name and the salvation of souls.

And I ask of you all in return, that you will join your prayers to mine, earnestly beseeching the God of all grace, for you and for myself, that “ the trial of our faith may be found to praise, and honour, and

glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ." I remain, my dear friend, in the bonds of the everlasting Gospel,

Your faithful pastor,
and affectionately attached friend,
ROBERT ANDERSON.

The same spirit of deep humility is constantly breathed throughout his Journal, from which the following extracts will be read with interest. It will be observed how, after receiving encouragement from others, in regard to the effect of his ministrations in holy things, he invariably gave the glory to God:—

Oct. 14. Mrs. P. died. One of the oldest of my flock, and a true Christian pilgrim: at our last interview she told me that she had often prayed for me, that I might be more simple, and that her prayer had been answered.—Amen! Lord Jesus.

April 6. S. P. A pure, childlike, stedfast faith, and a tender love for all, and sweetly patient under long-protracted suffering. He often spoke of his growing love for the Lord's Prayer; and said that my poor prayers were like "honey to his taste." Though he did not tell me so, he fully returned Mrs. M.'s joyful hope of their soon meeting in heaven. And on hearing of her death, he said, "Then she hath passed through the valley, and found it only a shadow!"

March 4. Countess M. "Thou, Lord, knowest."

Mr. P. Under a cloud, but humble and penitent.

April —. Miss B. thrown from her horse.—“I trust that to her sudden death was sudden glory.”

Oct. 19. Mrs. B. Strong and triumphant faith; and though not sufficiently humble, yet this accounted for by her trials in her connexions, who had shown great harshness and severity to her husband.

Sept. 6. Farewell visit to Mr. S. Described the change in his mind since his attendance at Trinity Chapel, from Latitudinarianism to Catholicism. He was struck, he says, first, at the way in which I spoke; and secondly, that I had no system, and did not echo the supposed views and sentiments of other people.—Apply Ps. cxxxix. 23, 24. N.B. The fruit has been perfect peace.

Jan. 13. G. told me of a Mr. D., of Worcester College, Oxford, who was quite changed by a six weeks' attendance at Trinity Chapel.—“Not unto me, O Lord; not unto me.”

— 29. Miss W. After five years of sickness, all other books have gradually yielded to the Bible and Prayer-book. After trying all other standards of Christian advancement, came to this conclusion:—“That an increasing desire to suffer the will of God is the only sure and abiding test.”

Jan. 1832. Satan often humbles me to the dust.

1. Blessed Jesus! let me ever feel and maintain that blessed truth: That Thou art indeed without spot of sin, and canst make us clean from all sin.

2. Let these evil suggestions of the tempter lead me to walk more humbly with Thee.

3. Let me bless Thee that my employment is suited, with Thy grace, to make me victorious over these and all other suggestions :

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts.

Oct. 1832. Thou, blessed Lord, and the Holy One of Israel.—Thy is Thy peculiar title ; and yet Thou art pleased to admit a sinner to the high privilege of an office in Thy vineyard. Oh, may I lean only on the hope of Thy love and grace !

When thus tempted by Satan, how apt is the mind to dwell only on one point, to the exclusion of all others ! And is not this the way in which errors and prejudice are born and nourished ?

When sinful thoughts mingle with my holiest duties, I throw them simply and earnestly on Jesus ! And in such contemplations I have clearer views of His holiness and love, which never pass away.

Jan. 21. Received notice of a legacy of ———. Lord Jesus ! have I been found faithful ? Oh ! give me grace, that to all, whether rich or poor, I may continue to “ sow spiritual things,” looking to Thee only for the increase.

—— 20. Mrs. P. told me of a lady of influence once prejudiced against Festivals, who had once attended Trinity Chapel, and was now exerting herself successfully to restore the same observance elsewhere.—Look down, O Lord, on Thy vineyard !

Dec. —. Mr. A. Hope for the best, be prepared for the worst, and bear all things with an equal mind. Amen.

With such sentiments he came forth, with a radiance on his countenance, from what he used to call his prophet's chamber, and before he went down to his study his first step was to greet with joyful affection the little ones of his family. His morning salutation in the nursery will never be forgotten by their faithful attendants. The sound of his footstep, the beaming expression of his eye, and the voice that was never heard but in love, was as heavenly music in their ears. It seemed like a seraph's song, proclaiming Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men. But its cheering accents can be heard no more,—

The shadows of evening encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

He would then enter his study, which was never closed. And here the servant who arranged it for him has since told me, that she constantly lingered, that she might have the word of kindness and instruction, which he invariably conveyed in his morning greeting, and which was as daily food to her. Surrounded by his little ones, constantly interrupted by the needy, he would compose those holy appeals which warmed all hearts. With the Word of God in his hand, the Church as his human guide, and the law of kindness in his heart, he was ever ready to answer all men.

With the true courtesy of a Christian gentleman, he neglected no habit consistent with its due regard. No careless neglect in dress or manner disfigured the

symmetry of his holy consistency. Never till within the last fortnight of his life did he give up the dressing for dinner. He felt that a regard to outward forms and customs proved the reality of respect and affection. It was with the greatest difficulty, that only a few days before his happy spirit winged its flight to heaven, he could be persuaded to wear a loose dressing-gown, though intense suffering made his dressing most painful. Dr. Chambers expressed his astonishment at seeing him always down-stairs and dressed as usual, at an hour when few in London have left their beds, and in a state of suffering which would have confined most to it during the day. He regarded his home as far more sacred than the house of strangers. The "sacred delight of his home" was his constant joy. He would ever say, that "life was made up of little things, and that he who despised them proved a need be in the foundation." He carried this rule into every thing. Neither in his study nor his dressing-room was there ever the smallest disorder. He had so regulated all, that he could lay his hand, even in the dark, on any book or paper he might need, and nothing could ever delay him one minute from keeping an appointment. He considered the time of others as sacred as his own. With all this order, there was none of that over-strictness which sometimes makes it an annoyance to others. It seemed the natural consequence of the regulation of mind to which all his actions witnessed. At nine o'clock his household gathered

around him, and it was his daily custom to read one of the morning lessons, with an extempore exposition, which flowed in a stream of sweet persuasion, gentle admonition, and sound explanation. Prayer concluded the morning devotions, which he always adapted to the chapter, and to the peculiar circumstances of the family.

He so combined the reading of Scripture as to include it all in the course of time; as he considered nothing of more importance than the taking the whole truth as it is in Jesus, and not merely reading those parts which suit our peculiar tastes and feelings. There was nothing he warned against more strongly, than the taking the text without the context, and it was his invariable practice thus to deliver the Gospel in all its freeness. During the time of breakfast he scarcely ever sat two minutes together. The door bell never ceased its calls, and no less than thirty were counted one morning. Although many were idle poor, who had no claim upon him, undeserving persons who merited censure, no sound of impatience ever passed his lips. His naturally sweet and lively disposition would make it a subject of innocent mirth. Although he had no time to refresh his own strength, he was ever giving, and none knew the sacrifice of time and comfort. Reality enabled him to rise triumphant over bodily weakness; and the temper which originally, he would say, was hasty, was so tamed, that it could only show itself in pity and love. It was impossible to

persuade him to deny himself to any who called, so fearful was he of losing an opportunity of saying a word in season.

His whole morning was consequently often interrupted. In the middle of his sermon he would at once rise, and, marking with a pencil the next word, would greet his visitor, appearing as if he had nothing else to occupy his thoughts. It was in vain to urge upon him that neither mind nor body could stand under such unwearied labour. His answer was, "It is better to wear out than to rust out." In this he followed his favourite George Herbert, and other holy men, unmindful that they did not live in a running stream like Brighton, but in some peaceful lake, tenanted by its own inhabitants, and only occasionally ruffled by some accidental cause.

That he was greatly blessed to many, in this way, is certain; but it often required much patience to bear with the thoughtless intrusion of persons quite unknown to him, who came to teach and not to learn, who troubled him about trifling concerns, which sense and discretion would either have decided, or carried elsewhere, to say nothing of the most impertinent anonymous letters he received, not only attacking his public ministrations, but the habits and even dress of his family. These he committed to the flames, without allowing others to see them. On the other, he always put the most kindly construction, meekly received the sharp rebuke, administered with no such tender feeling, and humbly

investigated the subjects of discussion, equally apt to teach and willing to be taught. It is due to his devoted congregation to state, that from its members he never met with these inconsiderate interruptions.

No pastor could meet with more real affection, genuine kindness, or attention from his people. Their hearts abounded in love, and there was nothing that they would not have supplied had he required it, or if he would have accepted it. On one occasion, riding having been recommended, a horse was immediately offered to him, and the following letter will show that he fully returned the spirit in which the proposal was made :—

83, Montpellier Road,
May 8th, 1833.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

So deeply do I feel this fresh proof of the affection of my flock, that although I expressed to you from the first my inability to accept their bounty, I have taken three days for deliberation and prayer, before I would announce to you my final determination.

These dear friends will admit, therefore, that I have not hastily rejected their proffered kindness, and I feel assured that they will also admit the full force of the reasons which have guided me in the decision. When I was about to enter upon the duties of the ministry in this place in 1825, I at once resolved to lay down my horse, and thenceforth to be a dismounted soldier of the cross. And when I consider that, under the Divine blessing, I have enjoyed better health in my walking than in my

riding days, this alone might be sufficient to justify me in not wishing to depart from my resolution. But I will go further, and venture to express my full conviction that in this, as in all other instances, it has pleased God to order it for me, by His good Providence, better than even the kindest friends could have devised ; for although they might be disposed to argue that I have derived benefit from the rides which I have occasionally enjoyed, yet I must be allowed to remind them, that on such occasions, I have made all other engagements yield to the ride. But were I to make a practice of riding, I am quite sure that my unwillingness to relinquish my other important and pressing engagements, would often lead me to take as much horse exercise as I could in a short time, and the consequences would soon be too apparent on a languid and exhausted frame. If I know any thing of my own heart, I am not influenced in this decision by any feeling of false delicacy, and I have the less hesitation in expressing this conviction, because, as you know, I have always received the free-will offering from my people on account of the Wednesday lecture, in the same spirit in which they have sent it. I always view it as a token of the love which they bear, in Christ, to their Pastor and to each other ; and while I desire to bless God for the grace so bestowed on them, I desire also to regard the holy fellowship, in which we are thus united together here on earth, as an earnest and foretaste of that more perfect and

more blessed union, which awaits God's children in the kingdom of heaven.

I remain, my dear friend, in the bonds of the everlasting Gospel,

Yours most faithfully and sincerely,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

Such proofs of offered affection were not uncommon, though, as in this case, he ever felt that such witnesses to love, though grateful to the heart, were not needful for the body. Had all others felt for him in the same way, he and other ministers would be spared many of the interruptions they meet with. Were we to look into our hearts, we should find some selfish feeling, some personal affection, some unreal motive at the bottom of our disregard for the time and feelings of others. It was not unusual for the whole of his morning to be thus interrupted, so that on meeting his children at dinner at one o'clock he seemed quite wearied. He scarcely allowed himself time for a hurried meal, which he often took as he stood, with his hat in his hand, ready to set out on his labours of love. Four hours, and sometimes five, he worked incessantly. He has frequently visited fifteen poor or afflicted during the course of the afternoon. When he returned to a late dinner, his voice might always be heard outside the door long before he entered, in some affectionate greeting, either to the poor and humble, or the passing friend. He had ever a word of kindness for all, and it was

generally observed, that the simplest observation, or the commonest note, contained some reflection or thought that conveyed instruction. The following is only one of many. It was the custom of this very dear friend to send him a little almanack every year.

To Lady Charlotte M. Greville.

Yes, my dear Lady Charlotte, I fully admit that your token of remembrance is small as to its size ; but it is this very circumstance which constitutes a portion of its value ; and when I consider that its use extends throughout the year, may I not truly say, that with its 365 links it forms a sort of chain to bind us more closely together, from year to year, until days and weeks and months and years shall be no more ? Again, therefore, I thank you for your Christmas token of remembrance, and, in return for all the wishes which your note contains, I pray for Lady Louisa and yourself, that you may both be blessed (in measure a hundredfold beyond what I can ask or think) with all the choicest blessings of this holy and happy season. It has been, as you may naturally suppose, a great trial to me to relinquish my lectures on the three festivals of this week, but I was unable to officiate twice at Morning Prayer, and I was much cheered and comforted by witnessing a very full attendance of my people, for the blessed exercise of common prayer. I trust through the tender mercy of God I am gradually gaining ground ; and I regard it as one of the many

mercies which have been mingled with my trials, that my illness has taken place during Mrs. Anderson's captivity, so that, since my return from T. Wells, we have scarcely ever been separated from each other for more than a few hours. We both unite in affectionate remembrances to Lady Louisa and yourself. I remain,

Ever affectionately yours,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

To Mrs. Mitford, who sent some flowers, he writes :—

May all your good wishes be repaid you a thousandfold, my beloved friends, into your own bosoms! The flowers appear more beautiful than usual, but I do not know whether the "Sun beam" will shine upon them with her wonted brightness, because she does not like to think that I am entering on my 50th year. Our prayers must be one and all, that our youth may be renewed by waiting upon the Lord. Ever yours,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

The following letter will show how cheerfully he could write at all times. The first was written in answer to one from his youngest son, giving an account of a conjuring trick :—

To Douglas C. Anderson,
Portland Place.

MY DEAR DOUGLAS,

Your uncle Charles and myself were very much amused with your account of the tea-caddy trick.

And what I have to propose to you, as the wizard of Montpellier Road, is, that you should show Mr. Malden a still better trick. Suppose you call yourself a tea-caddy, and then when Mr. Malden thinks that he has seen nothing inside the caddy but half a canister of very poor tea, show him that he is mistaken, and that it contains two canisters quite full of excellent tea. This would be a "hocus pocus" worth something, and I will tell you how it is to be done. Be obedient, be diligent, attentive, and good; and your Classics will be so full of good marks, that I would not exchange the Douglas tea-caddy for all the caddies in the world. God bless you, my very dear boy.

Your ever affectionate Papa.

To his eldest Daughter.

I observed, dearest Florence, that Henry mentioned the cricket match between all England and Sussex, but that he could not say in his elegant school-boy language "which side beat." It is only fair, therefore, that Papa should supply the desired information; and as a daughter of Sussex you will of course be glad to learn that the Sussex players won by six runs only; it having been one of the best-contested matches of the season. We have scarcely had any thunder or lightning since you left Brighton; and this is our first rainy day. But we felt that

there was rain in the air, as it was at least ten degrees cooler, and for the first time these many weeks I did not feel oppressed at the service of Trinity Chapel. I was assisted by Mr. S——, and he told me a curious legend about a Lady——, who lies buried in Tewin churchyard. The story is, that after having lived without God in the world, and wishing to die as she had lived, in total unbelief, she said just before her death, “that the rising of her body from the grave was just as improbable as the springing up of a tree from her tomb.” Whether she said so or not, this at least is certain, that a tree has sprung forth from the tomb, and that it is now flourishing amidst its ruins. One would gladly hope that the charge laid against Lady Ann may be untrue, but, at all events, the belief of it, supported as it is by the wonderful growth of the tree, operates in the village as an awful warning against the profaneness and blasphemy of an unbelieving heart.

This little Tewin legend has consumed all the time I have to spare, so I must bid you farewell. Give my best love to aunt Anna¹ and Louisa, and say that I have serious thoughts of running over at the end of the week, to bring you home, hoping that you may not have been thrown into the pond before you shall have been claimed again

By your affectionate Papa.

¹ The Hon. Lady Hill, his sister-in-law, and her daughter, with whom his daughter was staying at Tunbridge Wells.

Brighton, August 22nd, 1842.

Mamma is very much pleased, dear Florence, with your nice letter, and she wished to answer it herself; but as she is not well this morning, I have told her to keep quiet, and that I would endeavour to write you a few lines. I am quite as much pleased as Mamma with the little narration of your proceedings since we parted; and the only criticism which I have to make is on the word "what." You speak of "what you saw at Danny." Now the meaning of this little monosyllable is "that which," instead of what. You will smile at the old grammarian, Papa; but I am sure you will agree with me in thinking that we should never suffer such a pert little word as "what" to find its way into a sentence, when it has no business there. Yesterday I made Henry copy the hymn for St. Bartholomew's day, (next Wednesday,) and as I think it a very nice one I have copied it for you myself. Compare John i. 45. 51, with Ps. cxxxix. 42, and you will understand the important and blessed instruction which this hymn is intended to convey.

God bless you, my beloved child. With our love to aunt Anna and Louisa, and with kisses from all to yourself, I remain,

Your affectionate Papa,
ROBERT ANDERSON.

To Miss Anderson, his Sister.

Although I thank you most sincerely, dearest Helen, for your kind and comfortable letter, I do not think that I should have returned you such an immediate answer, were it not that I am anxious to console poor Maria Willock under the loss of our silver fish, as on a former occasion under the loss of her own poultry. Pray assure her that these sad tidings did not interrupt for a single moment the flow of happiness which our little ones were enjoying, and that Douglas, the owner of the poor little departed fish, finds (not "sermons" perhaps "in stones," just yet, or "books in the running brooks," but) tongues in trees, and "good in every thing," so that the loss of his poor little nursery companion will not leave any abiding impression upon him. Indeed, Papa and Mamma are fully impressed with the belief that the health of little Silver might have been injured by Douglas's constant visits to the basin, for what was play to one was death to the other. But, be this as it may, the little white gentleman had always a drooping appearance from the very first, and though the children might have looked forward with hope to seeing Master Yellow Coat again, I do not think that either nurse or Florence were very sanguine as to his companion.

You will wonder, perhaps, at my writing so merrily about my Douglas's pranks, when I tell you that yesterday morning my poor gold watch was the

victim of his pickers and stealers. For while in my capacity of head nurse I was engaged with Rowland in one part of the room, the other little happy creature contrived to reach one of the seals, and he whisked off the poor watch on the floor with inexpressible delight.

You will conclude from the above account that he continues well, and I am happy to add that the other three are recovered from the first effects of the change. Even yesterday they were able between the showers to get into the garden; and the day before yesterday you would have been delighted at the picturesque group which started from the door. Mamma and baby on one donkey, Florence on another, and Henry and Rowland in a little hand sociable. Papa could not join them on that occasion, as he was to dine at Southborough; and if you could have seen Papa finding his way there across the fields, and scrambling over the hedges and ditches, you would have felt that he was making the most of his country life, and that he was as happy as the little songsters around him, who were filling the air with their notes of gratitude and praise. I have written you one of my most scrambling letters, but it has long been admitted as a truth, that idle men have no time for any thing; and you are to remember that I am nurse into the bargain. I have been anxious therefore to finish these few lines before the watch-breaker rushes in this morning to disturb my peace. Tell James, with my love, that I enter into his enjoyment of his trip to Windsor as much as if

I had been with him myself. May God bless you both, dearest mother and Helen !

Your ever affectionate brother,
ROBERT ANDERSON.

The following letter was written to his next-door neighbour, in consequence of a complaint made by the servants during a temporary scarcity of water in Brighton.

To Mrs. E. P.

You remember how the wise man connects the beginning of strife with the "letting out of water," and so it is, I find, with the domestics of our several households. But a word in season from ourselves may, under God's blessing, still preserve that peace which has hitherto reigned so happily on *either side of the pump*.

What our domestics wish to urge (and it appears to be a reasonable suggestion) is, that until the springs flow freely again, your household should be content with a partial pumping, not the *whole*. For by grasping at the whole, the poor pump is left perfectly dry, and presents a lamentable proof of the fact, that an unwilling as well as a willing horse may be worked to death.

I should have left it to our own domestics to have made the suggestion to yours ; but as both Mrs. Anderson and myself perceive some little symptoms of a polemical spirit, and as we have not any water to

quench the *rising flame*, we both felt that it would be better just to mention the circumstance to you, and simply to suggest, that during the present little season of scarcity, your *Pumper General* should be admonished to exercise such moderation, as may leave us the like moderate share in the precious produce of the earth's bowels.

God bless you, ever and always, my dear friend ;
and believe me to be ever

Most affectionately yours,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

To another Friend.

Portland Place, Feb. 6th, 1839.

If I was thankful before, I am ten times more thankful now, for being placed by God's good Providence, not amidst the stir and tumult of political life in this great Babylon, but in the quiet and peaceful sphere of pastoral duty. My head seems all in a whirl still, from all I witnessed yesterday. I can only say that, compared with the great metropolis, Brighton appears almost as tranquil as dear Florence's "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain." I feel here, however, that the change will do me good ; and before I go upon my travels I will give you a brief sketch of yesterday's proceedings.

We began very inauspiciously, for, owing to misinformation as to time, we were just ten minutes too late for the House of Lords, and we clamoured at

the door for admission, but all in vain. However, you know that I am generally apt to make the best of every thing ; so I agreed with Mr. B., that as we could not witness the interiorities (as Alexander Knox would have said), we would amuse ourselves with what was going on without. We therefore took our stand among the people, and greatly were we delighted with the sight of all the equipages, ending with the state-carriage, and the eight cream-coloured horses driven by the old state-coachman of fourscore. From five till eleven I was seated under the gallery in the House of Commons, listening with great interest to the debate. Sir R. Peel spoke with great animation and effect. I also heard O'Connell, and a whole host on the ministerial side ; and altogether my evening's amusement compensated abundantly for my disappointment in the morning.

With the cheerful spirit to which these letters witness, and which never varied, let circumstances be what they might, he would return from labours which would have exhausted the powers of most minds ; and in the intercourse of friendship he was the life of the party, though he never forgot, or allowed others to forget, his sacred character. He was always the man of God, and it was observed frequently that he was indeed as the "salt of the earth." In him it never lost its savour, nor embittered by its sharpness. It purified, but never destroyed. Nothing could ever induce him to remain out after ten o'clock. He

bore all the attacks he met with on the subject with the most cheerful but determined resistance. The name of Cinderella was constantly applied to him, but neither persuasion, entreaty, nor mockery, could ever shake him. He felt that if he deviated from his rule his household would be neglected. Reality made him quite fearless of any thing that man might say, and Reality gained him far more respect and esteem than any departure from the consistency of his walk. On his return home he again gathered his household around him, following the same plan as in the morning. He was careful not to weary by length, and seldom exceeded a quarter of an hour. He felt that a little seed sown in prayer, and left to private meditation, was better than a long exhortation, to which after the labours of the day it is almost impossible for servants to attend. It was his custom on Sunday morning to give them each a tract, which he took the greatest pains to select, carefully avoiding all unsound and exciting doctrine. He had a nursery library and a kitchen library, both selected with equal care. His household witness to the advantages they enjoyed. Reality has shown itself with them. He had ever a kind word, a gentle admonition, a ready sympathy : in all his letters he never failed to send a kind message to each servant, mentioning them by name. They would often say, that if they did but pass him on the stairs, they felt cheered on their way by his look, even if he did not speak, which was seldom the case. Wherever he went the same

feeling was manifested towards him. The servants vied with each other in attention. They almost disputed about the pleasure of waiting on him. One observed to her mistress, that she felt as if all were safer when he was in the house : " I never sleep so sound," she said, " so sure am I that God's presence must be here." Another, who had attended on him in his illness, said he had never felt so hurt as when he had offered him the usual fee, so great did he consider the privilege of waiting on such a heavenly mind.

When he travelled, he would invariably enter into conversation with those he met. He never despised the coachman, but was always ready to oblige ; so that he was coveted on the box. In one of his excursions, he gave an amusing description of his journey : he says, " You, yes even you, would have allowed that I could not have been half so comfortable inside. The coachman began by observing that ' our lives were valuable,' and he then placed a thick waterproof cloth, and a tarpauling over our respective pair of legs. This completely protected more than two-thirds of my outward man, and the remaining third was kept perfectly dry by virtue of my great coat and India-rubber cloak, surmounted with an umbrella. Just before we reached Westminster Bridge, Gray observed that he should call it quite a pleasant drive, for the rain had laid the dust, and as there had not been a breath of air, we had been kept perfectly dry." Writing of another journey, he says, " The

day was most favourable in every respect, and I enjoyed the journey beyond description. I contrived to get through ‘ Venn,’ though I was continually obliged to take the reins and the whip, while the good coachman hoped he was not troublesome, and the passengers seemed to feel for me.”

Although he was so kind and gentle to all, there was a natural dignity about him which prevented any from taking a liberty with him. The poor used frequently to say, “ He’s such a gentleman, as well as such a Christian.” He was indeed a gentle man in the true sense of the word. In all his dealings the nobility of his mind was exhibited, not in outward show, not in high-sounding names, not in riches—but in grace. He walked in his Master’s steps, and as His representative he felt that there should be no spot in him. Ask his tradesmen, his servants, his poor, and that they will all with one voice say, “ Though not the true light, he bore such witness to the light, that no man could doubt its pureness.” His friends, his relations, will answer with one accord that he was the most devoted friend, the tenderest and most attentive of relatives. It was often observed of him in his sermons, that he seemed to know what each heart had felt during the week. He would make himself “ all things to all men,” without ever departing from the holiness of his own feelings. Reality made him safe. The life was within. To borrow his own words : “ You may be apt to talk yourselves, and to hear others talk, of the difficulties of Revelation ; but

let me assure you that the real difficulty lies not in the Scriptures of truth, but in your own deceitful hearts. Little as you may yourselves suspect it, some ruling passion, some leading object of desire, is still striving to get the mastery over you ; and as long as your wills are thus permitted to tyrannize over you, and to hold you in thralldom, so long will the ministers of the Gospel appeal to you in vain. It is the heart which must receive the lessons of heavenly wisdom ; and as long therefore as your hearts remain the slaves of every sinful and corrupt affection, so long must the truth partake of the same hard and abject bondage ; and as long as the truth is thus imprisoned and shut up in unrighteousness, so long will it be as vain for the ministers of Christ to attempt to move you, as it would be vain to waste harmonious sounds upon the deaf, or to display brilliant colours before the blind. If you are once convinced that it is the indulgence of corrupt wills and affections which corrupts the truth and silences her heavenly accents, blessed are ye, if you have also received into your hearts the important conclusion, that every sinful passion subdued will be a link removed from the chain which binds her down. For under this persuasion you will pray that all things belonging to the flesh may die within you, and that all things belonging to the Spirit may live and grow within you. And in answer to faithful and persevering prayer, you will find the truth, no longer tied and bound with all the weight of your sins, will be

revealed to the eye of faith in her robe of heavenly light, to guide you amidst all the dangers and difficulties of your earthly pilgrimage : to disengage you more and more from the cares, the honours, and the pleasures of this sinful world ; and to whisper to you of that liberty with which Christ has made you free¹."

In his sermons, this freedom of expression, added to the rapidity of his ideas, and the retentiveness of his memory, gave him a power over the minds of his hearers which ever prevented weariness. It was as the song of the lark, rising higher towards heaven's gate. It was observed of him by a very clever man, and one now high in office, that he reminded him of a greyhound, starting game, and scarcely knowing which to follow first, so quickly did one idea follow another. It was more the power of reality, the earnest and affectionate manner, and the total absence of self, than any superior oratory, which riveted attention. It was said of him, that whenever he felt it necessary to be severe in word, his affectionate manner redoubled, so as to prove that it was love that constrained him. Few knew how much of bodily suffering was mixed up with this freedom of spirit. He had, as it were, conquered the body. He seemed scarcely to be conscious of its existence : always like one ready to fly, as if no encumbering flesh adhered to him. One with whom he was staying for a month, one who had lived so much in the

¹ Exposition of Romans.

world as to know all its maxims and manners, observed of him, "We used to sit and look at him with wonder, as something of another world. He seemed so perfectly free from all taint of corruption, that we used to feel it impossible that he could be intended to remain here."

Why is it that so many good men are little valued at home? Why is it that a prophet has no honour in his own country? Why, but because infirmities and weaknesses are too visible to the nearer view. To those who lived with him, so entire a freedom from worldly thralldom seemed almost incomprehensible. Ignorance was not the ground of it; none knew better what was in man. From not having been intended for the ministry, he had had opportunities of mixing with the world more than clergymen generally. Early in life, his uncle much wished him to enter into holy orders, and promised to secure him preferment, which, as Bishop of Salisbury, he had in his power; but he refused, on the plea that he could never make a sermon. It was not ignorance, but reality. "The truth made him free." Faith gave him the victory.

He had always desired a country parish, but he felt that God had not seen it good for him, and he never for a moment questioned His will. In writing to his second son, during one of his temporary absences, he says in allusion to this subject:—

You know, my own dear Rowland, that I do not

like writing on a Sunday ; but I cannot help sending a few lines to Pitshill, to say how happy I should have been to have accompanied you to-day to Tillington church. I hope that I always endeavour to practise what I preach, and therefore I trust that I can bless God from the bottom of my heart, for the support and encouragement which He has given me in the town where He has seen fit to place me. Otherwise my own wish would have been to have been in charge of a country parish ; and I always think that a Sabbath sun never shines so brightly or so beautifully as it does in a country churchyard. My dearly loved Rowland, I do believe that you love Sunday as a day of rest and holy joy, and I do believe also that you will fully enter into the beauty of the following lines from the dear and good George Herbert, with whom I wish you to be more familiar :

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal, glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands open ;
Blessings are plentiful and ripe,
More plentiful than hope.

God bless you ! my own dear boy. Give my love to the ladies of Pitshill, and believe me to be
Your ever affectionate Papa.

In another letter he says :—

“ Certain it is that the country is not thrown away

upon me, though I am quite content to be thankful to go on working all the days of my life amidst the busy hum of men, and when I think of all the blessings which accompauy me in my own little nest, well may I hope to

Show the same gladness every where,
And slight the season and the scene."

The series of letters written to this dear child during his absence, though not exactly applying to any particular point, are too interesting to be omitted.

Wednesday, March 9.

I thought of you, dearest Rowland, when I was reading the lesson for this day to the children and the servants. In the sixth verse of the thirty-second chapter of Deuteronomy, these words occur: "Is He not the Father that bought thee? Hath He not made thee and established thee?" Yes, my dear child, your father on earth loves you very dearly, and prays for you very fervently; but what is my love compared with that of your Father which is in heaven? He has not only bought you with the blood of His own Son, but He establishes you with His Holy Spirit. So that what the Father commands you to do, or to suffer, the Holy Spirit, if you do not grieve Him by your carelessness or wilfulness, will always enable you to perform. Learn then, my own dear boy, to pray, from the bottom of your heart, to the tender Father, and to follow, not the

suggestions of your own weak judgment, but the guidance of this loving Spirit, and you will be always happy, because always good. Earnestly praying for yourself, and for those kindest of all kind friends, who are so fondly nursing you at Pitshill,

I remain,
My dear, dear Rowland,
Your affectionate and loving Papa.

Friday.

I often think of you, my own dear boy, in your little room at Pitshill; and although you may miss the voices and the merry faces of your brothers and sisters, yet I have no doubt that you are very happy reading your Psalms and Lessons, and that you like now and then to be alone. You like poetry, so I will send you some lines from the good George Herbert:—

By all means use sometimes to be alone :
Salute thyself ; see what thy soul doth wear ;
Dare to look in thy chest, for 'tis thine own,
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.

This is rather quaint, but you will easily understand what it means ; viz. look into your heart, and examine it thoroughly. In like manner George Herbert says, in another passage,—

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day ;
Dress and undress thy soul ; mark the decay
And growth of it. If with thy watch that too
Be down, then wind up both ; since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy account agree.

That is, see how your obedience corresponds with God's commands ; and while you rejoice that Jesus died to blot out our guilt, pray that, by the help of the Holy Spirit, you may be delivered more and more from the hateful dominion of sin. Good by, dearest Rowland. Bless God again and again for the dear kind friends He has given you at Pitshill, and believe me to be,

Your ever affectionate and fond Papa.

Saturday.

We all thank you, dearest Rowland, for the notes we have just received ; and in return for all that you have told me about the storm, I will give you a few lines from dear George Herbert about Sunday, hoping that it will be a nice, calm, sunny day when you receive it : for mark how the poet sings :—

O Day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud :
The week were dark, but for thy light ;
Thy torch doth show the way.

Man had straightforward gone
To endless death ; but thou dost pull
And turn us round, to look on One
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still ;
Since there is no place so alone,
The which He does not fill.

Sundays observe : think, when the bells do chime,
'Tis angels' music ; therefore, come not late.

God then deals blessings ; if a king did so,
Who would not haste, nay, give, to see the show !

In time of service, seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thy heart ; that, spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by sin did rise ;
Those doors being shut, all by the ears comes in.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part,
Christ purged His temple, so must thou thy heart :
He that loves God's abode, and to combine
With saints on earth, shall one day with them shine.

And I must add the two lines with which George
Herbert closes what he calls "The Church Porch."

If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains :
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

Praying that such "joy,"—joy so pure, so calm, so
bright, may ever abide with you,

I remain,

My dear, happy boy,

Your ever affectionately attached Papa.

Monday, March 14.

I cannot tell you what a comfort it is to me, my
own dear boy, to think of you, when I read the
Psalms and Lessons for the day ; and though I do
not wish you to learn just now all the texts I am
going to mention to you, yet I cannot help pointing
out to you some particular passages, as deserving
your best attention. In Joshua ix., for instance, we

have the history of the Gibeonites ; and we find that the people of Israel were deceived, because “they asked not counsel at the mouth of the Lord,” and that the Gibeonites were punished for their deceit, by being made “hewers of wood, and drawers of water.” Then, in 1 Thess. v. how beautiful is the word of exhortation to us in the first eleven verses ; and again, from verse fifteen to twenty-three ! But when I look at the Psalms for this day, I scarcely know what verses to select ; since the seventy-first, seventy-second, and seventy-third Psalms are so delightful from beginning to end. In the seventy-first Psalm you are taught to praise God all your life long. In the seventy-second Psalm you have a blessed picture of the nature of the Saviour’s kingdom. And in the seventy-third you are taught to contrast the different states of the righteous and the wicked. Earnestly do I pray for you, my dear Rowland, in the words of this Psalm, that God may be “the strength of your heart, and your portion for ever ;” and with love to dear Mrs. Mitford and Fanny,

I remain,

Your ever affectionate Papa.

Tuesday.

Knowing, my own dear boy, that you always like a little poetry, I shall give you some verses out of Keble’s *Christian Year*, on John ii. 10, being a verse

out of the second morning lesson for this day ; for it will show you how a great man may apply every sentence in Holy Scripture for instruction in righteousness. Read the verse in St. John, and then observe how Mr. Keble teaches us that the world gives its best at first, but that God keeps His best till last.

* * * *

Such is the world's gay garish feast ;
 In her first charming bowl
 Infusing all that fires the breast,
 And cheats th' unstable soul.

* * * *

Unlike the feast of heavenly love,
 Spread at the Saviour's word,
 For souls that hear His call, and prove
 Meet for His bridal board.

Why should we fear youth's draught of joy
 If pure would sparkle less ?
 Why should the cup the sooner cloy,
 Which God hath deign'd to bless ?

* * * *

Who but a Christian, through all life,
 That blessing may prolong ?
 Who, through the world's sad day of strife,
 Still chant his morning song ?

* * * *

Nor shall dull age, as worldlings say,
 The heavenward flame annoy :
 The Saviour cannot pass away,
 And with Him lives our joy.

* * * *

Such is Thy banquet, dearest Lord.
 O give us grace to cast
 Our lot with Thine, to trust Thy word,
 And keep our best till last !

You know how often I am interrupted while I am writing and reading, and you will not be too severe upon me, therefore, for the mistakes I have made in copying the verses. Commending you and your dear, kind friends to God's most gracious care,

I remain, my beloved Rowland,
Your ever affectionate Papa.

The two following letters were addressed to his eldest daughter.

Tunbridge Wells, Sept. 28th, 1842.

MY DEAR FLORENCE,

I do not like to send off my letter to your Mamma, without adding a few lines to yourself. * We all miss you here very much indeed; but I derive comfort from the thought that your dear Mamma will be so happy in having you with her once. I like to think of you as her companion; and I am quite persuaded that you will endeavour to fulfil her wishes in every possible way. When reading 1 Cor. xiii., which is one of the lessons for this day, I could not help saying to myself, "How beautifully does the Apostle here guard us against an impatient spirit, by teaching us that the love which comes from God will enable us to bear, believe, hope, and endure all things!" Practise this, my beloved child, more and more in your intercourse with your brothers and sisters. Order—is the other thing which I wish to impress upon you. Always remember Theresa Tidy's maxim,

that "there should be a place for every thing," and that "every thing should be in its place," and try to make the back drawing-room as neat and tidy as the front. God bless you, my very dear Florence,
Your affectionate Papa.

19, Portland Place, Feb. 2nd, 1843.

I thank you, my very dear Florence, for the note which I have just received, though I do not think that I can compliment you upon the performance. I do not pretend to be a fortune-teller, and, as you know, I am not very partial to that kind of amusement; but this I know, my beloved child, that if you are to be "a very religious wife," you must begin by being a truly religious daughter. When I was reading 1 Cor. xiii. to the servants last night, my heart turned towards you, as I repeated St. Paul's expression, "putting away childish things;" not that I would check, for a moment, the flow of youthful spirits with which God has blessed you; nor that I would deprive you of one of those amusements, which I like to see you enjoy; but I do want you to consider, what a help you might be, in every respect, to your dear Mother, if you learn to think of others more than of yourself. Mark the few words which I have to add. Self-indulgence must end in unhappiness, because it leads you from God, whereas self-denial must bring happiness with it, because it leads

you to Him, with whom, and with whom alone, is the fulness of all joy. God bless you!

Your ever affectionate Papa.

It was his custom, during his short absences from home, to write daily. Those who have been permitted to see those sacred memorials, bear witness to the springing faith, the joyful, thankful, and affectionate spirit they breathe. He saw God in every thing, and his "heart danced for joy."

In returning these letters, one of his brothers in the ministry writes:—

"Allow me to return you my sincere thanks for your kindness in allowing me to read the letters of your dear husband. I cannot express the pleasure which the perusal of them has afforded me, and the privilege which I esteem it to have been allowed to do so. They are a transcript of their beloved author; just what one would have expected St. John himself to have indited. How do they make one feel the vanity and folly of all anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking; of all foolish and unlearned questions,—of all that does not minister to godly edifying!

"When he was alive, and occasionally favoured me with a note, I can truly say that his letters seemed messengers of Heaven, speaking peace and love, and scattering to the winds all that was of earth. Whatever I was engaged in, they always raised my thoughts to Heaven; and while they made

me look upwards, they invariably led me to far more lowly and humbling thoughts of myself. God grant that I may ever try to follow him, as he followed Christ! It is pleasing to see that his name is had in such grateful remembrance, and that the seed which he was permitted to sow, is springing up still, and will be found, after many days, when we little expect it."

In one of these letters he says: "I am thankful for the prospect of returning to-morrow to the sacred and home-felt delight of my wife and children, with all the sober certainty of 'waking bliss.' You will understand the truth as well as beauty of my quotation from Milton, when he considers his phrase of 'waking bliss,' as opposed to all the dreams in which so many suffer themselves to glide down the stream till 'all is fled;' and even so we might easily dream of a thousand pleasant things; but let us embrace with thankful hearts the realities we possess, and we shall reap from day to day the fruits of our thankfulness. I did not think of preaching when I began, but this is my greyhound propensity, to start off at every fresh thought."

In another letter he writes:—

April 21st.

Praise the Lord, O my soul, for **all** His mercies to me, and mine. The account of our dear child had left me not without some little anxiety for this morning's report, and thankful am I to hear that he slept

so comfortably in his nest, and was, consequently, as happy as the red-feathered songsters who are singing upon the branches at this moment near my window, and who, as they to "heaven's gate ascend," bear on their wings and in their notes God's praise. Yesterday was cold and wintry, but this morning the sun shines forth most gloriously, and as the—

Nestling breeze, so fresh and gay,
Is dancing forth at opening day,

every thing seems to tune the heart to gratitude, and happiness, and love. The Scriptures, too, to-day, seem to furnish abundance of sweet and profitable meditation. The widow of Tekoah might have been a crafty, wily female, but the Spirit of God put a beautiful sentence into her lips, when she was taught to say, "Yet doth He devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him." He may sometimes see fit to hide from us the light of His countenance, but He will not cast off for ever; and though He cause grief, "yet will He have compassion, according to the multitude of His mercies:" and therefore in another Scripture of to-day He says to us, "let us cast all our care upon Him, for He careth for us;" and let us say in the words of the Evening Psalm, "O remember us, O Lord, according to the favour that Thou bearest unto Thy people. O visit us with Thy salvation, that we may see the felicity of thy chosen, and rejoice in the gladness of Thy people, and give thanks with Thine inheritance."

And then the verse of the Souvenir for to-day is very full of comfort. But delightful as the promise contained in this verse is, look at the whole chapter ¹, and you will find it still more touching and impressive, for our God there assures us, that if we will obey "His Angel's voice, and do all that he shall speak, He will be an enemy unto our enemies, and an adversary unto our adversaries." "Yea," says the same Gracious Being, "ye shall serve the Lord thy God, and He shall bless thy bread and thy water; and shall take away sickness from the midst of thee." And let Him only take away the sickness of the soul from all of us, and we shall be content to wait for the day when we shall enter into the land of blessedness, the inhabitants of which shall no more say, "I am sick."

None ever so thoroughly enjoyed nature. He seemed to revel in beautiful scenery, and during the occasional visits made to a dear friend in the country, not a spot of beauty escaped his exploring eye; so much so, that she used to send him out with her stranger visitors, as none did such justice to the beauties around. His descriptions were graceful and poetical. In describing the country-place of a friend, he writes: "What with the masses of light and shadow in the trees, the beautiful sunbeams dancing on the winding river, the green sunny bank beyond,

¹ Exodus xxiii.

with two or three cows gently reposing on its brow, the long shadow on the lawn, and the clear blue sky as the canopy of the whole, it is really like enchantment; and your dear old chanticleer could almost clap his wings and crow. But though I can neither fly nor crow, yet I trust that I have a heart to feel and acknowledge the mercies by which I am encompassed on every side."

In another visit he writes :—

"Even at this time of the year the view from it is quite delightful : the eye ranges down this lovely valley as far as Marden Park, and here and there you catch a glimpse of a church or a hamlet nestling in the trees. It is at the foot of the opposite hills that you occasionally find traces of the Pilgrims' path, which was formerly trod by the multitudes who visited Thomas à Becket's shrine ; and often as I picture to myself the pilgrim from a distant land performing his long and toilsome journey, I pray that I may value aright the guidance of that Star of Jacob, which, teaching us to avoid superstition on the one hand, and infidelity on the other, conducts the Christian pilgrim to the haven of his rest."

Nothing could shake his trust in God. Whatever difficulties or trials pressed, his spirit always seemed triumphant. It was impossible to live with him and not feel its influence. He always seemed as if he walked on air ; and in his letters, written often under

much bodily suffering, for it was almost always illness that took him from home, he ever wrote in the same elevated strain. The following series of letters, written during one of these temporary absences, cannot fail to illustrate this truth.

Southampton, Aug. 15th, 1836.

Never have I felt more grateful for God's works of creation than I have felt this morning. The fineness of the weather and the beauty of the country were most exhilarating; and when I tell you that we performed a journey of sixty miles almost within the same time that it took for my thirty miles' journey on Saturday, you may imagine how well we travelled. For four hours I remained very quietly inside, reading and meditating; but finding, as we changed horses for the last time, that the coachman had room for one on the box, I became his companion, and as we drew near Southampton, the senses of sight and smell were absolutely revelling amidst the smiling cornfields, the elegant villas, the shady roads, the Southampton water at high tide, and the fragrance of the clover hay. So that I said to myself almost instinctively as I rolled along, "O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and declare the wonders that He doeth for the children of men!" You will imagine, from the tone of my scrawl, that I am quite fresh after the labours of yesterday. Under God's blessing, I never felt better than I do at this moment. While the horses changed

at Chichester I visited the Cathedral, and in a short time I hope to feast my eyes upon another. . . .

Betchworth, March 6th, 1838.

As I was sitting in the corner of the coach before the clock struck eleven, I took out my little Bible, and as I turned to the Scriptures of the day, it seemed as if a gracious Father was speaking to us both, by the mouth of His Church, and telling us to hope against hope, under every possible discouragement and trial. For only dwell on those remarkable verses in the Second Evening Lesson for yesterday, viz. Phil. iv. 6, 7. 19, then look at one of the Evening Psalms, viz. Ps. xxvii. 13, 14, and tell me whether any thing could suit us better? When the coach drove off, I thanked God and took courage, and the sweetness of these promises refreshed my soul: after a while, I entered into conversation with my companion, and he proved the very antipodes of my fellow-traveller, whom I mentioned last summer in my way to Pitshill. For he was so far from being of the liberal school, that he groaned deeply over the too general diffusion of what is miscalled knowledge, through the very lowest classes of society, and was decidedly of opinion that the discipline of the Romish Church was far preferable to the laxity of the Protestant branch! Some good people would conclude that I agreed with him altogether, but you would know, without my telling you, that I pursued the

middle course, and I cannot help hoping, under God's blessing, my moderation was of some little service. We parted at Reigate upon the most friendly terms, after having travelled from Confucius and Seneca to Tillotson, Secker, Burnet, and many other English divines, with whom he was tolerably familiar, and all this was interspersed with criticisms on Johnson, Addison, Burke, Swift, and Cobbet, and a long discussion on the subject of classical education. . . . When I think of my five darlings, all their little faults seem to vanish, and I seem to love them more than ever : but I should like to give a little message to them all. Tell dear Florence to practise self-denial in all things, and particularly call her attention to Phil. ii. 1—5, and Rom. xv. 1—3. Tell dear Henry to be attentive, diligent, and obedient, and point out to him the striking passage in Prov. xxx. 17. Tell dear Rowly that I should like him to learn David's advice to his son, 1 Chron. xxviii. 9. And as to Douglas and Mary, what am I to say, but that toast to the one, and sugar-plums to the other, must depend on their good behaviour ? Sweet little Mary, bless her heart, she is always good, and may she ever continue so ! My own communion with you all is through the medium of the daily Scriptures ; and may I not say, in the language of the Second Lesson, that " I give thanks to God alway for you all, making mention of you in my prayers, and remembering, without ceasing, your work of faith and labour of love, and patience of hope in

our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God our Father?" Yes, if in the midst of many trials we are sometimes tempted to say with David, "Oh that I had wings," I feel assured that faith, with her meek and child-like aspect, will enable us to add, "Oh cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall nourish thee!" I rejoice in the sweet persuasion that He will continue to keep you all as an eagle keepeth her young, under the shadow of His wings, and, when I return, may you all find (you first, and my little ones and household, and afterwards all others endeared to me by ties of kindred and of grace, that, in the language of St. Paul,) I am gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children: so being affectionately desirous of you, I am willing to impart to you, not the Gospel of God only, but my own soul also, because you are dear to me.

The next letter is in the same joyful strain of hope and love, though written under very severe illness.

Limpsfield, March 13th, 1832.

Hasten, little messenger, to my beloved home, to say that I am snugly seated by a large fire in Mr. A.'s cottage, and I do not say that the cough is actually gone, but this I do say, that it seems better in every respect. When about fifteen miles from Brighton, I seemed quite revived by the change of air, and although a little sense of fatigue has come over me since, it has by no means chased away the previous delightful sensations of life and freshness. Encou-

raged by this answer to my prayers, let us continue to pour forth our prayers at the throne of grace. Your account of yourself and the children has cheered me beyond expression, and let it still be our united prayer, that the voice of joy and health may long be heard in our dwelling. Had I but Ellen's skill for drawing pictures of scenes before me, I might well expatiate on the little home-scene just before my window. The lawn rises in a gentle slope from the house : it is most tastefully intersected with walks and flower-beds : it is sheltered on either side with artificial banks, well filled with shrubs, and the view terminates with ever-greens and other shrubs, beyond which is a terrace-walk. Though most of the shrubs are still in the wintry state, yet the ground is nicely enamelled with crocuses and snow-drops ; and imagination can easily paint the gorgeous appearance which must burst upon the delighted inmates of this sweet retirement when, in the month of May, all the shrubs are in full beauty, and when some of the American plants are loaded with clusters of flowers far, far beyond "any clothing of wrought gold," or raiment of richest needle-work. We also have some little play for imagination in Montpellier Road. For that which is now ploughed land will soon be putting forth its verdure ; but when old Webb's horses have done their best, we cannot look for any thing beyond goodly rows of cabbages or mangel wurzel. Blessed be God ! I have passed a quiet night. I feel more than ever assured that He, who has provided you

with such strong consolation in His gracious promises, is watching over us both, and is blessing the measure which I have thought it right to adopt; so again lifting my heart in thankfulness to Him, who has “done such great things for me,” I shall now talk of other things. As you say, the hundred and twenty-sixth Psalm is a treasure for us all, and I pray that from the nursery to the kitchen, all of us may know what it is to bear precious seed! !

March 17th.

It is not a remarkable circumstance, but it is, I think, a remarkable instance of that communion of spirit, which may and does subsist between those who are separated in body, that you and I should have referred the very same day, and for all we know the very same hour, to the same words of the Holy Psalmist, “Bless the Lord, O my soul!” The thought came across me when I opened your letter this morning, and found the very words which I had repeated in my letter of yesterday. Let our souls thus continually meet in the Divine Presence, and what is there (as Hooker somewhere asks) that can possibly hurt or disturb those whose faith hath made them the children of God? Dear Ellen has been writing to me, to tell her what she is to do about the Fast. I mean to tell her, that the great Fast of the Church of England is the Day of the Atonement, and

that the most scrupulous conscience cannot deem it necessary to observe any fast-day more solemnly than that solemn day. Sure I am that He who demands mercy and not sacrifice, would not desire you to enjoin more rigid abstinence upon your household than they already observe ; and as for the rest, nothing can be more to the purpose than the Collect for the First Sunday in Lent, to show only the real end and use of such a solemn ordinance, as a method of discipline for the soul. When you have read my little address, you will see, I think, my object in writing it. It seemed as if it had been suggested to me in the "stillness of the night," that I ought to address my flock under my present circumstances, and as I began and ended it, I asked the Divine blessing upon these few and simple words. I should like it to be out as soon as possible, so that my congregation might all be in possession of it during my absence. It is an unpretending little thing in every respect, but if, with God's blessing, it did good to one soul, I should feel as if I had not been quite laid aside during my absence. With kisses to the capricious little olive branches, and my prayers for my domestics,

I remain, &c.

March 20th.

I have just been engaged in the stillness of this little chamber in offering up my supplications in be-

half of the Church, and nation, and kingdom. May He bow down His ears, and hear us ! For He is in truth good, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy to all that call upon Him. It is my prayer for you and for me, for our children and household, and for all those whom it has pleased God to commit to my charge, that He may teach us His way, “that so we may walk in His truth,” yea, that He may “knit” and unite our hearts to fear and love His name. For what is His gracious promise at the end of your favourite Psalm (from which I observe they have taken some verses at the introduction of the Form of Prayer) ? Read the last verse of the ninety-first Psalm, and then join with me as long as we have any being in praying that we may be found among those who “know His name.” And when we look abroad upon our guilty land, how can we do better than pray for all, whether high or low, in the words of that chapter of Isaiah ¹, which forms the first Morning Lesson, that they may learn to honour God, “not doing their own ways, nor finding their own pleasure, nor speaking their own words !” I have seen in the paper an extract from Dr. Chalmers’ prayer on the day of the Edinburgh fast, and it aptly and powerfully expresses the need we have to pray in a more especial manner against that spirit of ungodliness and infidelity which threatens to deluge the land. In my little address, I have endea-

¹ Isaiah lviii.

voured in a plain and simple manner to show the way in which, with God's assistance, I wish to serve the congregation in Trinity Chapel; and it may sometimes be useful to give to those who know me not, this plain declaration of my views. Praying again and again for ourselves and all around us, that our bodies may be preserved in health, and that our souls may embrace and ever hold fast the things which belong to our everlasting peace, I remain, in bonds which I earnestly pray may unite us not only for time but eternity,

Yours, &c.

Limpsfield, March 22nd, 1832.

Here again there was a perfect oneness of thought and feeling: for while kneeling down yesterday in my little chamber, I felt myself animated by the conviction that you and I were in the stillness of our closets, joining our fellow-countrymen in offering up devout prayers and supplications to the Divine Majesty, beseeching Him in the name of our Great Intercessor, that this visitation¹ might turn to our profit, and help us forward in the way of salvation. Much as I have felt it a trial to be away from my people on such a day of solemn humiliation, I am quite sure that even had I stood alone, I should not have delivered more than one sermon on the occasion.

¹ Cholera.

Only one sermon was contemplated by the compilers of the Form of Prayer, and you know how anxious I have always been to impress it upon my congregation, that God's House is a House of Prayer. This truth is powerfully inculcated by a service of prayer only; and without meaning to speak lightly on so serious a topic, I really think that those persons unite more deeply into the spirit of such a solemn ordinance, who would be content with the prayers, instead of looking as a matter of course for the gratification of itching ears.

March 24th.

In writing the date of this letter, have I not written the day on which you enter upon another year? If God shall so permit, a few more days will bring me to the same sort of landmark on the journey of my life; and may we not both of us say from the very ground of our hearts, that all these years of our pilgrimage are years which our gracious Father has crowned with His goodness? Oh! may we ever lay to heart all the changes of God's right hand! and may we not remember that it is only "our own infirmities" which intercept our view of that unutterable love, which is watching over us from the cradle to the grave? And for our precious treasures, too, may we never cease to pray, that they also may experience, with the earliest dawnings of their little faculties, these "changes of God's right hand!" May they

experience the power of Divine grace in changing the natural current of their affections, that so they may flow towards Him who is the only Fountain of light and life, instead of falling in with the impure and turbulent stream of an ungodly world ! In other words, may we with our children and our household become year by year more conformed to our Saviour's image, more obedient to God's will, and more devoted to His glory ! And amidst all the trials of life, may we be able (through Divine assistance) to realize to ourselves that version of Charles Wesley's hymn :—

Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
No joy nor grief, no time nor place,
No life nor death, can part !

All this has arisen out of my meditation on the 24th March, 1832, and it will reach you on the morning of the loved Sabbath, as my little address which you received last Sunday, to the body of my congregation. Let us never forget how the Gospel promise runs, viz. "That to them that have shall be given." Our dear Lord uttered these words immediately after the parable of the sower, and we know therefore that the blessing belongs to the improvement not of temporal but spiritual possessions. Now of all the fruits of the Spirit, scarcely one is more pleasing in His sight than a heart devoutly thankful for His mercies. And can we say that we have this spirit of thankfulness ? I hope we can ;

and sure I am that your welcome letter of this morning has loudly called upon my soul and all that is within me, to offer a lively sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving to our Help, our Saviour, and our Shield. My accommodation here is princely, but I never cease to turn to my little eagle's nest at the top of the hill, and I never cease to pray for you, my little ones, and myself, that we may mount up with eagle's wings, yea, that we may run the heavenly race and never be weary, till we reach the fountain of light and love. Looking forward to the new enjoyment on Saturday of all my domestic blessings, and with earnest prayers for all of you, I remain,

Yours, &c.

In another letter he writes :

“Still do I turn towards home with longing eyes, and with a glowing heart, praying from the bottom of my heart, that the Lord may lift up upon us the light of His countenance and give us peace.

Sun of our souls, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou art near ;
Oh, let no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from thy servants' eyes !

“Yes, let us then walk as dear children in the light of our Father's countenance, and all the clouds and mists, which may now and then gather around us, will melt away before the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, so that we shall have many a Pisgah

view of the land of promise, to strengthen and refresh us during our earthly pilgrimage. You will think that I am giving another of my little homilies, but in truth, there is something in the delicious stillness of this place, which seems wonderfully suited to lift the soul above all the rubs and crosses of this lower world, into a higher and a purer atmosphere. As David says in one of the Psalms for to-day, 'It is good for us to hold us fast by God, and to put our trust in Him.' And if we do so with all our hearts and all our strength, while at the same time our feet are always found in the path of duty, I feel assured, as David says in another of to-day's Psalms, that though we have but a handful of corn, and that as it were upon the top of the mountains, yet the fruit of it shall shake like Lebanon, and will not fail or waste all our life long."

In another letter, dwelling upon the enjoyment he had had in a ride, he bursts forth with David, "'Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise His holy Name !' These words are continually finding utterance from my lips, and I do trust that they only express the feelings of my heart, at the never-failing compassion, and the ever-watchful providence of my God. I had been thinking just before your letter came, that I had been almost three days and three nights without tidings from home, when in walked the butler with your despatch. I gave vent to my feelings of thankfulness on my knees. My

poor unbelieving heart still wants to whisper something; but I betake myself to the shield of prayer, and all the little fiery darts fall powerless to the earth. The Psalms of the day come across me as I write, and my prayer is, that the dew of heaven may rest upon ourselves and our little olive branches, until the great Husbandman of the vineyard may be pleased to transplant us, as the branches of the one true vine, to those 'everlasting hills, from whence only cometh our help and our strength, from this time forth for evermore.' I can scarcely venture to think of you as about to be at Trinity on St. Michael's day; but oh, what a privilege it will be to pray once more together in the courts of the Lord's house, that, 'as His angels do their service 'in heaven,' so we and our little ones may do Him service on earth, diligently, faithfully, zealously, with one consent, and without asking any questions!"

In describing one of his country walks, he writes:—"I told you yesterday that I was to have a little stroll in the garden. The air seemed so reviving, and the afternoon was so beautiful altogether, that I felt an irresistible wish to get beyond the boundaries of the garden; and accordingly, after receiving instructions from my hostess, I performed the circuit of the parish of Betchworth, singing within myself, as I walked along, and making melody in my heart at the freshness and sweetness of every thing around me. I kept plucking cowslips beneath my feet, and even stripped off some leaves of the quickset hedge,

that I might refresh myself with every thing that could bring home to my senses the sweetness and the cheerfulness of spring. I think I must have stepped over about fifty stiles, and every now and then the sight of a bright scarlet cloak in the path before me gave quite a finish to the character of my country walk. Under the blessing of God, the walk would seem to have been as beneficial to my throat, as gladdening to my eyes."

Wherever he might be, or however short his stay, he would never neglect to find out any, however humble, whom he might have known at Brighton in his pastoral relation. Though courted by the great, admired by the talented, he retained a genuine simplicity of mind which was not conscious of favour. He often expressed surprise at the extreme kindness he invariably met with, but never could understand that it was he who thus warmed all hearts. He received it as a proof of his Father's tender compassion over him, and reflecting his own goodness, often thought it existed where it was only in himself. None ever met with more witnesses of love. "Many shall commend his understanding, and his memorial shall not depart away." When he first came to Brighton, he was considered of what is called the Low Church party. In a few years he was supposed to have become a High Churchman. His views on doctrinal points had never undergone the slightest change, though on Church discipline he may have

expressed himself more strongly. To use his own words, in the Advertisement to the second edition of his 'Tract on "Christian Fellowship :"'—"I have heard that some who fully admit the force of the line of argument pursued in the Tract, have yet alleged it as a fact, and a somewhat remarkable fact, that I did not advocate the importance of the Book of Common Prayer, until after the appearance of certain recent publications, entitled 'Tracts for the Times.' Now, although it is sufficiently obvious that the real merits of the question cannot possibly be affected by the correctness or incorrectness of the above allegation ; yet I can truly say, that had the allegation been correct, I should not have been ashamed to return my acknowledgments to the authors of those publications for having rendered me such good service. But in justice to myself, I must be permitted to state, that in a sermon preached at the consecration of Trinity Chapel, on the 21st of April, 1826, I distinctly pointed out the course which as a minister of the Church of England I should always deem it my privilege, no less than my duty to pursue ; and that in a letter, which was addressed a few years afterwards to the people committed to my charge, I reminded them of the manner in which by God's help I had endeavoured to redeem my pledge. This letter bears date the 10th of March, 1832 ; and the publication of the 'Tracts for the Times' commenced, I believe, in the year 1833." He had not introduced services into his chapel which were not generally

adopted, but his heart was ever with them, and he joyfully embraced the first opening to these increasing witnesses of God's glory. I well remember his delight at first meeting one to whom his Catholic views were not strange. "It is so pleasant," he said, "at last to find that I may speak out." That he hastened his now joyful elevation to the Church triumphant by the great increase of his labours in the Church militant, there can be no doubt; but he is now rejoicing in the presence of the God and Saviour whom he adored on earth.

His views upon various points of doctrine, in letters addressed to his brother-in-law, Major Fletcher, cannot fail to be read with interest.

Blandford House, Tunbridge Wells,
10th May, 1835.

Assuredly, my dear Edward, if you attend a place of worship where the Holy Communion is administered every week, I should be unwilling at any time to turn my back upon the Lord's Table. But at the same time I should be equally unwilling to leave my own place of worship, only because I might receive it elsewhere every week. For you will, I am quite sure, agree with me in thinking, that when you have once made choice of your sanctuary, it would far more conduce to the purposes of devotion to repair continually to the same spot, than to go in search of new pastures, which, from their very novelty, are less profitable for edification. But even were the Holy Commu-

nion administered weekly in your own congregation, you must still judge for yourself as to the frequency with which you should receive it. For though, as a general rule, I should be unwilling, as I have said, to turn my back upon the Lord's Table, yet it might occasionally happen that my bodily frame would really be unequal to three hours' intense devotion; and in that case our blessed Lord's maxim of "mercy rather than sacrifice," should serve as our guide. Originally the Communion Office formed a separate service: and often do I wish that it were so administered now. If that were again to be the custom amongst us, I should certainly like to begin every Lord's day (did my strength admit of it) with a morning Communion, under the full belief that its devout reception would admirably prepare us for the remaining solemnities of this sacred day. It is the length of the whole service as now administered, that renders so many persons unable, how willing soever they may be, to partake more frequently of the best and the sweetest of all our Gospel ordinances.

I have thus endeavoured to give you an outline of my own sentiments on the subject; and I hope you will believe me when I add, that I can never feel more real pleasure than when I am doing what I can (though little, indeed, is the utmost that I can do,) towards meeting any doubts or difficulties which ever suggest themselves to your mind. The stanzas in Keble are the very lines which I was reading just before I left Brighton. For they are in the hymn for

St. Philip and St. James ; and Keble is always my companion to the Prayer-book, as the Christian year returns. I have marked them in my own copy as singularly beautiful ; and I am also very fond of the lines for next Sunday, though they are less impressive, because less simple.

I have read all Philip's Guides ; and was on the whole somewhat disappointed. Sometimes he puts a case extremely well, and illustrates it very powerfully ; but not to speak of a few essential defects, arising from the sectarian views (such as exalting preaching above the ordinance of prayer), I found that the words were more exuberant than the thoughts ; and I cannot help feeling that one page of Leighton or Gurnall would outweigh the 216 pages, which, if I mistake not, are the exact length of each of his volumes. This criticism may appear somewhat harsh to you, especially as the Guide to the Perplexed, what you are reading, contains some truly valuable remarks. I am speaking after having read all the five volumes ; and I think that your opinion would in such case come into mine. We saw the Bishop of Ohio at Brighton, and were exceedingly pleased with him ; I have since read his little work on the Evidences of Christianity, and think it quite admirable. It is published in a volume of the Select Library, and I should strongly recommend it to any inquirer after truth. Believe me, my dear Edward, to remain

Your affectionate brother,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

To the same.

Perhaps you would scarcely expect, dear Edward, to hear from me to-day, fatigued as I am after appealing to my people in behalf of the County Hospital; still I do not like to let the post go without a line of acknowledgment, seeing that Bishop Burnet and John Calvin (passengers such as seldom met perhaps in the Brighton coach before) arrived in safety last night. You may be quite sure, my dear brother, that as a token of your affection, any books would have had a more than ordinary value in my eyes. But it so happens that I have always regarded Burnet's *Life and Times* as one of the most instructive and entertaining pieces of history in this or any other language. With regard to Calvin, I am equally surprised and thankful at your having been able to procure me these three volumes. And it will be a comfort to you to know that Calvin's *Commentary on St. John* is peculiarly seasonable, as, in dependence upon God's blessing, I am just about to commence that Gospel as the subject of my afternoon lectures. I shall have him therefore as my constant companion. The more I read of him, the less Calvinistic do I find him, and the more am I delighted with the devout and practical character of all his meditations.

To the same.

In allusion to Keble's hymn for the Wednesday before Easter.

I have been looking at Keble's note from Jeremy

Taylor, and from what I know of the latter, it is not improbable that he may have given the passage the interpretation you mention. But I am quite sure that, according to the context, it does not admit of any such construction. View it in connexion with chap. xiii. ; and you will feel persuaded that, according to the idiom of Scripture, it denotes those who have never been guilty of any species of idolatry, but have looked simply and singly to the Lamb of God. His language may be illustrated by Solomon's Song, Psalm xiv., and 2 Cor. xi. 2, Eph. v. 27, and many similar passages ; and I have sometimes thought it not improbable that in employing these particular images, the sacred writers may have had respect to the xxvth and xxxist chapters of Numbers, where we are reminded how the children of Israel were betrayed into idolatry by the Midianitish women. But be this as it may, I feel quite assured that the passage in Revelation is only written for the admonition of all, whether married or single, or of whatever state or condition, to serve God with simplicity and godly sincerity, and to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.

To the same.

January 20, 1836.

As to the practical tendency of the doctrine, I fully admit that the prospect of our Lord's second coming should at once solemnize and elevate every

feeling of the believer's heart. But for my own part, the more I read upon the subject, the more am I convinced that no view of our Lord's second coming can produce such an effect more forcibly, than that taken by our Church in the Advent Collects and the Burial Service. We are there carried in spirit beyond the dark chambers of the grave to the "perfect consummation and bliss, both of body and soul, which we hope to enjoy in God's eternal and everlasting kingdom, when Christ shall come again in His glorious majesty, to judge both the quick and dead." But how any thing is to be gained by connecting such coming to judgment with a visible reign upon earth, I profess myself quite unable to, comprehend. The coming to judgment is so plainly revealed in Scripture, that it has been made an article of all the established creeds. But is it so with the personal reign? And if not, may there not at least be reason to fear that ——— is begging the question, when he at once interprets Psalm xvi. and the like as proving this doctrine? To my mind, they appear beautifully to describe Christ's mediatorial reign, in its progress towards more glorious days; and I cannot see therefore why they should be restricted to His millennial reign. ——— says with truth that "judgment" is often taken in an extensive signification; but why may it not describe Christ's present government, as Head of the Church? And such is evidently its meaning in John v. 30, and similar passages.

2. The interpretation of Rev. xx. as applicable to

the Heathen is a complete specimen of an ingenious misapplication to support a theory. ———'s sentiments with respect to the Heathen are such as I love to see; but as to his arguments they are absolutely nothing. The Bible is evidently silent on that point; and so we must be content to be.

But the most extraordinary interpretation is that of our Lord's baptizing with the Holy Spirit and with fire; as if one only had been fulfilled in the day of Pentecost, and not the other! I was indeed much amused at the boldness of the interpretation. What is the inference? evidently this, viz.: That we should write soberly and cautiously on all those parts of Scripture which either in whole or in part remain yet to be fulfilled, and that we should learn from the endless varieties of systems to which such portions of the Bible have given rise, to cling the more closely to those all-concerning and fundamental truths, which are graciously intended to be our refreshment in life—our comfort in sickness—and our hope in death.

To the same.

In answer to your question, I should certainly omit the chapter in question in your family reading. I find that on each fresh repetition of the Scriptures in my family, I read several chapters or passages omitted before. But still I omit many, under the persuasion that as our Church exercises her dis-

cretion as to the public, so may her children exercise their discretion as to the family reading of the Bible. The child of God may and will profit by reading any or every part of His Word in private, but on other occasions we may fairly consult the purpose of general edification and instruction. Evans's hasty judgment of Solomon is not new to me. In my opinion it detracts very much from the value of the volume, and I am the more surprised, because his sermons on the "Church of God" are so truly admirable in every respect. I cannot enter at length in the subject, but three points immediately occur to me, in support of the other and orthodox opinion. The first is the silence of the book of Chronicles as to Solomon's fall, and this is presumptive evidence that he arose again. The second is the received opinion both of Jews and Christians, that Solomon wrote the book of Ecclesiastes quite in his old age, and of course after his apostasy.

The third is the remarkable fact, that he was expressly entitled by Jehovah, just after his birth, "Jedidiah," viz.: "the beloved of the Lord." Compare all these with Nehemiah xiii. 26, and you will, I think, have no difficulty in believing that, though Solomon fell back, he did not finally fall away.

To the same.

March 25th, 1836.

As to the subject of fasting, I have long felt that

every believer must judge and act for himself, keeping in view the sentiments of St. Paul as expressed in the xivth of Romans, and the viiith and xth of 1st Corinthians. Self-denial is the watchword of Christ's disciples ; but the manner of that self-denial must of course be regulated in each case by the particular circumstances of health or habit or occupation, which are seldom, if ever, the same with any two individuals. ———'s sermon is moderate for a High Churchman ; but still, when received as an address to a mixed congregation, I would rather have qualified the word exhortation, lest I should have made the heart of the righteous sad, whom God has not made sad.

To the same.

Montpellier Road, April 5th, 1841.

MY DEAR EDWARD,

I might refer you to an elaborate volume on the subject by the Hon. and Rev. A. Perceval, and to Palmer's admirable Treatise on the Church of Christ ; but in Mr. Gladstone's last work on Church Principles considered in their "Results," there is one chapter on the Apostolical succession, which is the very best dissertation I have yet seen on the subject. In one of my letters to Lord Teignmouth, I begged him to propose to Mr. Gladstone when he saw him in the House of Commons, to print that chapter as a separate tract, and if you meet with any of Mr.

Gladstone's friends I wish you would urge it. But in the mean time you must get the book ; and in spite of the first two chapters, which are much too metaphysical and obscure, you will agree with me that it will amply repay an attentive perusal. I am entering on the labours of this Holy Week, and have, as you may suppose, but little time for writing, but I know that you make allowances for me, and therefore I never apologize for my hurried despatches,

The following letters, addressed to his brother William, in India, may serve further to illustrate his train of thought upon the same subjects.

. . . . Having thus given my usual family sketch, I am anxious to occupy the remainder of the sheet (if only I can secure a few minutes free from interruption) with an answer to dear Eliza's question, at the very end of her postscript, on the subject of the Millennium. Do you remember James's remarks in the Appendix to his Discourses on Elijah and John the Baptist? They form, in my opinion, quite a manual for the use of all who desire to form their own judgment on the question ; and I scarcely know what to add, after again reading his summary with attention this morning. But there is a little work by an Irish Clergyman, named Hugh White, with which I am sure you both would be much pleased, and I will therefore tell Richardson to forward it to you. He states the two opposite views soberly and fairly ; and the spirit in which his observations are

made, partakes largely of "the wisdom which is from above." It is, you remember, my beloved brother and sister, one characteristic of this heavenly wisdom, that it is "without partiality," and nothing can illustrate the real scope of the Apostle's observation more forcibly than the mournful, but very instructive fact, that all partial views of truth have been productive of injurious consequences. In my Wednesday Lectures, I have frequently brought the subject of the Millennium forward—but I have always pointed out to my people the difficulties which must attend unfulfilled prophecy; and I have, at the same time, entreated them to imitate the wise and pious caution of our Church, who, while she animates her children with the prospect of Christ's second coming, leaves out of sight all debatable points, lest her Lord's seamless robe should be torn in pieces by contending parties. For many years, my own secret opinion has been that the period of blessedness signified by the Millennium will be in the seventh millenary of the world. But I pretend not to define the precise character of that blessedness; and as a child of the Church of England, it is my prayer, for myself and my people, that we may hold daily communion, not only with the Church Militant on earth, but also with the Church Triumphant in heaven, by looking forward to the day when we together with them, shall have our "perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in Christ's eternal and everlasting king-

dom !” This, God be praised ! is an article of faith, as handed down to us from the earliest days of the Christian Church ; and as an article of faith, it must ever be kept quite distinct from other questions—whether of the Millennium or what else—however glorious they may be in their nature, and however animating to our hopes ! Connected with the subject of real Church unity, I will also desire Richardson to send Dr. Hook’s Visitation Sermon ; and need I add, that it will be a happiness to me to write to you again and again, on the subject of our most holy faith, and to answer any questions you may wish to send me respecting it ? I have been compelled, after all, to write in great haste : but you will take the will for the deed ; and I will just keep my letter open to give you the latest report of us all.

To the same.

Brighton, May 8th, 1839.

. As you have put two or three questions to me, I must endeavour to return you something like answers, though I am now in the midst of preparation for a confirmation, which is to take place (p. v.) on the 4th of June. 1. And first about your dear selves : You ask me whether “ a cheerful and contented spirit,” may be regarded as some little proof of growth in grace ? I answer without hesitation, that if, at all times, and under all circumstances, you can still look up to God, not only

patiently, but thankfully, “thankful (as Keble says) for all He takes away,” and “humbled by all He gives,” you may rest assured that you have “received the Spirit of adoption,” and that all the promises are yours, “yea” and “amen” in the Beloved, for ever! You tell me, that you have met with many who can “write” and “speak very finely, but who act very ill;” and I would undertake to say that all such persons would, if they could, expunge the epistle of St. James from the sacred canon. But the growing Christian will often refer to that epistle, as affording an admirable standard for self-examination as to our daily life and conversation; and he will learn, from St. James, that a deep sense of Divine Providence will always accompany an advancement in Divine Grace. So that if you ask me whether you are growing in grace, I would only ask in return: Do you see your Father’s hand and own His Providence in all your concerns? And do you trace up every thing to the fountain of everlasting love? 2. You ask, in the second place, “why and how it is that the faithful and earnest searcher should ever be in error?” My answer is: because very many inquirers, even though “faithful and earnest,” prosecute their inquiries in their own way, and not in the way which is so plainly pointed out in Jer. vi. 16. But the whole subject of “Catholic verities,” is far beyond the limits of the time and space at my command; and I must therefore content myself with saying, that I have just sent

a little tract to the press on the subject of "Christian Fellowship," and that as soon as it comes out, some copies shall be sent to Tellicherry, as containing the views which I have long entertained on the subject and the method of Christian unity. 3. On the subject of the Millennium I shall not now enter, as I entertain the hope that you will both read Hugh White's little volume on the subject, which is, on the whole, the best I have seen. But I feel bound to say to dear Eliza, that her pretty little distinction between "the revelation to our hope, and the revelation to the faith of the earlier Christians," is more fanciful than solid. I always remember St. Jude's observation, that "the faith" was once, or (as it might be literally rendered) "once for all, delivered to the saints;" and we may rest assured that it will be held in the same manner, by every branch of the Catholic Church, till the end of this dispensation. The Scriptures do indeed speak most forcibly of hope: but this is the substance of "our hope" in every age; viz.: that, "since we were reconciled by Christ's blood, when we were enemies, we shall much more be saved, being reconciled." (See preface to the Bible and to Rom. v.) So that if faith looks to Jesus, as to the Lamb of God, hope looks to Him, as an High Priest and Intercessor! But in saying this, I would not have you suppose, even for an instant, that I neglect, or undervalue the blessed doctrine of Christ's second coming. God forbid! No, I would only keep it in its proper place; and by so doing,

it appears to me that I am elevating it to the very highest point in our most holy faith. For I never think of Christ's second coming, without remembering that I am thereby holding communion with the cloud of witnesses above. For though we must not pray to the dead, or for the dead, we may pray with the dead, earnestly looking to the day when, at His second coming, all the children of God shall have "perfect consummation and bliss, both of body and soul, in His eternal and everlasting glory!" But I must check my pen, or I shall have no space for other matters. Only two words more, therefore, before I pass on; one, to say that Sharon Turner on the Creation is good, but more especially the first volume—the other, to ask you whether you have read Burgh on the Revelation? Presuming that you may not have seen it, I will tell Richardson to forward it, and you must tell me whether you think me extravagant in swelling your book account. But all I have suggested have been little books, and this would do for you on your homeward bound voyage.

To the same.

We leave home on Monday next, for the "calm retreat" and "peaceful shades" of Pitshill. On our first visit, we went ten strong; on our second, eleven strong; and now our hospitable friend is going to receive a round dozen within her spacious walls. When I was mentioning this the day before yesterday

to our dear Bishop [Dr. Otter], (who is very intimate with Mrs. Mitford,) he said with a smile, "that Mrs. Mitford must bear in mind that there is still such a thing as a baker's dozen." The mention of our Bishop brings me to the subject of the Confirmation, which took place yesterday at St. Peter's church. Though only two years have elapsed since our last Confirmation, there were 830 candidates for that holy rite: and nothing could be more admirable than the order with which the whole was conducted. The vicar, in full canonicals, walked at the head of each file, as they approached the table, and his curate also in full canonicals, headed each file, as they returned to their seats. The effect was very striking, as we followed these shepherds with their little flocks, moving silently along the different aisles of that beautiful church; while the good Bishop, as the representative of our Lord, stood with love in his heart, and blessings in his hands, to animate and encourage these followers of the Lamb, for their approaching encounter against the enemies of their salvation! I am greatly in hopes that, of the ninety-nine whom I examined and recommended for Confirmation, almost, if not entirely, all will approach the Lord's table next Sunday; and after having thus completed this blessed portion of my ministerial labours, which has occupied me for nearly two months, I shall feel at liberty to enjoy the month's repose, which is, I trust, in store for me at Pitshill.

Whatever may be F.'s views and feelings, when

he reaches his native land, on the grand truths and ordinances of our holy faith, still I feel persuaded that they cannot disturb the sweetness of the intercourse which ought to subsist between us, as fellow-members of Christ's Mystical Body. And I shall indulge the hope that, as he advances in his blessed path toward the kingdom of Heaven, he will hold increasing communion with the great body of believers who have gone before him, and that he will acknowledge the Scriptural wisdom and piety of a Church, whose object it is so to subdue all those unhappy prejudices which hinder us from dwelling together in godly union and concord, that we may indeed become united in one holy bond of truth and peace, and "faith and charity," and may, "with one mind and one mouth glorify God through Jesus Christ our Lord!" I met with an expression the other day, which struck me as equally beautiful and just: viz. that to love the Church, as Christ's witness upon earth through all generations, is to be a patriot in religion! For when we can say from the heart, "*Salve magna parens*," because we regard her as the very Spouse of our great King, I am sure that our hearts are enlarged by Divine charity, so that we learn to regard ourselves no longer as isolated beings, or as belonging only to some little narrow sect—but as forming the very household of that Adorable Immanuel, of whom the whole family in Heaven and earth is named! They call me a High Churchman, William, and I know not what, for entertaining these

high views of the value and importance of a Church; but be that as it may, I do feel more and more, that true Catholic principles on this point, are, under God's blessing, the only balm for all the schisms, and all the deadly wounds, under which the Mystical Body of Christ has so long been suffering.

Brighton, Sept. 25th, 1836.

. And accordingly we have exchanged our green fields and woods for the glare of Brighton. But though we miss the various beauties of Pitshill, and sometimes are half disposed to sigh after the perfect repose of that delightful spot, yet we know and feel that "there is mercy in every place;" and a growing sense of that mercy will not only make us "content with our lot," but will dispose and enable us to enter upon all our duties with a spirit of devotedness to God's glory, and of cheerful submission to His will, and in a sweet dependence upon His gracious and never-failing help! Since my return to Brighton, I have seen the copy of dear Eliza's correspondence with F———, on the subject of the Holy Communion; and I can truly assure you both, that I am greatly delighted, both with the matter and the manner of Eliza's appeal. There is, I grieve to observe, a disingenuousness on F———'s part, which is not very consistent with the simplicity of the Gospel, and which betrays, at once, the weakness of his cause. I have not the smallest doubt

that F——'s heart is under the influence of Divine grace, and that he is desiring to "live to Him, who died for us;" but it is, at the same time, too evident, that he has been sitting at the foot of some Gamaliel, who has substituted partial and limited statements of doctrine for the whole truth as it is contained in God's word. And it is very remarkable, that in all cases where persons reject or despise the authority of the Church, a spirit of exclusiveness is engendered, which is constantly endeavouring to throw up some fresh barrier against the admission of any weak or ignorant brother. All the various schisms of the present day, however different from each other in other respects, are yet found to possess this one common feature of resemblance. And can any thing show more plainly that schism, in every shape, derives its origin from the pride of the human heart, though that pride may conceal itself from its possessor in the form of an angel of light? But not such is the spirit of the Gospel, and not such is the spirit of that Church, which meekly but truly describes herself as "the witness and keeper of Holy Writ." Love is the badge which she wears, to prove her faithfulness and truth; and this leads her in the spirit of Isaiah xl. 11, and John xxi. 15, to do all she can for the weakest, the simplest, and the meanest of God's people. It was only in our last Wednesday's lecture, when touching on the call of St. Matthew, that I called the attention of my flock to that beautiful and affecting circumstance (recorded

in Matt. ix. Mark ii. and Luke v.) viz. that as soon as Matthew was called, he immediately invited all his old associates, "publicans and sinners" as they were, to sit down with Christ and His disciples, if peradventure they might be brought to follow Him, who came "not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

Nov. 28th, 1836.

. I have read with deep interest all your observations on this most important topic ; and it is quite a refreshment to me to have a little quiet discussion on such points, with one who enters upon them with such a candid and impartial spirit. Severe indeed has been the trial which the Church Missionary Society has had to encounter in that quarter ; but, like other trials, I fully believe it will be overruled for good by the great Head of the Church. The Committees, both at home and abroad, have acted, as far as I am able to judge, with an admirable mixture of wisdom, and firmness, and love ; and after reading the whole correspondence, I am more than ever convinced, that the cause of missions will be permanently advanced, not by the desultory, though zealous, efforts of independent labourers, following their own private devices, and consulting only their own private wills, but by the united and deliberate operations of men bound together by one common principle, and acting as with one all-per-

vading spirit. In one word, whether I look to England or her Colonies, I am fully persuaded that, under the Divine blessing, the cause of truth can only be effectually promoted by those who are content to labour in the ranks of a well-ordered Church, instead of resolving to chalk out a field of labour for themselves. In the latter case, men regard the cause as their own, and pride whispers in their ears, that they ought to swell the ranks of their nominal converts. In the former case we feel, as the members of Christ's Catholic Church, that the cause is not ours but His ; and we are content, therefore, to labour in faith and patience, leaving the issue in His hands. As I have said in a letter to Mr.——, at Madras, I cannot help anticipating much benefit from the establishment of Episcopacy on a larger basis in India. Not to speak of other advantages, we may hope that it will ensure a unity of purpose and action in all our ecclesiastical proceedings ; and in proportion as the blessings of an Apostolical Church are enjoyed by our own people, will they be silently, but surely extended, by the light of their example, amongst our poor idolatrous neighbours. But then, how is this prospect darkened by the awful insensibility of our governors at home to the spiritual interests of the Colonies abroad ! “All for commerce, and almost nothing for God !” has been the motto of an ungrateful country. And yet how graciously has God dealt with us !—so graciously, that I cannot help believing we shall yet awake, as a

nation, to a sense of our high destinies ; and then, why may we not become **the** spiritual, as we have long been the commercial, emporium of the globe ? But whither have I been led ?

Brighton, Dec. 29th, 1837.

. At this holy and happy season (I say, holy and happy, dear William, because the longer I live, the more firmly am I persuaded that holiness and happiness are interchangeable terms), our hearts ought to be overflowing with a sense of God's amazing and unutterable love : and it is under a growing conviction of the benefit which we may hope to derive from a devout and diligent attendance upon the ordinances of His Church, that both James and myself have determined, with God's gracious assistance, to observe, from henceforth, all the Festivals of the Church of England. We began with St. Andrew's Day ; and this week we had Divine Service, both morning and afternoon, for five days together, (beginning with the Fourth Sunday in Advent, and ending with Innocents' Day,) including two Sermons on the Sunday, and one on each of the following days. The attendance of worshippers was large during the whole time ; and I trust that the Lord was with us, to bless our services, and to fill us with all joy and peace in believing ! Caroline was somewhat apprehensive as to my being able to encounter all this additional fatigue ; but several kind friends

assisted each day, and, "with the help of my God," I can truly say, that I do not feel the smallest inconvenience from the exertions I have been called upon to make. The only difficulty I experience is owing to a little accumulation of business during my attendance at the sanctuary.

Brighton, Jan. 18th, 1838.

. In my last letter I told you that James and myself had commenced the Christian year with the observance of the Church Festivals ; and now I have to report the proceedings of a public meeting, held on the 12th, for the formation of a Diocesan Association, for the joint purpose of providing additional church accommodation, and maintaining additional curates. The Duke of Richmond was in the chair ; and one very important feature of the meeting was, that with the exception of our dear Bishop and the Dean, all the speakers were noblemen and gentlemen of the county. I call this important, because we have all been too much in the habit of speaking of the Church, as if the term were applicable only to the clergy. I felt most anxious, therefore, that on such an occasion the laity should come forward in great strength, and the result was more than answerable to my highest expectations. The donations and subscriptions already amount to nearly £3000 ; and I feel assured that we may regard this as the first-fruits of an abundant harvest. Other

dioceses have formed associations to promote church accommodation; but ours has set the example of joining with it the second object of providing a fund for the payment of additional curates. The first branch of the association is in union with the Incorporated Society in London; but the second branch is purely diocesan: and I indulge the belief that, under the blessing of God, it will operate most beneficially, not only in increasing the strength and efficiency of our Christian ministry, but also in uniting us all together, both laity and clergy, in the bonds of unity and godly love! I have been corresponding with the Bishop and with Lord Chichester for many months past; and I only wish that you could have been with me on the 12th to hear the admirable speeches delivered by those two good men, in explanation of the two branches of the proposed association. The Church of England possesses (as Chalmers would call it) a moral machinery equal to the most arduous undertakings. But we have been neglecting the use of the means which are thus placed within our reach, and have been forming central boards and committees in London, which cannot possibly enter into the various exigencies of our destitute parishes. Now a diocesan association (in which our archdeacons and rural deans will be ex-officio members) will enable us to come home to the very door of those who need our assistance; and I feel assured that the association will be kept in healthful and vigorous operation, by the continual

exercise of that sympathy which will be naturally called forth by an intimate personal knowledge of the actual circumstances of those around us. Thus have I again been filling a sheet of paper with ecclesiastical matters : but I make no apology to you, my dear William, for such a long narrative, as I am persuaded that Eliza and yourself will enter deeply into all these details, and more than that, will join together in commending so good a cause to the guidance and protection of the Lord of the harvest. . .

Brighton, March 14th, 1839.

. I must begin with a word of admonition on the subject of real Christian temperance. With such a revolting spectacle as dear ——— describes, constantly before you, I cannot wonder at your feeling rather disposed to receive, in the most unqualified form, all the over-wrought statements of the Tee-totallers ; but upon a little reflection, your own good judgment will, I feel assured, serve to remind you that, in this, as in all other cases, truth is to be found in the middle. In fact, the grand objection which I feel to all the operations and all the statements of the Temperance Societies is, that they go upon the principles, not of temperance, but of abstinence. Now, as Dr. Johnson said long ago, it is comparatively easy to practise the latter ; but it is only the consistent, self-denying Christian, who

can practise the former. It is clear, therefore, that the very title of a Temperance Society, as long as such maxims are avowed, is a complete misnomer ; and although I doubt not that much good has been accomplished, yet I am quite sure that it has been upon a wrong foundation. I have always had the same opinion from the first ; and if you attentively consider such passages as 1 Tim. iv. 1, Phil. iv. 5, 1 Cor. ix. 25, and similar, you will understand why I continue to protest, in toto, against the whole system of the Tee-totallers, as being altogether foreign to the whole scope and spirit of the Gospel. I have the less hesitation in avowing my sentiments plainly on this matter, inasmuch as no one will suspect I am secretly inclined to tread in the steps of ———, and because I am daily becoming more and more convinced, that it is not the quality, but the quantity of any given article of food, which ought to form the subject-matter of Christian temperance. For myself, I have reason to believe that under the Divine blessing, Tayler's strong recommendation of half a pint of double brown stout at every meal has contributed most materially to the improved state of my general health ; and I earnestly call upon Eliza, therefore, not to relax in her efforts, but to insist upon your taking a certain proportion of Hodgson's pale ale as an indispensable refreshment, after the cares and labours of the day. And now, having finished my word of exhortation on the subject of malt and hops, I may call upon you to join with us

in blessing God for the good health which He has continued to vouchsafe to us since my last letter. . .

The following letter was addressed to a member of his congregation :—

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have looked through your little book with care ; and I will first endeavour to commit to paper the few thoughts that were suggested to me as I was reading.

1. Do as the excellent Simeon did, *i. e.* NEVER look out for any particular promise, as if THAT were indispensable to your comfort, but remember that among your Baptismal privileges, is your clear title to ALL the promises of God. Launch forth, therefore, upon the *deep* of the *Divine promises* ; and possess yourself, as much as possible, of the *fulness of God* !

2. Always remember that the grand, leading promise to the Church is that of “the Spirit of ADOPTION, whereby we cry, ABBA, FATHER !” And be quite sure, therefore, that in the darkest and most trying dispensation, God is graciously dealing with you, as a father dealeth with his children, *not* in anger, but in *kind severity* : “*not* for His pleasure, but for your profit, that you may become a partaker of His holiness !”

3. While “*in the body*,” you must expect to share

in all the fluctuations of that earthen vessel which is "subject," alas! "to every skyey influence." But you may rejoice to know that our salvation rests not, as we are too apt to imagine, upon the strength of our own poor *footing*, (for, if so, how could we be commanded to rejoice with "*trembling?*") but upon the unchangeableness and immoveability of the Rock of ages! "I am the Lord, I *change* not: THEREFORE ye sons of Jacob are not consumed."

4. Call to mind, in conclusion, Leighton's beautiful remark, that, as travellers often experience, the *coldest hour* in the *night* is that which is to be followed by the streaks of the dawning light and the warmth of the rising sun!

I do not apologize for the haste in which I am compelled to write, because you know how I am circumstanced. But commending you, from the bottom of my heart, to God's most gracious benediction,

I remain, in the bonds of the Gospel,
Ever most sincerely yours,
ROBERT ANDERSON.

The following were answers to questions proposed to him by members of his congregation:—

1. What is essential clearly to believe on the subject of the second Advent?

I answer at once, that the only second coming ESSENTIAL to be believed, is that which is noticed in

our Creeds: viz. Christ's "coming again with glory, from the right hand of the Father, to judge both the quick and dead." This second coming to judgment is noticed in all the three Creeds, and our Church beautifully refers to the same coming, in the first and second Collects for Advent, and at the Burial of the Dead. When considered as an *Article of Belief*, our Church rests here. And surely we must see the wisdom and the piety of such a course. For what is to be believed as necessary to salvation, except what is plainly and unequivocally revealed in Scripture—so plainly, and so unequivocally, that he who runs may read it? Now that test clearly applies to coming to judgment: but does it apply to Christ's reign? Let the history of the Church give the answer: for almost from the time of the Apostles there have been two bodies in the Church, one taking a *spiritual* and one a *literal* view of the Millennial reign. The knowledge of *this* fact, coupled with the knowledge of *another* fact, viz. that the wise and good are to be found ranged equally on either side, should teach us our duty, viz. to read and compare the Scriptures in humble meditation and in prayer; not to dogmatize one way or the other, but in a simple teachable spirit, to await the fulfilment of that which is yet future, remembering always, that when we say, "Thy kingdom come," we virtually say also, "WHENSOEVER OR HOWSOEVER the Bridegroom may come, may I be prepared to GO FORTH AND MEET HIM."

2. Is it essential that a settled consistent Christian, who has received the Holy Communion, should be confirmed ?

Certainly not essential under the peculiar circumstances referred to in the question. But though not essential, it might even under these circumstances be both profitable and full of comfort. Confirmation was not instituted by Christ Himself; and our Church, therefore, in her Articles, most wisely cautions her children against the error of the Church of Rome, in regarding this rite in the light of a Sacrament. But though not a Sacrament, Confirmation is a Scriptural Ordinance, introduced by the Apostles from the beginning, (see Acts viii. 17, xix. 1—6, with *ibid.* vi. 2,) and ever since observed in the Church: and I have long felt that we ought to regard it, not so much a duty, as a privilege to make this public renewal of our Baptismal vows, and to have the benefit of those prayers which are there offered up, in our behalf, in the midst of the great congregation.

In the early part of his ministrations at Trinity Chapel he performed the whole service, morning and afternoon; and for many years, besides all the Festivals and frequent communions, both on week-days and on Sundays, he had service and a lecture on Wednesday. He superintended his Sunday School, and always met the children once a month on a week-day, to examine them and give them

an exhortation. He also devoted the evening of the first Tuesday in each month to his Sunday School teachers, carefully instructing them in sound doctrine, reading them passages from the most approved divines, Leighton, Hooker, and others of the same kind, and closing with an exposition of Scripture and a Prayer. A most painful complaint which he had contracted in India, rendered standing so great an effort, that he was beginning to feel the performance of the whole service a serious trial of his strength, when Providence brought a dear and valued friend to Brighton; one whose joy and delight it was to lighten his labours. For more than twelve years he was his constant assistant. In Mr. Millett he found a friend indeed; one whose humility made him ever prefer to sit at his feet, whose kindred simplicity of mind made them of one heart, whose devoted and unselfish affection was ever ready at his call. His labour was altogether disinterested. To work with Robert Anderson, to be identified with him in his Master's House, was all his desire; and if ever there was one whose faith and patience witnessed to the truth, it is he. One has been taken, the other left; but the promise of the Lord is with him, and in that day "when the Lord makes up His jewels," he will not be found wanting among the purest and the brightest.

CHAPTER VIII.

ILLNESS AND DEATH.

IN contemplating the Reality which would thus influence the whole of life, it may be interesting to those who are in search of truth, to know how such a devoted servant of God would walk through the valley of the shadow of death. He that lives well, will die well. The same springing faith, which carried him through all difficulties and trials in this world of woe, never failed. He ever kept the faith, and steadily contemplating the end of this life but as the beginning of life eternal, he "slept in Jesus." It was in the early part of 1841 that his strength began to fail; but though disease was rousing into action, though he could no longer go forth on his labours of love with that light step which seemed to impart the life that gave rise to itself, he never rested from his work. On the contrary, it seemed as if the spirit quickened as his flesh grew weak. The sword was indeed too sharp for the scabbard. The gradual, though slow decay, almost imperceptibly increased during the winter and summer of 1842.

He occasionally took excursions with his children, but though he made every exertion to enhance their pleasure, he could scarcely triumph over the exhaustion of nature. It was about this time that the spasms, from which he afterwards suffered so fearfully, began. No complaint ever passed his lips. He would retire into the solitude of his own room, that none might know his sufferings, and as soon as the paroxysm was over, return to his family with a brightness and serenity which left no trace of bodily conflict. He never thought of himself. Though the elastic step was gradually losing its lightness, his elastic spirit rose above all bodily ailment. He would still bring joy and gladness, and shed a bright flame of love on all around him. His affections were like a gushing river, ever flowing and encircling every rock, every stone, every pebble ; irrigating all as it swept along, and sparkling from the sunbeams that illuminated it. It was no dull stream. Though nothing ever ruffled its waters, though nothing could disturb its course, it had a life-giving spring in it, that never felt corruption : it cleansed as it flowed, but never embittered the draught.

During the oppressive heat of one of the hottest summers ever known, when none but those who were obliged could venture out before the evening, he would be visiting poor and sick for four and five hours, and often return too much exhausted even to speak. His Master's work was to be done, and though quite unable to enjoy all social intercourse,

he was always ready at the call of sickness or sorrow. Many a time has he returned quite worn out, his feet blistered from the extreme heat of the pavement, and had just sat down, when a summons from some sufferer has reached him, and he would immediately obey. Sometimes he would say, "I really cannot go; my hours for labour are over, and my strength spent:" and then his spirit of love to the brethren would arouse itself, and regardless of his own sufferings, he would go forth, often finding little real call for such self-denial. It was, however, impossible for human nature to withstand much longer against the inroads of disease, and he was persuaded, with the greatest difficulty, to go to Tunbridge Wells, to his sister-in-law, Lady Hill. He had only intended remaining a week, but, as he wrote in one of his letters, "How true is it that in trifling matters as well as great, though man proposes, it is God that disposeth!" for he was taken extremely ill on the second night of his arrival, and was detained a month. In writing home he says, "I feel like a weaned child in consenting to this separation from my home, but as I have talked so much of obedience, and as I mean to lecture dear Douglas on the same subject, I feel that I must submit."

To show how little he thought of his illness, and of what a cheerful spirit he was, he says in another of his letters, "I had a visit yesterday from ———, the very sight of whose happy countenance, and

sleek and comfortable body, ought to have a sympathetic effect upon me ; and who knows what may be the effect, if I am brought once or twice more into close contact with him ? ”

In another, addressed to a friend, he writes in the same cheerful strain.

To Mrs. E. P.

Brighton, Dec. 28th, 1842.

Feast of the Holy Innocents.

In return, my very dear friend, for all your affectionate wishes, accept our united wishes for all the blessings (in measure a hundred-fold more, if it might be), connected with this holy and happy season. And you may rest assured that these good wishes extend not only to your happy Christmas-party at home, “close packed” and smiling in your sister’s cottage, but to the dear sailor boy, whose business is in “the great waters,” and whose “heart untravell’d” often turns, I doubt not, to those he has left behind. It would have been a great delight to me, could I have had a peep at all your happy faces, even though I must have dislodged for a day or two something more than the *dogs*, or the *cat*, or the *birds* ; but I have been obliged to decline all the invitations of my many kind friends, as I am always liable to take fresh cold on leaving home, and in my present state of health, this might be followed by serious inconvenience. It is now very nearly twelve months

since my dear Caroline has been able to walk beyond the walls of her house ; and it is nearly nine months since I myself have been able (like him of old) to go out, as at other times, “ and shake myself.” But so many mercies have been mingled with our trials, that our song may well continue to be “ of the loving-kindness of the Lord.” One of my greatest trials has been the necessity, under which I have been placed, of relinquishing my Lectures on the third Festival of this holy week. On Monday I was not even able to attend the morning prayer, at which dear Millett officiated in my stead ; but I was able to attend both yesterday and to-day, and was greatly cheered and comforted by the large attendance of my people.

To-morrow I hope to dine at my mother's, to meet my *three brothers*, on which, as you may suppose, her heart has been much set ; and I only hope that I may know how to behave myself, for I have scarcely dined from home for the last four months. Once more, God bless you all, my beloved friend. We (*i. e.* Papa, Mamma, and children) all join in kindest love, and I remain ever

Affectionately yours,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

It was this brightness of spirit which gave his religion so peculiar a charm.

The Rev. C. W. Le Bas, one well known for his piety and brilliant literary talents, in writing of him

says, "In my estimation, it was one of the most winning and delightful elements in the character of my departed friend, that in the midst of all his saintliness and heavenly-mindedness, he still remained accessible to all the joyous influences of a playful and festive spirit. It was a beautiful exemplification of the saying, 'to the pure all things are pure.' I think I have never experienced the happiness of a complete abandonment to those influences so keenly, as I have often done in his society. The memory of such a man is amongst the most precious of my possessions."

During his stay at Tunbridge Wells, he, to a certain degree, recovered from the severe attack from which he had suffered ; he continued throughout the whole of his visit to write most cheerfully of himself, and speaking of the effect of the grace of God on the heart, he closes his letter with the following lines :—

For still to trust, though press'd with ill,
In seasons cold to feel no chill,
Is something more than human will.

He returned, fully intending to resume his duties on the following Sunday, which he was able to do in the morning. The change in his appearance was marked by all. His affectionate and devoted congregation were all ready to weep—sorrowing over the thought that would intrude, that in a little time they should see his "beloved face no more." Their

fears were doomed to be realized. One by one, his Heavenly Father plucked the jewels of health, and dismantled him for immortality. Those who had the blessed privilege of hearing him during those last few months, felt that the spirit was already in Heaven. Strong in faith and prayer, it seemed bounding to leave its encumbering clay. Every word was of love, joy, peace, flowing in one continued spring, and carrying life and vigour to his hearers. It was not my blessed privilege to hear his voice in the house of God for months. The last sermon at which I was present was on St. Luke's Day, when he closed with the words of Simeon, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." It seemed indeed as though the reality would be soon, so death-like did he then appear. Those, however, who followed him in this path of spiritual life and bodily decay, said that his spirit breathed more of his Master's spirit than ever—that he seemed as one already at the gate of Heaven. In the outer court he had ever been, but now he was as one entering, already reflecting part of the brightness which streamed through the opening portal, as one who tarried on the threshold yet once more to entreat "his dear people" to follow where he led. He continued thus to minister in holy things, often in an agony of pain which could scarcely be surpassed, quite unable to walk to church, till the Festival of St. Paul, 1843, on which day he preached, and administered the Holy Communion to a large congregation.

It would be impossible to describe the agony in which he returned on one particular occasion, when a remedy, intended to lessen the difficulty of standing, had failed. He would not allow it to triumph over him, but resting till the last minute, returned to the afternoon duty, and none that received that refreshing spring of living waters which he was the means of imparting, could have supposed that the fountain was fast drying up from which that water flowed, and that the springs of bodily life were rapidly ebbing away. It was the astonishment of his medical friends, when they afterwards became acquainted with the nature of the complaint from which he was suffering, that he could have preached at all, or that he had not dropped in the act. It was, they said, the greatest triumph of mind over body they had ever known. To those who had witnessed his whole life it was less surprising, for none ever seemed more completely to have acted upon what had been promised and vowed for him at his Baptism. He had indeed, from his earliest years, renounced the world, the flesh, and the devil, the pomps and vanity of this world, and the sinful lust of the flesh. As was said to him one day by one of his children not more than six years old, "Papa, what a good man you must be; for you seem to have no flesh, which, as you know Papa, in the Bible means Sin!"

It was at this time that the repeated and urgent entreaties of friends induced him to go to London to consult Dr. Chambers. It was more from a feeling

that it is the duty of all to use every means in their power, than from any desire on his part, or any conviction that his illness required other treatment. He reposed the most perfect confidence in his kind and valued friend Mr. Tayler; but upon his brother-in-law, Lord Teignmouth, earnestly pressing upon him the importance of rest and change, he felt it a call of Providence. The illness which at the time prevented his family from accompanying him, rendered his separation a most painful one, but he went forth in the strength of the Lord, confident that all would be well. In detailing his journey he writes:—

“My only companion was for many miles a member of Mr. Melvill’s congregation: and he repeated a passage from one of his Sermons on the Sabbath, which is worth repeating. ‘Not one in a hundred,’ said the preacher, ‘ever thinks that he is going to the House of God, and not one in a thousand ever considers that that God is his own.’ I seem to feel more than ever that our ‘own God’ will keep us safe under the shelter of His wings, and I commend you all to His tender love.”

To a dear friend he wrote as follows:—

Portland Place, Feb. 1, 1843.

Dr. Chambers will not hear of my resuming my duties for the present; he says that ‘perfect rest is essential to the restoration of the functions,’ and I

cannot say what a weight has been taken off my mind since I have fairly faced the real circumstances of the case, and poured out my whole heart in prayer to my God. I picture you taking shelter under "those everlasting arms" which have sustained us, and will sustain us during our earthly pilgrimage. You cannot wonder that I clung to my duties as long as possible; but after the affectionate interest which Dr. Chambers has manifested, I feel that our God is beckoning us onward in the path which we are to pursue, and that it would be a rebellion to doubt, or to hesitate. For myself, I can truly say, that I feel already braced up for all that is before us, and that I desire with St. Paul to thank God for the past, and take courage for the future. Praying for you all, that mercy unto you and peace may be multiplied a thousand-fold, I remain, &c. &c.

19, Portland Place, Feb. 23, 1843.

I enclose the singing Psalms for Sunday, my very dear friend; and I have deferred doing so till now, because I was anxious to give you Dr. Chambers' deliberate judgment respecting me. He positively forbids me from resuming my public duties for some time to come; and I therefore look upon myself as silenced at the very least for three months to come. I shall not attempt to speak of the struggle which ensued within, after his sentence was pronounced; but, blessed be the name of my God, the struggle is

over, and I seem to be in possession of a peace which passeth all understanding. Farewell, my beloved friend. God knows how earnestly I commend all my people to His tender care, and may my poor prayers be heard and answered !

Your ever affectionate pastor and friend,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

19, Portland Place, Feb. 23, 1843.

Most truly can I say, my dear friend, in the language of the 12th Psalm, that when I look back upon the last two days, I am "like them that dream." My hand shakes so that I can scarcely hold my pen, but it is because I am overwhelmed with joy at having my wife and children with me again. I enclose the Psalms as usual, the only remaining service I am allowed to prepare for the sanctuary.

While all around saw with alarm the growing progress of disease, he ever wrote in the same bright and cheerful strain.

In another letter he adds, "as to my mind, I can only assure you that it is at 'perfect peace,' and I pray that the same 'heavenly peace' may be our companion on earth, as a foretaste of the joys that await us." The following passage will show the sweetness of his deportment and the gratitude of his heart. He says, speaking of his little nephew, who

was only three years old, but whose affections he had won, as he did those of all children :—

Portland Place, Feb. 24.

. The first question to his nurse at six o'clock in the morning is, "How is uncle Robert to-day?" Clover (the butler) too, as you may suppose, is unremitting in his attentions; and when I expressed my fears to him, that I gave him a great deal of trouble, he said, with the tears almost starting in his eyes, "My dear dear sir, never talk of trouble; it is a pleasure to me to serve you." So whether I look to the master and mistress, the child, the servants, or the medical advisers, I can truly say with David, in the Psalm for this evening (Feb. 4th), "His loving-kindness and mercy do indeed follow me" wherever I go, and embrace me on every side. Talking of the Psalms for the day, tell the dear children, with Papa's love, that he thought of them all this morning, when reading the 19th Psalm, and that there is one particular clause in that Psalm which he desires to be engraven deeply in their hearts, viz. that "in keeping," not only after, but at the very time, "in keeping God's Commandments there is great reward."

During this season of separation, he did not forget his congregation. It had been his custom, when illness occasioned his absence for more than one or two Sundays, to write them a pastoral letter, and in

his bed, during his confinement after a painful operation, he addressed them in his usual affectionate style, making a recapitulation of all the parts of Scripture he had faithfully expounded to them, and looking forward with a good hope to the resumption of his labours in a few months. When I say faithfully expounded, it may be truly regarded as such. He never gave a prejudiced view, but read with the greatest care and attention all that had been written by the most approved Divines. He might always be seen surrounded by the best authors on all sides. It was his invariable plan to note down the heads of his sermon on Sunday evening. He commenced writing on the Monday, and the whole was finished by Friday. He used to say that he liked Saturday to be a clear day, that he might be cool and collected for Sunday. He never needed a written sermon, for ideas and words followed each other with equal rapidity ; but on the Sunday, the explanatory part was always written, and till latterly the whole. The incessant interruptions, and the increasing claims of external services, left him little time. Indeed his congregation rejoiced when the book ceased to be used, for it served to bind down his spirit, which at once soared higher and higher, till he often appeared to his hearers as one inspired. There was never any absence of soberness, but so entire a forgetfulness of self, that he was unconscious of any but the presence of his God and Saviour. Of him-

self he continued to write cheeringly. In writing to one very dear to him he says:—

Portland Place, Feb. 12.

I do endeavour to while away every unbelieving anxiety ; and when I look back upon the mercies of the last fourteen years, I feel more and more assured that He whose favours so long have blessed us, will still lead us on “o’er moor and fen, o’er crag and torrent, till the night is gone.” May He vouchsafe both health and grace to bring up our children in His service : may He lead us on from “step to step, amidst the shadows that surround us ; and may every day, and every hour, bring with it many an earnest foretaste of that eternal rest which remaineth to the people of God in the kingdom of His glory !” Unbelief would whisper “how hard it is to be separated !” But one little aspiration enables me to resist the foe, and to think only of the care, the attention, and the tenderness which I am experiencing from all around me at this moment.

Finding that it was quite impossible for him to return to Brighton for a much longer period than was at first expected, his family joined him in London. His active spirit took the greatest interest in the minutest arrangements of the journey, and his affectionate heart overflowed to all. In writing of his brother, Mr. James Anderson, for whom he always entertained the most tender affection and the highest esteem, he writes :—

“Dear kind affectionate James, I could not help crying for joy when I read his offer ; for though I know how he delights in doing kind offices for all, yet I felt unwilling, on the present occasion, knowing how inconvenient it would be for him. Give him my best love, and say how the thought of his companionship has rejoiced my heart. For myself, I feel assured, that, under God’s blessing, all is going on most favourably.” •

The hope which had invariably accompanied him throughout life, made him always think lightly of his illness. He continued to cheer all around him, and nothing distressed him so much as anxious looks.

During the whole of his absence he constantly wrote to his children, till within a fortnight of his entrance into peace. As such memorials they will be read with interest.

19, Portland Place, Jan. 31, 1843.

Many thanks to you, my dear Henry, for your note. Under the blessing of God, I trust that I am improving in health ; but Dr. Chambers wishes me not to fatigue myself with writing, so that dear Rowland and yourself must be content with short answers. You must take pains with your handwriting this half year ; for although what you have sent me is clear and legible, yet the letters are not well-formed, and I should like to see you write now with more ease and freedom, which I hope you will

accomplish after a little more practice. I have thought of you and Rowland and Douglas on going back to school to-day ; and I have been offering up my prayers for you all on the occasion. I trust that Rowland and Douglas will strive, together with yourself, to cheer the hearts of their Papa and Mamma, by their diligence and good conduct ; and you may be sure, dear Henry, that, as St. John expresses himself in his 3rd Epistle, “I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in obedience, in goodness, and in truth !”

I remain, my dear boy,

Your ever affectionate Papa.

Jan. 31st, 1843.

It was very nice of you, my dear Rowland, to send me Mr. Vincent's text, and I trust that we may all have grace so to follow up St. Paul's resolution, that we also may be enabled to “win Christ !” Our Saviour came from Heaven to earth, that He might “win” us back to His Father ; and how then shall we consent to give up such a “gain” as that, for any thing which this poor world can afford us ? I forgot to tell Henry that Charlie sends his love to you all. He says that he remembers you all (as far as Edith) very well, and that he would like to see you all again. He is a very nice little boy, and would, I dare say, like to have some play-fellows. Little Edith seems very fond of saying

“no ;” and it is well for all of us that we should learn to say “no” in the right place. With my prayers for you all, I remain,

Your ever affectionate Papa.

Feb. 6th, 1843.

I write to thank you, my dear Douglas, for your second letter, and to say how happy Mamma has made me by writing me word that you brought good reports from school last week. Do not forget my trick about the Douglas tea-caddy ; and let me indulge the hope that Mr. Malden will find it at the end of the half-year containing two canisters full of the very best tea. Remember me very kindly to dear Hatton, and tell her that I am much obliged to her for all her kind wishes respecting me. Give my love to the six, who can understand what it means, and give some nice kisses to dear “Master Herbert,” who could not quite comprehend, as yet, the meaning of Papa’s message. Your letter is, on the whole, well spelt and well written, but you should say, not “send there love,” but “send their love.” You should also spell “beach,” without the e at the end, (“beache”) as you have written it. But these are the only corrections I have to make, and you could not help the mistakes at the beginning, if Mary was leaning over you. Charlie will, I have no doubt, be pleased with the shell ; but I shall not

say any thing about it until it makes its appearance.
God bless you all !

Your ever affectionate Papa.

14th Feb., 1843.

MY VERY DEAR FLORENCE,

I am much pleased with the note which I have received from you this morning, and I thank you for the very nice account which you have given me of Mr. Vincent's morning sermon. The only part which needs correction is your last sentence. Instead of "the first covenant" you should have said, "the covenant with Noah;" because the term "first covenant," is always applied to that which God made with our first parents before the fall. You then speak of that "first covenant" as only temporary, while God's covenant is eternal. Now, as both covenants proceeded from God, you will at once perceive, my beloved child, that the sentence would have been more correctly expressed thus:—"God's covenant with Noah was only temporary, but his covenant with us is eternal."

With this exception, you have expressed yourself very accurately, and your little abstract of the sermon proves that you were an attentive listener. Give my best love to dear Henry and Rowland, and tell them that I hope to answer their letters to-morrow and next day, as I must not write much at a time.

Charlie was pleased with the nut and the sugar-plum, and he is delighted with the tournament. He was so surprised at the great size of our friend, who dined here yesterday, that as soon as he entered the room little Charlie exclaimed, "Are oo Goliah?" God bless you all! Remember me to Hatton and Jenima above, and to Tanner, Eliza, and William below, and believe me to be

, Your affectionate Papa.

19, Portland Place, 15th Feb., 1843.

I write to you this morning, my dear Henry, to thank you for your nice little abstract of Mr. Vincent's sermon in the afternoon, as I thanked dear Florence yesterday for her abstract of his sermon in the morning. I cannot tell you what comfort I derive from these proofs of my children's attention in the House of God, and I desire humbly to bless His holy Name for the answer which He has thus given to my prayers in your behalf. You may be quite sure also, my dear boy, that I rejoice in your last week's report of your tickets; and I do trust that your good example will not be lost upon Rowland and Douglas, though I must allow that poor Rowland seems anxious to do what he can, when his health admits of his going on with his studies. Will you tell Florence, with my love, that I wish her to copy out for her Papa the first three stanzas (each stanza, being, I think, eight lines) of Beattie's Minstrel? I was very much enter-

tained with the passage which Florence copied for me out of Maria Willock's letter, describing their journey by the railroad. Remember me to all our faithful servants, and tell dear Hatton that she must not be "impatient" about

Your affectionate Papa.

16th Feb., 1843.

And now, dear Rowland, comes your turn for being thanked by your Papa for your nice letter. It is clear from your account, that "Master Herbert" begins to make his own observations upon every thing he sees ; but I hardly know what it can be that particularly attracts his attention in Papa's print, unless it be the wonderful appearance of the two hands, which, unnatural as I always think them, may yet seem bright, and therefore attractive in dear boykin's eyes. Little Charlie is perfectly enchanted with your present of the tournament : and the best proof of it is, that though he is as fond of going to bed as a certain "Miss Edith," yet he will gladly sit up a quarter of an hour longer to play with his pretty figures. I am glad to find, my dear boy, that your cold is better ; but you must be careful not to increase it in this cold weather. You are not likely to return to Mr. Malden's for some time ; but when you come away from Brighton, as you will probably do next week, Henry, Douglas, and yourself, might bring a few books with you, and I dare say dear Hatton would find a corner for them.

Henry might bring Homer, Virgil, a Greek grammar, Verse-book, and Gradus. Then one small Latin dictionary, one Latin grammar, and one little red book of arithmetic, with one slate, might do for you all. In addition to which you might bring your Delectus, and Douglas his Eutropius. Hatton, however, must determine whether this can be managed : and so, dearest Rowland,

I remain your affectionate Papa.

19th Feb. 1843.

MY BELOVED HENRY,

Amongst such a number of you, although I can recollect the month, I cannot always recollect the day of the month on which each birth-day falls. But to the best of my belief, to-morrow is your birth-day ; and under that supposition I write these few lines, not only expressing my hope that you may have many happy returns of the day, but also adding my prayer that you may be an example to all, and more especially to your brothers and sisters, of every thing which becomes a Christian youth ! May the dew of God's blessing rest upon your soul ! May you grow in grace, as you grow in years ! And after being permitted, as I trust, to be an instrument of God's glory here on earth, may you be admitted through the blood of Jesus, and with the aid of the Holy

Spirit, into the kingdom of the blessed! I remain,
dearest Henry,

Your ever affectionate Papa.

P.S.—As I am not on the spot to give you a book,
I should like Mamma to put a crown into your purse.

48, Weymouth Street, 25th Feb. 1843.

MY VERY DEAR BOYS,

To-morrow being Sunday, I like to write to you all in a cluster, to express my hope that on this first return of the day of holy rest, after your arrival at Hilfield, you will all feel what abundant cause you have to rejoice in worshipping that good and gracious Lord God, who has surrounded you with mercies of every kind since you were born, and who has now in His good Providence, placed you under the charge of your dear aunt Timins, whose whole heart seems engaged in providing for your comfort and your happiness. I dare say you will all like to repeat the Collect to your aunt, and if you can also say the Epistle (out of which the Collect is composed), she will be delighted to hear you. To-morrow is called Quinquagesima Sunday, because it is the last of the three Sundays before Quadragesima, or Lent, and therefore, as you know, these three Sundays are called by the round numbers, seventy, sixty, fifty, as coming before the forty days of Lent. The approaching

season of Lent is a season of self-denial; and the Collect for to-morrow is about that most excellent gift of love. Why is this, dear children? even because love is at the bottom of all true self-denial. Love Jesus, and you will easily learn to deny yourselves for His sake. Love each other, and mutual self-denial will be sure to follow. Love your dear aunt Timins, and you will need nothing else to make you attend to all her wishes from morning till night. God bless you all! dear Henry, Rowland, and Douglas.

Your ever affectionate Papa.

4th March, 1843.

MY DEAR HENRY, ROWLAND, DOUGLAS,

Though I am obliged to lie almost flat upon my back all the day long, I am anxious, if possible, to write you my little Sunday note, to be a bond of union between us to-morrow. Our Church orders that the week beginning with the first Sunday in Lent shall be one of the four weeks in the year called "Ember weeks;" and if you look into the Prayer-book between the Litany and the Thanksgivings, you will find two beautiful prayers to be read on these occasions, in behalf of those who are about to be ordained deacons or priests in the Church of England. Two of you, at all events (Henry and Rowland), might learn the first of these prayers and repeat it to your dear aunt Timins. When you think,

my beloved children, how arduous have been the duties which your poor Papa has had to encounter in the performance of the ministerial office, you will feel the more disposed to pray for all other clergymen, that they may, indeed, have grace and power to "set forth God's glory, and to set forward the salvation of souls!" The prayer ought to be used in Aldenham church to-morrow, but it is too often forgotten. God bless, and guard, and guide you all, my dearest children!

Your ever affectionate Papa.

This last letter was written on the day previous to our arrival in London. He writes:—

Feb. 21st, 1843.

As Hatton will give you a personal report of me, and as you will scarcely have time for any thing when this arrives, I shall literally do no more than impart to you the word of comfort which I have just been receiving myself. For upon looking forward to the Old Testament Lesson for to-morrow, my eyes immediately encountered those delightful words, "Fear not, neither be discouraged: the Lord thy God bears thee as a man doth bear his son, in all the way that ye went, until ye came to this place." And then for the morning Psalm we shall have the 107th, that unequalled portrait of God's gracious Providence. Let us ponder all these instances, and we shall understand more and more of the loving-kindness of the Lord. Praying, earnestly praying,

that "in your going out and coming in" to-morrow, the Lord may place underneath you the "Everlasting Arms,"

I remain, &c. &c.

These were the last lines I received from him, and it may seem strange that one so nearly connected should record the passing away of his life of love ; but none were near him to know, as I did, the events of those changeful hours. His brother's duties at Brighton broke in upon the constant attendance which he would fain have given. Suffering interfered with the visits of the nearest and dearest. We were, as it were, separated from the world, but the holiness of that season seemed a foretaste of heaven. "Not a sob, not a sigh met the ear." Ever rejoicing, ever patient, ever alive to all that called for kindly affections, he seemed like one preparing for a pleasant journey ; gradually unclothing, till the last remains of mortality dropped off, and the spirit winged its flight into the realms of light. The day before he left Portland Place for Weymouth Street, where he had taken a house, he was gratified by a letter from the Bishop of Chichester, containing the offer of a living near Arundel. This most unexpected kindness on the part of the Bishop was, indeed, a drop of sweetness in his cup of bitterness. The manner, and other circumstances, greatly increased his sense of the favour intended to be conferred. Though the good intentions of him who offered it were not permitted

to be realized as regards this world, the remembrance of it cheered and brightened the gloomy path of suffering and decay ; and will ever be remembered with gratitude by the family and friends of him who has exchanged an earthly living for an eternity in the heavens.

The first days of his residence in Weymouth Street were passed in sending his pastoral letter to his congregation. Those who witnessed his vigour and animation, could scarcely believe that such power of mind could be hovering over an open grave. Yet so it was. The hand of death was gradually gaining a tighter grasp upon the vitals ; but each day seemed to bring an increase of the pure and heavenly flame that seemed to receive life and warmth from a source that never failed. His sufferings were at times intense, particularly after eating ; but as soon as the spasms ceased, he would resume his book or his writing, far more anxious for others than himself. It was not until the last ten days of his life, that he ceased to occupy his usual place in the drawing-room ; but though confined to his room, his cheerfulness and playfulness never deserted him, and he would frequently smile as he spoke of the Quixotic appearance of his emaciated frame. In the sound of that voice none could ever fear ; it always spoke of life and hope. The great increase of weakness and suffering induced a proposal that his brother should be sent for from Brighton, and this led him to speak of himself. Upon his being asked

if he would not like to see his brother, he immediately answered with great feeling, "Oh ! how I have wished it !" This wish had never been expressed, from the fear of its exciting anxiety in the minds of those most dear to him, so completely had he accustomed himself to think of the feelings of others, with no regard to his own. He then spoke with the greatest calmness of his worldly affairs. No unbelieving fears disturbed his peace. He had his house always in order, and none could ever accuse Robert Anderson of inconsistency in the minutest concerns of life. Though denying himself every personal gratification, he always acted nobly and liberally by all. He ever felt that what was right should be done, and that God would never withhold the blessing. He subscribed largely, considering his income, to many institutions. He used the interest which the affection of friends supplied in constantly doing acts of kindness, which secured the happiness and comfort of many. Numbers will arise and bless him. It was his invariable custom to put aside a weekly oblation, making it larger on the festivals. This at the end of the year was disposed of in some act of mercy. He used to feel that none were ever poorer for giving to God. The luxury of giving otherwise he considered as only for the rich ; but the poor and the needy should never cry in vain. Had he been less liberal he might have died a richer man, for from his earliest years his hand had ever dealt liberally. No lesson was ever so hard to him as the withholding

his liberality ; but to do justly in all things was his rule, and he felt that what God withheld he had no right to give. None ever waited to be paid, and none ever asked mercy from him in vain. He was always the first to do justice and to act love. The memory of such a man is dear to all who had dealings with him, and many a blessing rests upon his children as they move among them. It was but a short time since, that as his sister walked along, she heard a strange voice call out, "God bless you ! madam, for your brother's sake ;" and many, indeed, are the hearts that beat at the sight of any belonging to him. Even in their journeys his children have met with love and attention on their names being known. Such is the witness to Reality. After the conversation on his worldly affairs his brother arrived from Brighton. He received him with a burst of affection. All his heart seemed to overflow in a heavenly stream of love. On the following day he received the Holy Communion. Like Jacob of old, he had gathered his feet in his bed, and there was an illumination in his countenance, and an expression that witnessed to another spirit than his own. In the morning he had suffered from a faintness which seemed almost of death ; but the prospect of that heavenly banquet had aroused all his energies, and none seemed so completely self-possessed. Even at this moment his earthly affections were as warm as ever, for the unexpected entrance of his dear and valued friend, Mr. Tayler from Brighton, whose usual kindness had

induced him in the midst of the numerous claims on his time to make an effort to see him, called out his warmest feelings, and all who witnessed it will never forget the meeting. It was the remark of all the medical friends who saw him, that they had witnessed many deaths where the soul was all in heaven, and many where despair was all in all ; but that they had never seen heaven and earth so completely united. The affections seemed to flow in one continued stream to God and man. "All that was good of earth was there, and heaven seemed present on earth. In writing of him Dr. Chambers says :—

"You do me no more than justice in believing that I had an unfeigned love for, and admiration of, your dear husband. Though I had not been very long acquainted with him, I was sufficiently so to have ascertained that he was one of the best, honestest, and most disinterested beings I ever saw ; and in his loss I feel that I have been deprived of a real friend, one whom I could have trusted on every emergency for advice and consolation, and to whom I could have unhesitatingly applied in any necessity for his honest and valuable assistance."

Dr. Chambers's devoted kindness and attention can only be remembered with the deepest gratitude. Indeed, both from him and Mr. Pennington he received the most unwearied attendance. Sir B. Brodie, although almost a stranger, was equally anxious to do all that human skill could perform.

All that man could do, was done, but it was not the will of God that prayers should be answered according to our will. The devotion of friends it would be impossible to describe. There was nothing that love could bring that was left at a distance. The neighbours in astonishment sent to know who it could be, in whom such interest was felt. It was not Name but Grace that thus attracted. As of this world, the name of Robert Anderson was little indeed, but the spirit was that of his Lord and Master; and as such it kindled love more and more, as it returned to God who gave it. That spirit rose as the communicants assembled round his bed. He alone was calm and composed, and as his brother approached with the Holy Elements, he reverently raised his cap from his head, that he might not be covered on so holy an occasion, and taking up the words that trembled on his brother's lips, pronounced them in a clear and distinct voice. When all was over, and silence and solitude had resumed its place in that chamber of spiritual life and bodily decay, the spasms, which seemed as it were to have been awed into silence, recurred. He was constantly sick, but no sound of complaint proceeded from his mouth. All he regretted was the trouble he gave. All that was done for him pleased him, and his lips were ever moving in praise and thanksgiving to God, and in expressions of love and encouragement to his attendants. He liked to take the little nourishment he received in threes—not from any superstitious

reverence to the Trinity, but from the constant habit of his mind, that had ever associated holy things with all his actions. On the same principle he generally denied himself something on the Friday, that it might serve to remind him more especially of its being the day of our Saviour's sacrifice. The reality of his holiness consecrated an act which in itself had nothing beyond remembrance, and well would it be if our minds were thus imbued with the Spirit of God! If the fountain were holy, we should not hear so much of the injury done by the spray and little drops that fall around. All would be looked upon as the dew of Heavenly Grace. The Psalms and Second Morning Lesson were read to him every day—sometimes by the little Mary, who has since joined him in the assembly of the just made perfect. She was the last of his children who ministered to him; for the bud that has since blown in the Paradise of God, had so developed its folds on earth, that her little heart beat with riper feelings than is generally the case at her early age. She gave him his medicine three days before, and frequently dwelt with tearful delight on the half hour when she was for once trusted to watch him, and how her dear Papa had raised his trembling hands in time to the Psalm played on a street organ, the performer little thinking of the effect produced by his unconscious melody. She herself, a few minutes before her departure, requested that her shutters might be opened that she might see the sun—exclaiming three times, “how glorious, how glorious,

how glorious!" and then desiring them to be closed, composed herself to die. A convulsion came on, in which she said to her affectionate attendant, "Pray do not think that I am making faces at you, I cannot help it." Her tender spirit shrunk from giving offence—it was too shrinking, too tender for this world.

The Lord has housed this gentle lamb¹. Her dear Papa liked her little voice; for though only seven years old she read with the "deepest feeling, and frequently went through the whole Church Service on Sunday." This soon became too much for him. He could bear little, and would say, "You cannot think how little I can bear." He needed it not. The Bible was in him, and the Psalms were his own. He observed frequently, that though he could not sleep, he had learned to lie still. "About two o'clock I pray, and then I repeat Psalms and portions of Scripture." He dwelt much upon the

¹ At seven years old this little girl composed the following French fable, merely repeating it, as she composed it, without the slightest previous consideration. She had been asked to tell some French stories, which she had done, and ended by saying, "Now I will tell you a fable," which she did as follows:—
"Il y avait une rose dans de l'eau. Auprès de la rose était une feuille morte. La rose dit à la feuille, Pourquoi vous êtes-vous jetée à terre? La feuille dit—Je ne me suis pas jetée, mais personne ne se soucit de moi, parce que je ne porte pas une fleur. Une petite fille qui aimait bien les roses entra, saisit la rose, et la mit en pièces. Elle ramassa la feuille, et la mit dans l'eau. Voilà comme la rose était punie de sa moquerie."

delicious dreams he had, saying, "How good it is of God to send them; they are such as I used to have as a child! I have been walking through green meadows, by fresh streams, and under the shade of lovely green trees." Throughout the whole time, his cheerfulness never deserted him—he took the greatest interest in every thing, and was quite distressed to find that he had been spared the trouble of signing some irrelevant papers. He, as usual, on the Friday wrote down the singing Psalms for the Sunday, which he had always been in the habit of selecting. The effort was a great one, his eyes were weak, but instead of making a difficulty, he smiled at his infirmities with "reverent gaiety." When his kind medical friends, to whose kindness it would be impossible to do justice, came in, instead of being full of complaints of his own suffering, he would say, "Well, dear friends, I grieve to do you no more credit;" and on one occasion, before he would even speak of himself, his first question was for a young friend¹ who was then ill, and who has since entered into the same glorious rest. His sufferings were so great, and quiet was so strictly enjoined, that he conversed but little, though whatever fell from his lips was a witness to the spirit that was in him; love, joy, peace, long-suffering, patience.

On Saturday, 19th of March, he received the intimation that his annuity from the Civil Fund in Madras, to which he had been a subscriber many

¹ Mr. H. Goulburn.

years, had been granted. His first words were, "Before we speak of it, let me thank God for it;" and he offered up a beautiful prayer, and then said, "the first duty is to devote part of it to God's service." Monday the 20th was a night of weariness and suffering; and, for the first time, he entreated to be left in peace, all the remedies having produced nothing but sickness. This distressing symptom continued till within a few hours of his joyful release. In the morning of Wednesday, it was evident that he had begun to approach the veil, and that in a little while he would have entered in. Still his mind remained as clear as ever, and his affections as alive.

"On the last evening of his life, after the last remedy had been applied which the skill of man could suggest, and" his brother, (as he has truly stated in his Sermon upon the subject,) "had offered up prayers with him at the Throne of Grace, he repeated some of the words of hope and constancy which St. Paul once spoke for our encouragement and example, especially those addressed to the Church of Corinth." The patient sufferer took up the words, and went on with the passage while his brother was repeating it; and, after a short pause, said in the words of one of his favourite hymns, and in the most cheerful tone,

When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?

On the last morning of his life, all hope being at an end, his family were admitted to his dying bed.

And here I thankfully avail myself of a memorandum which his brother James drew up a few hours after the events which it describes had taken place. He drew it up, in the first instance, solely for the information of his bereaved mother and other members of the family, who were not in London; and part of it he has introduced into the Sermon which he felt it his duty to preach in Trinity Chapel, on the Sunday after the funeral. To the fidelity of this brief narrative, my own recollection of the scene bears distinct testimony.

“ When I went into my dear brother’s room this morning a little after seven o’clock, I saw a marked difference which had taken place during the distressing hours of the night. His countenance, however, still wore the same serene aspect which marked it in the days of his active cheerfulness; and, after speaking together for a few minutes, I proposed that we should join in prayer, together with his wife and faithful servant Hatton, who had both been watching and attending upon him all the night. At the conclusion of our prayer, in which he joined most fervently, he exclaimed, as he had done always before, ‘ Peace, peace! How gracious God is in so making it all peace! I may say with good Lord Gambier, that although pain may distract my body, yet it cannot disturb my spirit.’—‘ Now,’ said he, turning towards his wife and raising his voice, ‘ now is the time to claim God’s promises. Never be afraid.’ Being asked whether he realized those promises, ‘ I

realize them all,' he answered, ' to the fullest extent that can be given to a poor miserable creature. If I were not in such torture, what peace I could speak ! Pray tell them so.' He still continued suffering from spasms : and when Caroline, after having given him something which she hoped might afford him ease, asked him if he felt comfortable, his answer was, ' Not comfortable, but so happy.' Soon afterwards, whilst I was sitting by his bedside, he asked if it were not the 23rd of the month, and upon Caroline answering, ' Yes,' and that it was Edith's (his youngest daughter's) birthday, he said, ' Ah ! dearest Edith, God bless her. Remember this morning's Psalm (110th),' he continued, ' and let us be thankful for the assurance which it gives,' that "The Lord shall make His people willing in the day of His power." About half an hour afterwards, I mentioned this circumstance to Lord Teignmouth, who was watching anxiously in another room, as an instance of my dear brother's strength of memory amid all his sufferings, and of his characteristic readiness in deriving from each day's daily service, guidance and support for his daily duties. Lord Teignmouth was struck with it ; but observed it was the 22nd of the month. When I next returned to his room, which was very soon afterwards, I whispered to Caroline that we had made a mistake in the day. I spoke so gently that I thought Caroline herself could hardly have heard me, but Robert's quick ear caught it, and he said, ' Why, is not this Thursday ? ' ' No, not Thursday,'

I answered, 'but Wednesday.' 'Ah! true,' he replied, 'and of course it is the 22nd. But then there is a Psalm cheering us this day too, the 107th, "O, that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness, and declare the wonders that He doeth for the children of men!"' Words of prayer and blessing, and affectionate remembrance, for the most part expressed accurately in the language of Holy Scripture, were continually falling from his lips; although the pain scarcely ever ceased assailing him. He prayed for his wife, his children, his family, and many of his dear friends by name; and then pausing, he added, 'May you be one body in Christ. Amen!' I cannot now remember all whom he mentioned: but I heard him say, 'and dear Millett too, good creature; but how can I speak of them all?' He then pleaded God's word with reference to himself: 'Try me, O God,' he exclaimed, 'and seek the ground of my heart; prove me, and examine my thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting! Strengthen me, O Lord, with Thine own power, for Jesus Christ's sake.'

"Some of his nearest relatives, who had been prevented from seeing him on the previous days (lest the excitement of the interview might interfere with the remedies which were still resorted to) came now to his bed-side; Lord Teignmouth, my eldest sister, and my brother William. He embraced, and kissed them all, most tenderly: besought God's blessing

upon them and theirs, and assured them of the peace in the Lord Jesus, which was his portion. With all this, there was the most anxious and assiduous regard (as there had been throughout his illness, and, indeed, throughout his whole life) for the feelings of others. He seemed to be thinking only how he could spare them. When I was lifting him up at one time in bed, he said to me, with the same sweet expression which always beamed from his eyes, 'I am sorry, dear brother, I cannot help you myself, but I am so exhausted.' Speaking of his five boys, he said, 'May the God of my fathers, the God of Abraham, of Isaac, of Jacob, the God which hath fed me all my life long unto this day, redeem them from all evil, and bless the laits !'

"Towards noon, he asked more than once what hour it was, and I was at a loss to think why he should have asked the question. But the cause was quickly made known: for, soon afterwards, he said to his wife, 'Dear Caroline, it must be 12 o'clock now, and remember you have to take that draught; pray take it. Medicine may do you good, though it cannot do me.' I was not in the room when he said this, having gone down into the drawing-room to see his two eldest children, who were much distressed; and to whom Eliza, William's wife, was kindly reading. On my return, I heard that he had been delivering the most affectionate messages to our dear mother, and to my second sister, who was detained at Brighton by illness. Soon afterwards he said, 'James,

are you here ?' 'Yes,' I answered, and laid my hand upon this. His hand was then nearly cold, but it grasped mine firmly, and he said, 'Take care and carry my blessing to my godson in India, dear Bob. May he dwell under the defence of the Most High, and abide under the shadow of the Almighty ! He is a generous-hearted, kind boy, and I always loved him. May he live to be a blessing to his parents and a servant of God ! And all your other children too, James, especially dearest Di, sweet child ! Give them my love and my blessing. Tell dear Barbara this, with my love.' And then, after a little pause, he said, 'Tell my dearest mother how I think of her and pray for her. May the Lord pour into her bosom a thousand-fold blessings for all that she has done and borne for me ! And Helen, too, tell her that I pray for her recovery, and trust that she may soon be restored, and be useful in her generation, as she ever has been. I believe her to be a child of God. May she turn many to righteousness, and when it pleases God that she shall depart hence, "goodness and she will fill one monument!"' 'That is a true word, my dear Robert,' I said, 'like all that you have spoken.' These messages to my mother and sister, I was told, were nearly the same as he had before charged to be delivered to them while I was absent, except the addition of the last line respecting my sister.

"Among the many objects of anxiety then crowding upon my mind, I felt especially desirous to receive from him one word of counsel, with respect to his

successor at Trinity Chapel. And, availing myself of a brief interval of repose, I mentioned to him the names of the two friends¹ who shared with me the responsibility of the appointment, and said, 'We will do what we can to secure to your affectionate people a faithful minister, and I think we are of one mind and heart with respect to this important matter. I pray that we may choose a man who shall walk as closely as possible in your steps. But it will be a great guide to us, I think, if you should name any one whom you would wish to be your successor.' Caroline, who was close by him when I said this, suggested the names of one or two valued friends. He paused for a few moments to consider, evidently unwilling to say any thing, which (without having had the opportunity to communicate with any party on the subject) might encumber or perplex others: and then calmly answered, 'God in His own good providence, dear James, will doubtless order all this aright, and to Him I leave it. You will do your duty.' In this matter, as in that of his wife and children, it appeared as if his unquestioning trust in God was not for an instant to be crossed by any calculation or forecasting of human contrivance. At the same time, he showed the most minute and careful recollection of practical details. As an instance of this, he said to me a few minutes after he had returned the answer which I have just noted,

¹ Lord Teignmouth and Mr. John Thornton.

‘You will find in the table-drawer all that remains of the Communion Fund and School Fund ; take care of it, and apply it in the proper way.’

“ During the last hour, the pain seemed certainly less ; and the slight disturbance which remained was much mitigated by some medicine which Mr. Pennington gave to him about eleven o’clock. He laid tranquil as a babe, occasionally lifting up his emaciated hands in token of prayer. About half an hour before he died, he said to Caroline, “ Be sure to tell Miss Jellicoe, and Miss Furber, and Mrs. Burnell, and those other friends whom I leave at Trinity Chapel, how much I owe to them.’ These were the last words he spoke. We refrained from disturbing him, or doubtless he would have said more, for his strength was not gone. There was no restlessness, no tossing, no excitement. His wife, my eldest sister, his faithful servant, and myself, waited in stillness around him, until it should please God to release his spirit from its poor, worn-out tabernacle. He breathed most gently. There was a slight moan for a moment ; then a return of the same gentle breathing as before ; after which, I thought I heard a low sigh, but I am not sure. I bent forward to see if life had fled, but could scarcely determine whether it were so or not. His dear wife, at that moment a widow, was reclining on the bed near him ; she seemed instinctively to understand how it was ; and, —having gently, and for the last time, laid her hand upon him, with an expression of grief and tenderness

which I never shall forget—she withdrew with me, to weep indeed, and to pray ; and yet even in our tears to bless God for that rod and staff of His mercy, which had sustained His faithful servant as he walked through the valley of death.”

His remains were laid, on the 29th of March, in the family vault of his beloved father-in-law, Lord Teignmouth, in Marylebone Church. In the same church, on the 12th of February, 1829, had he been united in holy matrimony with her who has ventured to record this memorial of him : and to the same resting-place had he himself consigned, in later years, three other beloved members of her family.

“ Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours ; and their works do follow them.”—Rev. xiv. 13.

A tablet has been erected to his memory by his devotedly attached congregation in Trinity Chapel, Brighton, which bears the following inscription :—

Sacred to the Memory of

ROBERT ANDERSON :

Who throughout a period of more than seventeen years
Approved himself a faithful Minister of God
In this House of Prayer.

The love of Christ, which here he sought to magnify,
sustained him
As he walked in holy cheerfulness each round of daily duty,
Imparting fervour to his prayers, wisdom to his counsels,
And tenderness even to his reproof.

It was the will of his Heavenly Father to summon him to rest
When the burning light of his example shone most brightly
in the Church,

And the graces of his ripened manhood were in the
highest exercise.

In death, as in life, the blessing of his God was with him.

He was born April 3rd, 1792.

He died March 22nd, 1843.

This Tablet has been raised by the Members of his bereaved
and grateful Congregation,
And by others who, like them, esteemed him very highly in
love for his work's sake.

APPENDIX.

THE following are three of the Pastoral Letters to the Congregation of Trinity Chapel, to which reference has been made in the preceding pages. The last was addressed to them whilst he was under intense suffering, a few weeks before his death.

To the Members of my Congregation.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

IT is the will of God that I should be separated from you for a season ; but though absent in body, I would show that I am present with you in spirit, by endeavouring in this Short Address, to direct your attention to two points, which, during the six years of my ministry among you, I have invariably sought to illustrate and enforce.

I. The *one* relates to the duties of your Christian privileges.

II. The *other* relates to the character of the ministerial office.

I. Ever since the commencement of my ministry, and more especially in my Course of Lectures on the Liturgy of the Church of England, I have spoken to you of the Book of Common Prayer, as exhibiting the mark at which Christians are commanded to aim. In that part of the Prayer-book which contains the offices of the Church, you behold a com-

plete picture of the Christian life. These Offices describe you as “members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven.” They represent you, one and all, as having been admitted into the covenant of grace, and thus placed in a “state of salvation.” And in the two Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord’s Supper, you behold the seals of that covenant, and the pledges of Divine love, to your great and endless comfort. Such is the character of what are commonly called the Church Offices ; and if your hearts are really touched with a deep conviction of these solemn truths, you will regard the stated Services of the Church, not as dull and barren forms, which it is a weariness to repeat, but as expressing the language of God’s redeemed people, through all the periods of the Christian year, and under all the trials of the Christian life. You will never be wearied by the repetition of such a Liturgy as this ; but you will feel and acknowledge more and more, on each returning Sabbath, that prayer consists, not in inventing new terms and phrases, but in uttering old and often-repeated words with a new spirit, and in applying the subject-matter of the petitions more and more closely to your own wants and infirmities. In one word, you will rejoice in possessing what you may at once regard as a Manual of Devotion, and as a sure test by which you may ascertain the growth or decay of your spiritual affections.

II. The other point to which I have frequently and earnestly solicited your attention, is the character of the ministerial office. “When I came to you, brethren, I came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified¹.” Such was the spirit in which, with God’s assistance, I endeavoured to enter upon the labours of the Christian ministry ; and it has been my continual prayer, that I might be found to preach “not myself, but Christ Jesus the Lord ; and myself your

¹ 1 Cor. ii. 1, 2.

servant for Jesus' sake¹." In the Lectures to which I have already referred, I took occasion to remind you that God's House is emphatically entitled a "house of prayer²," and that you come there not wholly or chiefly to hear a sermon, but to speak to God, and to hear God speak to you. I am indeed fully impressed with the importance of preaching, as one of the means of Grace possessed by the Church for the conversion and instruction of souls. But in all the discourses which I have been permitted to deliver to you, I have endeavoured, by plainness and simplicity of speech, to impress upon your hearts and consciences this instructing lesson, viz. "that when you leave the church, you are to consider, not what may be your judgment respecting the sermon, but (if I may so express myself) what judgment the sermon pronounces respecting yourselves." And permit me to add, that if you would yourselves bear testimony to the faithfulness of my labours in the pulpit, you must show not only that you have "received the word with all readiness of mind," but that you are also searching the Scriptures daily, "whether these things are so³." For believe me, my Christian friends, it is there, even to the Oracles of God, that I earnestly desire to conduct all, whether old or young, rich or poor, who are committed to my charge, in order that they may view the grand doctrines of the Gospel, not as they are metaphysically discussed in the writings of man, but as those doctrines are exhibited in the Bible, where they will ever be found to be closely associated with every thing that is suited to inform our understandings, to subdue our wishes, and to animate our affections.

As long as it shall please God to give me strength to continue my ministrations among you, it is to these two points that, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, I shall continually recall your attention, humbly praying that my feeble labours may be blessed to the health of your souls !

1. Consider, then, I beseech you, my dear friends, that as

¹ 2 Cor. iv. 5.

² Is. lvi. 7.

³ Acts xvii. 11.

members of a Christian congregation, you profess yourselves to be "members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven." Keep your Christian privileges always in view, and make it your daily prayer, for yourselves and for your several households, that you may "walk worthy of the vocation wherewith you are called ¹." This ought to be the daily and hourly prayer of all who profess and call themselves Christians ; and oh ! how beautifully has it been said, that if this prayer went forth from the heart of every member of a Christian community, that community would wear the appearance of one consecrated enclosure ! every heart would be an altar, and every inhabitant a holy offering, continually presented for acceptance by the great High Priest of the human race : a cloud of incense would be perpetually ascending to the gates of heaven ; and, in return, the peace of God would descend from above, to gladden and adorn the tabernacles of men.

2. Such is the standard which is set before you in that Book which you all profess to learn, and in that Church which you all profess to love. And need I add, that the more nearly you approach that standard, the more clearly will you understand the real character of the office which it is my privilege to have ? You will habitually regard me as the messenger of the Lord of Hosts ; and when you receive the word of God which you hear of me, you will "receive it not as the word of men, but, as it is in truth, the word of God, which effectually worketh also in you that believe ²." I desire humbly to bless God for the hold which He has been pleased to give me upon the affections of many among you ; and I heartily pray that it may further please Him to employ this very circumstance as the means of sealing to many a heart those all-concerning truths, which, as I daily and hourly feel, might otherwise be weakened and impaired in falling from the lips of so feeble an advocate. But while I thus desire to thank my God for the

¹ Eph. iv. 1.

² 1 Thess. ii. 13.

place which I hold in your affections, I am sensible that a word of caution is necessary both for you and for me. For me, lest I should be found to lean upon an arm of flesh, and to incur the judgment due to those who "sacrifice unto their net, and burn incense unto their drag ¹." For you, lest you should mistake a regard toward the person of your minister, for the love of Him, "the chiefest among ten thousand ²," who is the "Shepherd and Bishop of your souls ³." In this, as in every other case, prayer is our only security. Pray, then, for me, that in simplicity of spirit and singleness of heart, I may make the Lord Jesus the "Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending ⁴," of all my ministrations. And let us pray, one for another, that while we "thankfully receive the benefit" of His mysterious death, we may be daily and hourly "endeavouring ourselves to follow the blessed steps of His most holy life ⁵."

I remain, my dear Friends,

Your affectionate Pastor and Friend,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

Perpetual Curate of Trinity Chapel, Brighton.

Limpsfield, March 16, 1832.

To the Congregation of Trinity Chapel.

MY WELL-BELOVED IN CHRIST JESUS,

NEARLY seventeen years have passed away since I commenced my ministry among you; and during that period I have endeavoured, with God's help, to give myself wholly to the office to which it hath pleased Him to call me, whether in preparing myself for the public services of the sanctuary, or

¹ Hab. i. 16.

² Song of Solomon v. 10.

³ 1 Pet. ii. 25.

⁴ Rev. i. 8.

⁵ Collect for Second Sunday after Easter.

in fulfilling my pastoral duties among the sick, as far as my strength and opportunities would admit. But in the course of the present year I have often felt so completely exhausted, after ministering in the House of God, that rest seemed absolutely indispensable for the recovery of my bodily strength ; and yet, by reason of the accumulated labours of the pastoral office, I have been unable, week after week, to allow myself any, the smallest relaxation, and have thus been compelled, again and again, to fulfil the duties of the sanctuary with a continually decreasing stock of health and strength, until I was at length constrained, by a severe indisposition, to relinquish my post for a season.

I cannot now close my eyes to the conviction that, with a view to the continuance, under God's blessing, of my public ministrations, I must endeavour to restrict within narrower limits the sphere of my pastoral labours ; and feeling, therefore, that I have no alternative, I am anxious to address a few words to all the members of my congregation, and more especially to those among them who are visited with sickness, with the hope that the few simple remarks which I am about to make, may tend, by God's grace, to supply in some measure the lack of my personal services, and at the same time, to unite us all more closely to the Lord Jesus Christ, and in Him, one to another, as the members of His mystical Body.

For many years past it has been my endeavour to impress upon all committed to my charge, and especially upon the sick members of my flock, the admirable provision which has been made by our Church for our daily edification, in the appointment of Morning and Evening Service for every day in the year. I fully admit, indeed, that amidst the manifold duties and occupations with which many of us are surrounded, it is scarcely possible that we should all enjoy this privilege, to its full extent, within the bosoms of our several families. But in seasons of sickness I have found that the observance of the practice has been productive of the happiest and most beneficial effects. And sure I am, that when we shall have expe-

rienced more generally the advantage of the provision which has thus been made by the Church for the edification and comfort of her children, even the busiest among us would endeavour, within their closets, or with their families gathered round them, to select at least a portion of the Daily Service, including the Psalms of David, and part of the Holy Scriptures appointed for each day. It is true that, whether we do or do not adopt this course, the treasures of the Word of God are open to us all, and that "whosoever will," may repair thither at all times, and "take the water of life freely." But every day's experience only serves to impress me with a still increasing conviction of the help which we may derive from following the guidance of the Church, since by introducing certain portions of Holy Writ into the Daily Service, she has carefully provided for the blessed exercise of Christian fellowship amongst all her children, how much and how far soever they may be separated one from another in the wilderness of this sinful world. And for myself I can truly say, that whenever I have been staying, even for a few days only, in another neighbourhood, I have felt how inexpressibly delightful it is to be able thus to hold communion with those I have left behind, by turning at once to the very same passages of Holy Scripture which are engaging their thoughts, and by dwelling, with thankfulness, on the very same sweet and gracious promises. Even with half the globe between us, we might thus be enabled to meet together, in spirit, at the Throne of Grace; and may we not say, with only one alteration in the words of the poet, that "thus conversing we forget all time," and that "all *places* and their change, all please alike?"

My dear friends, I have often said to you, that the more we consider the compilation of the Book of Common Prayer, the more we shall be disposed to bless Almighty God for "the spirit of wisdom and understanding" which He vouchsafed to its compilers, in the fulfilment of their Holy Work. And even the provision which has been made for the use of

the Sunday Collect through the days of each ensuing week, seems to suggest a train of thought on which it may not be unprofitable to enlarge, as to the manner in which we might endeavour to practise a weekly commemoration of what our Lord Jesus Christ has done and suffered "for us men and for our salvation." For by simply selecting, on the several days of the week, in addition to the three appointed Collects, such particular Collects as embrace some of the leading features in the history of our redemption, we might be the better enabled to follow the Saviour, in spirit, on each and every day of the week, and might hope to inscribe more and more deeply, in our very heart's core, all the 'wonders of redeeming love !

To begin with the first day of the week, on which we perpetually commemorate our Lord's Resurrection from the dead, may it not indeed be said of this, THE LORD'S DAY, in the language of "the Christian Year," that this is "the sun of other days," and that "they shine by giving back its rays ?" And since it was on the same day of the week that God did "teach the hearts of His faithful people, by sending to them the light of His Holy Spirit," why should we not also gratefully commemorate, on each returning LORD'S DAY, in our closets or in our families, this "unspeakable gift?" earnestly praying that, as the Holy Spirit takes of the things of Christ, and shows them unto us, we may no longer be found among those who seem to walk continually among the graves, as if they were "seeking the living among the dead," but that we may be enabled, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, to "die from sin and to rise again unto righteousness ; continually mortifying all our evil and corrupt affections, and daily proceeding in all virtue and godliness of living."

Monday and Tuesday are not associated with any particular circumstances in the history of our Lord's ministry ; but they do not, on that account, occupy a less important place in the blessed round of our weekly devotions. For according to the analogy which our Church points out at Easter and Whitsun-

tide, we may always regard these two days as the companions of the Lord's Day, and as reflecting, in a more especial manner, the light of "the Sun of Righteousness" which did, as on that day, arise upon this benighted world! We may repeat, therefore, on Monday and Tuesday, the Collects for Easter-day and Whit-Sunday, which describe so emphatically the great mercies connected with each returning Lord's Day, and to these may be added the Collects for the first and second Sundays after Easter; or we may so select from these four Collects, that one or other may be used at Morning and at Evening Prayer.

Wednesday was the day of our Lord's betrayal; and you are aware that this is one of the two days in the week on which it is appointed that the Litany, or General Supplication, shall be used. It must be well for us, therefore, on this day to use, either in whole or in part, the words of this solemn Litany. And I may here state that I have not only been accustomed to introduce into my family worship, on this day, the first Collect for Good Friday, as relating to the betrayal of our blessed Lord, but that, considering how on every recurrence of the season of Lent, the Church appoints Wednesday as the commencement of that holy season, I have also been accustomed to introduce the Collect for Ash-Wednesday, desiring thus continually to impress it upon myself and upon all around me, that unless it shall please God to "create and make in us new and contrite hearts," we shall again and again betray the Lord Jesus Christ into the hands of His enemies, and shall fall into "the snare of the devil," to be "taken captive by him at his will."

On Thursday, the day of our Lord's ascension, we should endeavour, as the good Bishop Hall so beautifully expresses it, to be "ravished with the contemplation" of this glorious event; striving to "follow Him with eager and longing eyes, and with arms lifted up, as if we wished them winged, to soar up after Him;" and praying that while we ascend after Him, continually, in heart and mind, we may so follow Him

here, from day to day, "in all the roughest ways of obedience," that we may, at last, "overtake Him in those high steps of immortality." Remembering, also, that on this day of the week our Lord was pleased to institute the Holy Communion of His Body and Blood, it may be well for us to introduce into our private or family devotions for this day, the second Collect in the Holy Communion, in which, while we heartily thank God for His goodness, in having admitted us to be "very members incorporate in the mystical body of His Son, which is the blessed company of all faithful people," and "also heirs through hope of his everlasting kingdom," we earnestly beseech Him "so to assist us with His grace, that we may continue in that holy fellowship, and do all such good works as He has prepared for us to walk in, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Our Church has sufficiently declared the peculiarly solemn character of the next day of the week (Friday), by enjoining that "all the Fridays in the year, except Christmas-day," shall be observed as "days of fasting or abstinence." And when we consider the spirit of intercession which pervades the second and third Collects for Good Friday, we should endeavour to make each returning Friday a day of more than ordinary intercession, in behalf of all sorts and conditions of men, not only by using the Litany, in whole or in part, as on Wednesday, but also by praying to Almighty God, in the language of one Collect, for "all estates of men in His Holy Church;" and in the language of the other Collect, for "all Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics," beseeching Him to "take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of His Word;" and so to "fetch them home to His flock, that they may be saved among the remnant of the true Israelites, and be made one fold under one Shepherd, Jesus Christ our Lord." *

The remembrance of the burial of our Lord, on the last day of the week, must always furnish an important help to every faithful Christian, in preparing himself for each fresh

observance of the Lord's Day. And that we, my beloved friends, may enjoy the benefit of such preparation, let us pray to Almighty God, in the words of the Collect for Easter Eve, beseeching Him to grant, that "as we are baptized into the death of His blessed Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, so by continually mortifying our corrupt affections, we may be buried with Him." Yea, let us earnestly pray, on each succeeding Saturday, that all carnal and earthly things may die within us ; so that being "taken," as it were, "from the cross," and "laid in Jesus' burial shade," we may indeed be "buried with our Lord," and that we may "close our eyes," more and more, "to the decaying world, till angels bid us rise !"

My dear Friends, I am sensible that this is but a very faint outline of the truths which I am anxious to impress upon myself and upon all committed to my charge. But let us endeavour, with God's help, to fill up this outline, and we may hope, not only that we shall understand more and more of the blessedness of Christian fellowship, but that we shall also be better enabled to live to Him, the Lord Jesus Christ, whom the Father has appointed to be "the Head over all things to the Church," and with whom is "the residue of the Spirit ;" who is "Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending," and "the Prince of the kings of the earth ;" who is "as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest : as rivers of water in a dry place ; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land ;" and who ought to be the centre of all our thoughts and affections, the fountain of our peace and joy and strength, and the sun of our existence !

I remain,
In the bonds of the Gospel,
Your faithful Pastor and Friend,
ROBERT ANDERSON.

*Montpellier Road, Brighton,
October 8, 1842.*

To the Congregation of Trinity Chapel.

MY WELL-BELOVED IN CHRIST JESUS,

WHEN I addressed a letter to you on my return from Tunbridge Wells, in October last, I expressed my hope that by discontinuing my Pastoral labours, I might be enabled still to minister among you, in the public Services of the Sanctuary. But it has pleased God to order it otherwise ; and I desire to submit, not only patiently, but thankfully, to His disposing Will, earnestly praying that I may have grace to “hear the rod, and who has appointed it.” It is the deliberate judgment of my medical adviser, that perfect rest, for the space of at least three or four months, is absolutely indispensable to the restoration of my bodily health ; and I feel, therefore, that I am called upon to relinquish, for the present, the performance of those sacred duties, which I have been permitted to discharge, almost without intermission, for the last seventeen years.

In the fulness of that Christian love, which, through my long and trying illness, has been manifested towards me, in every quarter, the clergyman, who officiated for me, frequently, during my stay at Tunbridge Wells, has offered, for the next three months, to take charge of what he terms my ‘affectionate congregation.’ And to him, therefore, in conjunction with my valued and much-loved friend, who has so kindly assisted me in the performance of Divine Service for the last twelve years, I thankfully consign the Sunday ministrations, during that period.

With regard to the week-day Service, you will remember how I explained to you, ten years ago, when I first undertook it, that I hoped by a series of unwritten expositions on one of the Morning or Evening Lessons, upon a given day of the week, to supply, in some measure, the loss of that more private intercourse with the great body of my congregation, which the

increase of my labours among the sick would necessarily occasion. It has been a Service, therefore, for which I have always felt myself to be personally responsible ; and, in consideration of the peculiar object with which it was originally undertaken, I announced to you, from the very outset, that whenever, in the Providence of God, I might be absent from you, for any length of time, I should consider myself at liberty to suspend the Service till my return.

You will join with me, my beloved friends, in imploring a large measure of the Divine blessing upon the labours of those who, during my absence, will deem it at once their duty and their privilege to join with you, on each returning Sunday, in offering up the sacrifice of Prayer and Praise, as also to dispense the Word of God, and to administer, from time to time, the Holy Communion of the Body and Blood of Christ. And now before I proceed, for a season, and, as I trust, only for a short season, to bid you farewell, I will advert, for a few moments, to two points which, in humble dependence upon God's most gracious help, I have always endeavoured to keep in view, in the discharge of my ministerial office.

It was, I believe, on the third Sunday after the commencement of my labours among you, that I signified my intention to select, generally, for the subject of the Morning Discourse, some portion of the Service appointed for the day, and to employ our Afternoon meditations, not on one or two detached verses from the Bible, but on connected portions of Holy Writ, taken, consecutively, from some given book, either of the Old or New Testament. When announcing this my intention, I expressed "my earnest expectation and my hope" that, on the one hand, in following the guidance of the Church, from year to year, in the hallowed circle of her public devotions, we might thus be the better prepared to offer up a "reasonable service ;" and that, on the other hand, instead of dwelling, invariably, only on one or two isolated verses, selected at the discretion of the preacher, which, when thus separated from the context to which they belong, and deprived, as it were, of

their fair proportions, are sometimes found to be accompanied by partial, and peculiar, and "private interpretations," we might accustom ourselves to view all the various truths of Revelation, according to that Divine analogy, and in that perfect unmutilated form, in which they are brought before us in the Word of God.

I can truly say, that, in following up this design, I have endeavoured to look more and more earnestly to Him, who only can make us the faithful dispensers of His Word, and from whom alone "the increase" proceeds. And I would desire humbly to bless and praise His Holy Name, for that He hath graciously enabled me, in the course of my ministry, to bring before you, in my Sunday Afternoon Lectures, the following selections from the Bible, consisting either of whole books, or of connected portions of Scripture, from the Old and New Testament ; viz. from the latter, the Sermon on the Mount, the Parables of our Lord, the Gospel according to St. John, the Acts of the Apostles, together with St. Paul's Epistles to the Romans and the Hebrews ; and, from the former, the Book of Deuteronomy, the Book of Psalms, and all those parts of the Old Testament, which relate to the history of those early believers, whose names are enrolled, by St. Paul, in that illustrious catalogue, which is contained in the eleventh chapter of his Epistle to the Hebrews. I finished my series of Afternoon Lectures on the lives of those saints, whose names are enumerated by the Apostle in this blessed calendar, on the last Sunday but two before I was compelled to relinquish my post ; and, on the two following Sundays, I entered upon the history of Elijah, purposing, as I then told you, to follow up the lectures on Elijah, with the lives of Elisha and Daniel, as serving to illustrate the latter portion of the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. With the history, therefore, of these three prophets, I shall hope, through the tender mercy of God, to resume, hereafter, my ministrations among you ; after which, if it shall please God to grant me health and strength, I should wish to call your

attention, in the New Testament, to the General Epistles of St. James, St. Peter, St. John, and St. Jude.

You may remember, my beloved friends, that after I had finished a series of Lectures upon two whole books, taken, respectively, from the Old and New Testaments, I devoted about eighteen months to afternoon lectures upon the Book of Common Prayer. But, with this exception, I have generally availed myself, according to my original intention, of the Morning Discourses, for the purpose of illustrating the Liturgy of the Church of England. During the last three years I have thus endeavoured, with God's assistance, to explain and enforce, in succession, the Sunday Epistles, the Sunday Gospels, and portions out of the Proper Lessons ; and I had entered, at the commencement of the present Christian year, upon the explanation of the Sunday Collects. This series of Expositions was suspended, by the failure of my strength, on the Third Sunday after Epiphany ; and I cannot but regard it as somewhat remarkable, that, when thus visited by the chastening hand of God, I should have been employed in pointing out to my people, as well as to myself, that help, which has been provided for us all, whether in sickness or in health, in those prayers of our Church, respecting which the good George Herbert said, in his last illness : ' Oh, sir, the prayers of my mother, the Church of England : no other prayers are equal to them !'

In the language of the Collect for the Third Sunday after the Epiphany, which formed the subject of my last Sunday Morning Discourse, I would pray, beloved, for you and for myself, beseeching the ' Almighty and Everlasting God, mercifully to look upon our infirmities, and in all our dangers and necessities to stretch forth His right hand to help and defend us, through Jesus Christ our Lord !' And, well knowing that I can have no greater joy than to hear that my people are " walking in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us," I would close this little Address with these words from 'The Christian Year,' which formed the

conclusion of my Discourse on the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul ; being the very last occasion on which I ministered in the Sanctuary :

‘ So, as we walk our earthly round,
Still may the echo of that sound
Be in our Memory stored:
“ Christians ! behold your happy state :
CHRIST IS IN THESE, WHO ROUND YOU WAIT ;
MAKE MUCH OF YOUR DEAR LORD ! ” ’

My much attached and much loved flock ! With this delightful view of the privilege and the reward of Christian Fellowship, I bid you, for the present, heartily farewell ! And earnestly praying for you all, of whatever age, or in whatever state or condition of life, that God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, may bless, preserve, and keep you,

I remain,
In the bonds of the Gospel,
Your faithful Pastor and Friend,
ROBERT ANDERSON.

19, Portland Place, London,
18th Feb., 1843.

SERMONS

UPON THE DEATH OF THE

REV. ROBERT ANDERSON, M.A.

I.

THE CHRISTIAN ENTERED INTO REST : a Sermon,
Preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton, on Sunday, March 26th, 1843,
by the Rev. GEORGE MILLETT, M.A., Chaplain to the Lord Bishop
of Ripon. (King, Brighton; and Hatchard, London.)

II.

DEATH THE BELIEVER'S GAIN : a Sermon, Preached
at Trinity Chapel, Brighton, on Sunday, April 2nd, 1843, by the
Rev. FREDERIC READE, M.A., Perpetual Curate of St. Margaret's
Chapel, and Chaplain to the Earl of Burlington. (Folthorp, Bright-
on; Hatchard, and Rivingtons, London.)

III.

CHRISTIAN SUBMISSION : a Sermon, Preached in Trinity
Chapel, Brighton, on the Fifth Sunday in Lent, 1843, by the Rev.
JAMES S. M. ANDERSON, M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen
and to the Queen Dowager, and Perpetual Curate of St. George's,
Brighton. Sixth Edition; with an Appendix. (Rivingtons.)

WORKS

BY THE LATE

REV. ROBERT ANDERSON, M.A.

I.

A PRACTICAL EXPOSITION OF ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS. Third Edition, with an Appendix. 12mo. Price 9s. cloth, 1837. (Hatchard.)

II.

EIGHT DISCOURSES ON THE BEATITUDES. Second Edition. 12mo. Price 4s. 6d. cloth; 1837. (Hatchard.)

III.

TEN DISCOURSES ON THE COMMUNION OFFICE OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND; with an Appendix. 12mo. Price 7s. Second Edition; 1838. (Hatchard.)

IV.

The BOOK of COMMON PRAYER a MANUAL of CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP. Second Edition; with a Pastoral Letter written in 1832. Price 1s. 6d. cloth; 1840. (Hatchard.)

V.

The LORD'S PRAYER a MANUAL of RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE. Second Edition. Price 2s. cloth. (Burns.)

VI.

A PRACTICAL EXPOSITION of the GOSPEL according to ST. JOHN. In Two Volumes. 12mo. Price 11s., 1841. (Hatchard.)

VII.

The CHRISTIAN PLANTED WITH CHRIST : a Sermon. Price 1s.; 1840. (Hatchard.)

VIII.

REGENERATION : a Pastoral Address ; with a Postscript. Price 1s. 6d ; 1842. (Hatchard.)

IX.

A PASTORAL LETTER : written in October, 1842.

X.

A LETTER to the CONGREGATION of TRINITY CHAPEL : written 18th February, 1843. (King, Brighton.)

